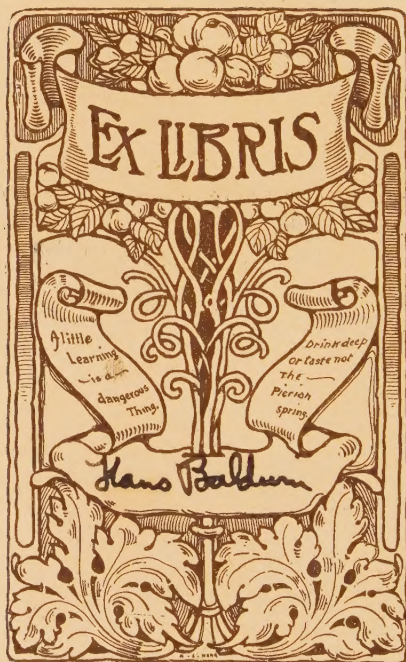
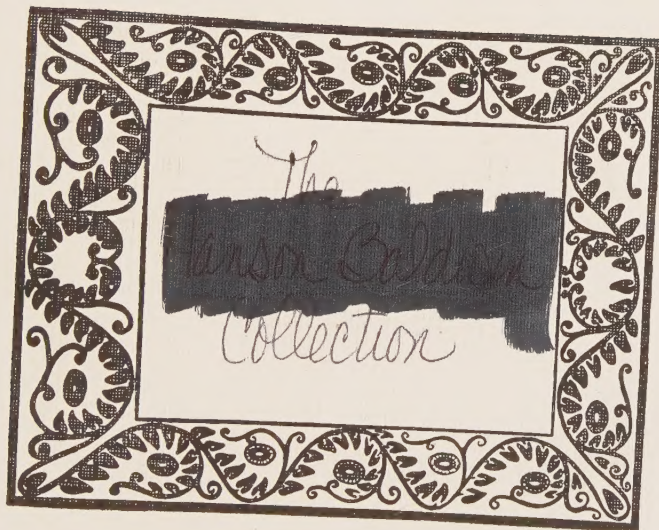


YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

HUGH RODMAN
REAR ADMIRAL, U.S.N.





EARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

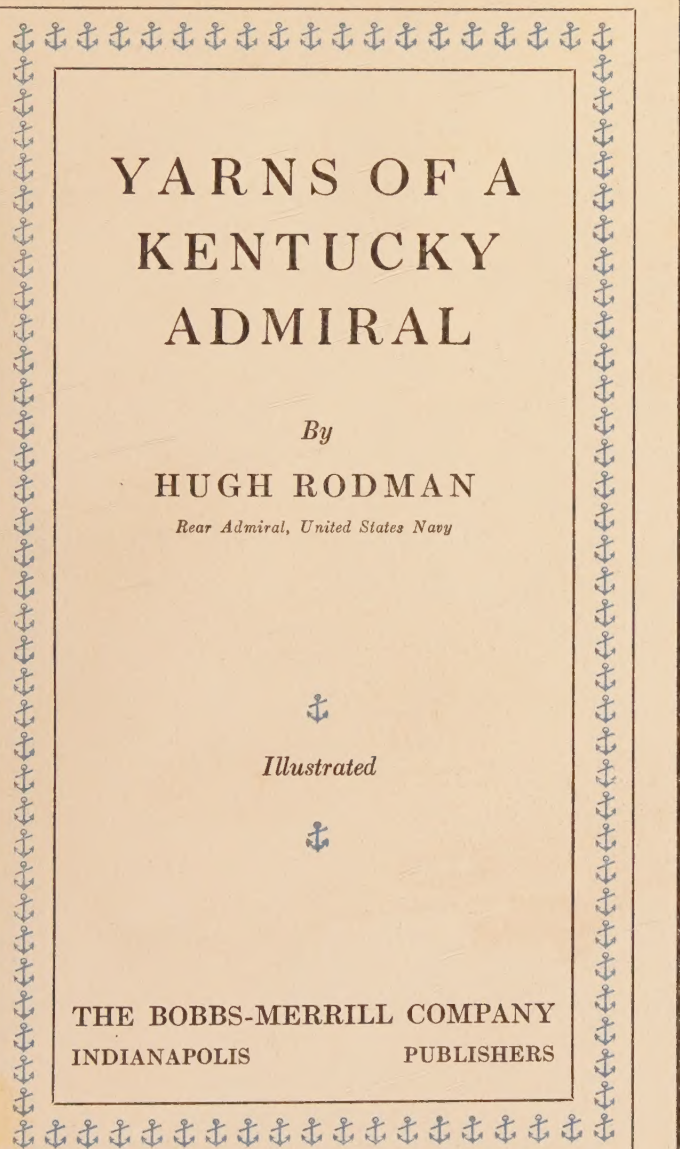


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Admiral Hugh Rodman



YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

By

HUGH RODMAN

Rear Admiral, United States Navy



Illustrated



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PREFACE

This collection of yarns, notes, descriptions and opinions was not originally written for publication; this came as an afterthought and on the suggestion of one of the staff of the publishing house who by chance happened to see the manuscript.

It is not arranged in chronological or any other logical sequence, nor does it follow any prearranged plan or policy. It was simply jotted down at odd times, more at the suggestion and instigation of others than of my own volition.

It is in no sense of the word to be considered official; it is more an expression of my own personal opinions and ideas based upon an experience of fifty years in the Navy, the larger portion of which was spent at sea cruising around the world.

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YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

YARNS *of a* KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

CHAPTER I

IN OLD KENTUCKY

WE HAVE a saying in my native state, "Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian." The reason is not far to seek. We are a clannish race, many of us closely related by blood and marriage, and by that which counts just as much—close family friendships which have existed for generations. Many of our forebears came from Virginia and we doubtless inherited their traits, not the least of which was the desire to acquire land upon which to erect our homes which were often copied after those in the Old Dominion.

Frankfort, my home town, the capital of the state, is picturesquely situated in a valley entirely surrounded by hills which rise three hundred feet above it. The Kentucky River flows through it in the shape of the letter S, dividing it into two parts, and the town itself occupies the level ground in the two bends.

In my boyhood days, these hills seemed mountainous to me and it was considered quite a feat to go to the top of some of them. On my first extended journey, a trip to Annapolis, I saw the Alleghenies and thought they were stupendous and grand beyond compare. My eyes were glued to the car windows in rapturous amazement. The mile-wide Ohio River seemed the grandest river on earth; the little Kentucky River at Frankfort became insignificant.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

The Alleghenies took a back seat later when I crossed the Rocky Mountains, and they in turn went into the discard after I had ascended the Andes in South America several times.

And so the whole world, after all, is a matter of contrast, not only in its natural features, but in every other respect, and to me has been a never-ending source of wonder, pleasure and interest.

Most of my life has been spent in traveling, both at home and abroad, and hence I have a fairly comprehensive idea of the world at large. But in taking a retrospective view, I know of no more delightful spot and charming community than the Frankfort of my boyhood, fifty-odd years ago. It was one of the fairly early settlements and, being the capital, seemed to attract people from all over the state, both professionally and socially, so that one's acquaintance became state-wide.

In the block or square in which I was born and lived, and in the houses facing it, there have resided several justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, three or four Cabinet members, some six or seven United States senators, almost as many members of Congress, five or six governors of the state, United States ministers to foreign countries, a number of generals, both in the United States and Confederate Armies, and four flag officers in the navy. Some of these families had lived there for several generations, and we were all more or less united by ties of kinship, marriage or otherwise.

Very generally speaking, in the old days a cruise was supposed to last three years, on the expiration of which an officer would be granted two or three months leave of absence to visit home. Though professionally

THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE

and personally the sea and ships, with the incident travel, held a deep fascination for me, nevertheless, I was always keen to get back home to "Old Kentucky" after each long absence.

Once after an extended cruise in Chinese waters, we returned rather leisurely and called at quite a number of ports, sometimes stopping for a week or so in one place, which gave us ample opportunity for visits to the interior. Yet, when in the month of May, as we drove from Lexington to Frankfort, through the blue-grass section, with its shaded woodland meadows in which the finest thoroughbred stock was grazing, its verdant fields, well-kept farms and commodious homes, it seemed to me that I had never seen a more restful and pleasing panorama.

And Frankfort really was the center of the universe, as the following story will illustrate:

I had been invited to address the Chamber of Commerce of Cincinnati. The president in introducing me, stated that he had just learned that in spite of the fact that I was born and brought up in Frankfort, the present occasion was the first time in my life that I had ever spent a day in Cincinnati, and added jokingly that this was hard to understand because Kentucky was a suburb of Cincinnati.

I replied in the same vein by stating that I had positive proof that Frankfort was the center of the universe, and Cincinnati a distant suburb.

Shortly after the bursting of the dam at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, which resulted in the death of over a thousand people, my brother, Doctor Rodman, and I were discussing it in the presence of an illiterate old woman, a patient of my brother, who apparently was greatly interested. As the question of its distance

from home was under discussion, we had measured it.

Old Mrs. S——, using the local vernacular and the diminutive for my name, said, “Hughie, how fur do you-all call it to that-air Johnstown what you-all is talkin about?”

I replied, “Doctor Billy and I measured it this morning and found it to be over six hundred miles.”

Looking me through and through with an incredulous expression, she said, “How fur do you call it to my house?”

“Three and a half miles.”

“How fur is it to St. John’s-in-the-Wilderness?”
(A little church in the hills.)

“Seven miles.”

“And the bridge across Stony Creek?”

“Twelve miles.”

“Do you know when your Pa used to go fishin’ at Bill Hutchinson’s house on Flat Creek?”

“Yes; that is exactly twenty miles from the courthouse.”

“And how many times as fur as that is it to Johnstown?”

“Let me see—about thirty or thirty-one times as far.”

“Hughie,” she said, “you’re a liar; thar ain’t no place in the world that fur from Frankfort.”

Hence our logical (?) conclusion that Frankfort must be the center of the universe.

In my childhood days both my father and mother owned slaves, as did every one in the South; but in spite of the fact that ours were well treated, slavery was abhorrent to me, and it is hard for me to realize now that negroes were ever held in bondage. One of



Midshipmen at drill in the days when Admiral Rodman was at the Naval Academy,
Annapolis, Maryland

Photograph furnished by the U. S. Naval Academy Library

UNCLE JIM

our slaves was Uncle Jim, who had been purchased in an adjacent state. A more kindly, gentle, faithful creature it would be hard to find. Many an evening, in the absence of my parents, I was left in his charge and from his lips heard the old-fashioned darky stories of Brer Fox, Brer Ba'ar and the other "critters," which to my childish imagination were idealistic and true. These stories no doubt stimulated my interest in natural history, which became somewhat dominant in after-life. Many of his yarns were practically identical with those of "Uncle Remus" which have been so wonderfully portrayed by Joel Chandler Harris.

One of the best negro stories I have ever read is entitled Aneas Africanus, and describes the wanderings of a faithful southern darky in his search for Thomasville. It always reminded me of a similar incident connected with Uncle Jim.

For good and sufficient reasons resulting from his activities in aid of the Confederacy during the Civil War, one of my uncles had to take refuge in Canada. It was necessary to get a certain amount of money to him. The money was converted into gold and given to Uncle Jim, who was told to ride on horseback to an adjacent town some twenty miles distant, and deliver both the gold and horse to my uncle's son, who would carry it to his father in Canada; and he was carefully instructed not to divulge his mission to any one. At the end of about six weeks the old man returned. Having failed to find my cousin, and in the absence of my father, he buried the money in tin cans in the garden.

On my father's arrival the old darky produced the money in fear and trembling, and stated that on fail-

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

ure to find my cousin at the rendezvous, he had ridden on and on, asking those whom he had met where the *town* of Canada might be. But no one seemed to know, so he had returned home; evidently crestfallen at his failure.

When the money was counted, it was found to be fifteen or twenty dollars above the amount consigned. When he was told rather seriously that it was incorrect, the old man would have turned pale had such a thing been possible, but he declared he had not tampered with it.

Seeing his evident distress, we put him at ease, and under pressure he admitted that he had added the extra dollars because time and time again he had tried to count it and had as often failed. Fearing that he might be suspected, and unable to understand how anybody could accurately count so much, he had added his own few dollars to be sure the sum would not fall short. It was pathetic, yet faithfulness personified.

On one of my visits home on leave I found a young negro girl about fourteen acting as waitress. She must have been captured in the brush, for she was all but totally ignorant of the ordinary conventions of polite society, or of the duties in which she was being trained. Without the slightest intention of being disrespectful, her manner at times was assertive, to say the least.

I had lived away from home so much that the negro dialect, though familiar to me, was in a way novel and entertaining; and Emma's language was beyond compare more pronounced than any I had heard for many a year. How on earth any one could crowd so many negatives into one short sen-

“DE T E N E R H E A R T S”

tence is beyond my comprehension. I had had an egg for breakfast, and directed her to bring me another; but evidently the egg crop was running short, for on her return from the kitchen she delivered me the following message from the cook:

“Mister Hugh, Aunt Silvie, she say dey ain’t no mo’ out dere no mo’n cep’ ’nuf fur dem whut ain’t had none yit.” Her enunciation was like the patter of a machine-gun.

Later, Emma was employed by my sister in her home, and had been instructed in her duties in answering the front door-bell. My sister was the wife of an army officer and when one of her previous army acquaintances was ordered on duty in Frankfort, he came to call. When he rang the bell Emma appeared.

Said he, “Does Mrs. W—— live here?”

“Ain’t you got no ticket?” Emma asked with an air of importance.

“I am very sorry to say I haven’t,” he replied, recognizing that she meant a visiting card.

“Den you can’t git in,” and she closed the door in his face.

She related the conditions to her mistress, and was told to return at once and ask the gentleman his name and whom he wished to see.

In compliance, but still with an air of assurance, she said, “Miss Pattie, she say she wants ter know whut yo’ name is an’ who yo’ wants ter see.”

Recognizing the “Miss Pattie” as Mrs. W——, the caller said, “Tell Mrs. W—— it is Lieutenant Harts.”

And the impertinent little wretch, with a grimace, slammed the door in his face and returning to her mistress, said:

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“Miss Pattie, Ah’s done dooded whut yo’ tole me; when Ah ast dat man whut he name was, he tried to mek er fool outer me an’ say he wuz de ten er hearts, so Ah ain’t let him come in.”

At any rate, when matters were finally straightened out the lieutenant got a promotion, for we raised him to the rank of King of Hearts and let it go at that.

One quite privileged character was an old darky who had belonged to one of our family. He was absolutely illiterate, but loved to use big words.

When the Fourth of July came around, knowing that some of the darkies called it Emancipation Day, I said, by way of starting a conversation, “Uncle Ben, what is the day of the month?”

“Why, Mister Hugh, don’ you know dis is de Forf ob July?”

“Yes, you darned old black rascal.” (He full well knew that was a term of endearment.) “But what do you darkies call it?”

“Ah hern some whut call it de Emination Day.”

With a look of perplexity, I said, “The Emination Day?”

“Yes, suh, dat’s it.”

“How do you spell it, Uncle Ben?”

The old negro’s face showed embarrassment for a moment, then lighted up as he replied, “Ah ain’t quite sho’ how yo’ does spell it, but Ah ’specs yo’ spell her putty much the same way as yo’ did dis time las’ year; but she don’ come on de same day ob de week, jus’ sho’s yo’ bawn.”

One day when John, a darky on the place, was mowing the grass, I saw him jump and grab a stick.

A CONVINCING COMPARISON

When I asked what was the matter, he replied, "Dar's er great big snake."

"Don't kill him," I said, "until I see what kind it is."

Finding it to be not only harmless, but very useful, I told him that it was not poisonous and wouldn't bite him. He replied, "Mister Hugh, yo' mout jes as well tell me der ain't no ha'nts (haunts, spirits) in er graveyard as ter tell me dat dat ar snake won't bite an' ain't pizenous."

I enjoyed that which seemed to him to be a convincing comparison.

Just one more reference to my home in Kentucky. One day while in Washington I dropped into the Cosmos Club, which is largely patronized by government officials and other savants, to remind an uncle of mine that he had an engagement for dinner at a certain hour.

My uncle had some little reputation as a scientific stockbreeder, and when I found him he was in the midst of a discussion with a well-known zoologist concerning the crossing of zebras with asses and horses, with the view of producing strength, endurance, form and beauty.

The conversation then turned into a discussion as to whether or not animals had instinct or reason. Hoping to put an end to it and get my uncle to keep his engagement, I remarked that I might possibly throw some light on the subject.

Since both he and one of the others present, who was a Frankfort man, were familiar with my home and its surroundings, I asked if they remembered a little dog there, which was very intelligent and could do a

number of tricks. They nodded and I continued, "One day I gave my small nephew some dry powder. After moistening some of it and shaping it into a cone, he took the remainder and proceeded to lay a meandering train through the grass, leading up to the cone.

"For a time the dog seemed to take quite an interest in the proceedings, but after a while, since nothing seemed to develop, he lay down in the grass, put his nose between his paws and apparently went to sleep. Unfortunately, he had chosen a place for his nap almost upon the train, and when it was ignited by the youngster and the flame flashed past him, it burned his nose.

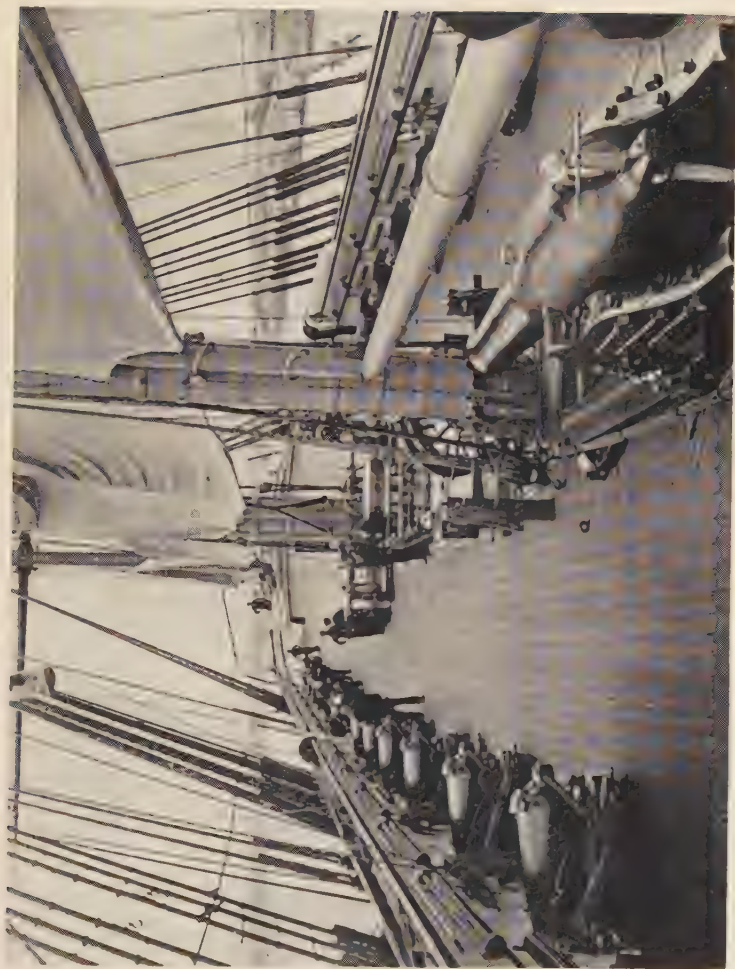
"I noticed that always afterward whenever I would strike a match to light a cigarette, the dog would slink away, evidently reminded of the time when he had been burned."

That started a discussion as to whether the action was the result of instinct or reason, but I interrupted and said, "Just a moment, please; let me finish."

I continued, "One day, as my wife and I sat on the porch, we noticed the dog hurrying and scurrying around the lawn in curves and circles, barking and pretending to be playing at attacking something hidden in the tall grass. Suddenly he stuck his tail between his legs, sneaked up on the porch with a sort of '*Et tu, Brute*' look and lay down beside us.

"I remarked that I would be willing to wager a small amount that the dog had seen an old match on the brick pavement immediately under us, and, to corroborate it, jumped down to look for it.

"Just then a toad, with which the dog had evidently been playing, hopped out of the grass, and through the thin abdominal membrane of his belly



Spar deck of the *U. S. S. Santee*, station ship at the Naval Academy

Photograph furnished by the U. S. Naval Academy Library

AS INTERPRETED BY A DOG

showed the glow of a lightning-bug, which the dog had no doubt interpreted to mean that the toad had struck a match on him."

They did not hurl an ink-well at me! To my astonishment, they took it seriously. At any rate, before further discussion could be resumed I accomplished my mission, and my uncle got home in time to keep his engagement.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS IN THE NAVY

FROM the time I was old enough to think, I had an insatiable desire to travel and see the world, and when an opportunity offered of entering the Naval Academy, it seemed as if my cup of happiness was full to overflowing.

Now, taking a retrospective view, looking at life from its various aspects, I can think of nothing that offers more interest, greater diversity or more varied experience, than life in the navy. From the money standpoint the inducements are not great, for while the pay and emoluments are barely sufficient to meet one's needs, they are still ample if rigid economy is practised. Doubtless civil life offers far greater opportunities and advantages for money-making, if that be the main object of life, yet if one serves long enough in the navy, he is sure of a reasonable pension, and throughout his active service and afterward he has many compensations which make up, to some extent, for the lack of riches.

One thing is assured in the navy, namely, that as long as one behaves himself and gives his best efforts to the service, his salary will be steadily increased. He has no worry about business conditions, no fierce competitive commercial activities, but a surety that his salary will be paid promptly and that his status is fixed for life. Then, too, should he be ill or incapacitated, incident to the service, not only will he have free

ANNAPOLIS TRAINING

hospitalization, but his salary will continue, or a reasonable pension will be awarded in case of retirement.

In addition to one month's leave each year on full pay, he has many opportunities to be absent from his ship for short periods when in port; and this, coupled with visits to places all over the face of the globe, not only offers interest and enjoyment, but is educational and broadening.

To begin with, a graduate has received an excellent education at the Naval Academy, which is offered gratis by the government, in addition to which a modest salary is also granted during the four-year course, which, if he has been frugal, will enable him to purchase his outfit from his savings on graduation.

But should he then feel that he may be unfitted for naval life and that he might not like the service, he will have no difficulty in obtaining a position in one of a number of large scientific, manufacturing, commercial or other business concerns which recognize the value of Annapolis training, and offer inducements to him to enter their employ. He is valued not only for his scientific education, but also because he has learned and can exercise discipline.

Discipline in the navy is not directed simply toward saluting a superior or answering the salute of a junior, but applies more particularly to the recognition of authority and leadership, and the loyal and dependable enforcement or execution of orders.

The primary object of the Naval Academy is to educate young men to be naval officers. There is no better school for its purpose than the one at Annapolis. Its mission is admirably defined officially as follows:

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“To mold the material received into educated gentlemen, thoroughly indoctrinated with honor, uprightness and truth, with practical rather than academic minds, with thorough loyalty to country, with a ground-work of educational fundamentals upon which experience afloat may build the finished naval officer, capable of upholding, whenever and wherever necessary, the honor of the United States; and withal giving due consideration to the fact that healthy minds in healthy bodies are necessities for the fulfillment of the individual missions of the graduates. . . .”

The entrance age is from sixteen to nineteen inclusive, and the educational qualifications are about those which a high school graduate could pass.

The term at the Academy is four years, and the subjects covered are mathematics, elementary and advanced, the natural sciences, English, French or Spanish, constitutional and international law, and professional subjects—seamanship, gunnery, navigation, engineering in its various forms, and others.

No sane person claims that a young graduate is of necessity a trained and accomplished naval officer; but no one can deny that he has the basic education to become one, and lacks only the opportunity of experience. This can only be acquired on board ship under service conditions, where he must spend a number of years before being assigned to shore duty.

No matter how thorough a school may be, whether it be the Naval Academy, West Point, a school of medicine, law, engineering or what-not, a graduate has received only the preliminary instruction in his chosen profession, and can become proficient by experience alone.

Some argue that the Naval Academy should be more on the plan of a university. They seem to for-

NAVAL ACADEMY OR UNIVERSITY?

get that students at a university select a specific course and devote their whole time and attention to it and not to a universal education. In fact, such courses are usually so planned that it requires four years to complete them. This is also true of the Naval Academy, which, therefore, has a great advantage over a university with its multitudinous courses, for the entire effort of the former can be directed to its one and only course, which has been brought as nearly as possible to a state of perfection.

Recently (1927) a retired flag officer of the navy, in an article published in a current magazine, made a most unjust and unwarranted attack on the Naval Academy under the heading, *Annapolis—Our Amateur Naval College*.

In this article instance after instance is cited where members of the Annual Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy from 1921 to 1926 inclusive, or the boards themselves, have made recommendations which the reader is led to believe were never adopted, to the detriment of the Academy. All of his remarks are fully answered by the published report of the Annual Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy for 1926. The following is an extract from it:

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY

“The Board of Visitors after as intensive and comprehensive an examination as possible during their sessions, of the equipment, methods, training, policies, etc., of the United States Naval Academy, desires to say that it is the board’s unanimous opinion that the academy is being conducted on the very highest standards of efficiency, is being kept abreast of the times

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

and in accordance with the best traditions of the Navy in particular; and to commend the superintendent and his able staff of assistants for the highly satisfactory and efficient way in which they are discharging their duties.”

While abroad during the World War, serving in the Grand Fleet, I had many friendly discussions with ranking British officers who had had experience at their Naval School and had made a study of its policy and methods. We discussed our respective systems with open minds from every standpoint. They were all impressed with the adaptability of our young officers, and with the fact that they could be transferred from navigation to the engine-room, from one kind of duty to another, from gunnery to radio, and soon be at home and proficient in their new duties.

In the British system they are not so highly educated, and after leaving their Academy, are more apt to specialize and spend much of their time in the same class of duty. Also, boys of fourteen are assigned to ships as midshipmen and given a great deal of boat duty, the idea being to give them preliminary instruction in sea duties.

In summing up from personal observation, I would say that the older or senior British naval officers are better seamen than ours, because they have spent nearly their whole careers at sea, and handling a ship has become second nature to them.

On the other hand, our younger officers are better educated professionally and more adaptable to the various duties on board ship and, I think, superior to the British. At any rate, there are no glaring faults in either system, for both produce as good officers as any other nation on earth, if not better ones.

NAVY REQUIREMENTS

Like any other great enterprise with numerous ramifications the navy requires officers with a diversity of talent, and encourages specialization in its different branches and corps. But no matter how clever one may be as a specialist along certain lines, every seagoing officer of the line must be an efficient seaman if he would aspire to qualify in the most important characteristic of our profession.

Naval battles are not the result of haphazard meetings of hostile ships on the high seas, where the conclusion is determined alone by gun-fire and other means of destruction. The result is largely dependent upon strategy and tactics, and particularly upon the ability of officers to handle their respective commands, whether they be fleets, squadrons, divisions or single ships, on making contact with the enemy and during the engagement.

A man may be the greatest strategist on earth, or a theorist with the ability to elucidate his ideas clearly in print and gain public recognition by sensational articles in the press and periodicals; but unless he be a qualified seaman who can handle his command efficiently and to the best advantage in action, his other accomplishments will not avail him.

Common sense and seamanship combined with an intimate knowledge of his material and personnel are the prime necessities of a naval officer afloat in time of war.

After all, when one comes to think of it, ships are built to fight; that is their ultimate mission, and officers whose ability in this direction has been demonstrated on the bridge rather than through the fountain pen, used from a swivel chair, should be chosen to command them. A man who would disparage educa-

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

tion in any form is a fool; but one who may be a plausible theorist, but is impractical otherwise, has no place on board ship.

I once knew a doctor who had made quite a reputation by his research and investigations, and who wrote a most interesting and instructive account of them. He was a theorist, and it was said of him that he knew more medicine in each of the three languages which he spoke than the average doctor knows in one. Yet no one would employ him on board ship if they could get any one else. He was so impracticable that in actual practise he couldn't tell boils from bunions, and didn't know how to treat either.

The greatest naval strategist the world has ever known, and the one whose writings are accepted as the highest authority, was not a good seaman.

I was shipmates with him once in the South Pacific, when he commanded one of our old wooden cruisers. Our ship collided with a bark under sail, which without question had the right of way. It was our duty to keep clear. We were under sail before the wind, steering north; she was on the port tack heading about W. S. W. and was sighted broad off our starboard bow, distant several miles. Yet we collided with her and were badly damaged, and all hands called to abandon ship, though this was later found to be unnecessary.

There was never a court-martial of any kind, but when one of our officers, who was something of a wag, was asked the reason of the collision, he answered, "Why, the Pacific Ocean wasn't big enough for us to keep out of the other fellow's way."

Whether it be true or not, it is generally understood that this same commanding officer was later de-



An old-time sailing vessel on which Admiral Rodman served as midshipman

U. S. Navy Department photograph

THE SWIVEL-CHAIR ARTIST

tached from command of the European flag-ship and sent home on account of lack of adaptability as a seaman.

This is not set forth to disparage this officer—far from it—for he did the service a world of good by his writings and his lectures at the War College, and set our navy and those of other nations thinking along new lines. But it is given as an example that while knowledge and the ability to write are great adjuncts, unless one has had experience at sea and can exercise his knowledge intelligently, he is no good afloat.

For example, during the late war some officers advocated “blisters” (water-tight compartments) on the bottoms of battle-ships; some held opposite views, for there were advantages and disadvantages in their use. Some officers made it a practise to remain on shore during both the Spanish and the World Wars, and have never been attached regularly to a fighting ship during any war, nor heard a hostile gun. It would be logical for such an one to advocate blisters on the bottom (from his position in a swivel chair); while others who were afloat throughout the two aforesaid wars would oppose blistered bottoms, since they had never had the opportunity to acquire them.

Yet the swivel-chair artist with the fountain-pen, even though he has never seen nor experienced naval warfare afloat, sets himself up as an authority on all matters pertaining to the navy and naval warfare; and, so far as the uninitiated and inexperienced public is concerned, gets away with it—at least for a while.

Playing to the gallery is like trying to steal a pot on a “busted flush.” It may work once or twice, but in the end it is a losing game if you keep at it persistently.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

I have never yet seen any one man in the naval or military service who pretended to know it all, who tried to ride roughshod over the opinions of every one else, and who set himself up for a specially inspired, infallible critic, who did not meet his Waterloo in the long or short run and was chucked into the discard as far as others of his profession were concerned.

One of the simplest and easiest things in the world to do is to prophesy, to make recommendations prior to and during a war, then occupy a soft billet on shore during hostilities. "Stick close to your deck and never go to sea," as Sir Joseph Porter sings in *Pinafore*, and then at the end of the war say, "I told you so." You can't beat it.

Don't for a moment think that there is the slightest intent or desire to cast any aspersions on the motives or efficiency of the source of the excellent officers who served on shore during the World War from force of circumstance, after doing their utmost to get to sea, for such is not my purpose. My thoughts revert more to any one who has never been permanently afloat in war, and yet sets himself up as *the* authority on all matters pertaining to the navy, and rarely loses an opportunity to parade it.

It is fortunate that both the army and navy services soon get a thorough understanding of the tactics and purpose of these incendiaries, who lose caste and are relegated to the dump, so far as their opinion is concerned, by the administration, General Board of the Navy or General Staff of the Army, and the older and more experienced officers whose opinions are respected.

Even the air service was recently subjected to a severe grilling by one who apparently advocated the

COORDINATION ESSENTIAL

use of aircraft alone to the exclusion of all other branches and activities of both the army and navy. Every one knows that aeronautics will be a most important factor in any future wars, but in my judgment it will neither supersede nor eliminate the others.

There has never been a new invention or radical improvement applicable to war, which was not heralded as a means of revolutionizing warfare.

In our own times, going back to the Civil War, Admiral Farragut spread his chain cables along the sides of his wooden ship to stop the cast-iron shells from the Confederate batteries at the entrance to Mobile Bay. The Confederates built the *Merrimac*, covered her sides with iron, and she was successful in her engagements with the wooden Union ships at Hampton Roads. She in turn was beaten by the *Monitor* with its low free-board, turrets and heavier armor. And from that day to this there have been improvements in guns and armor.

Then followed the mobile torpedo; its advocates claimed that no ship could withstand its under-water body-blow and survive. Hence torpedoes were destined to sink all ships afloat in time of war.

So torpedo-boats were hurriedly built and added to the fleets, followed almost at once by torpedo-boat destroyers, and they in turn by fast light cruisers, and last, but not least, by battle cruisers, each in turn to destroy the smaller type.

Then came the submarine; now, surely, its advocates protested, no ship could survive its attacks and remain afloat at the end of a war; it would sweep the seas of surface craft.

And finally came the aircraft, the dirigible and the heavier-than-air planes, which, according to their most

prominent advocate and some of his disciples, would eliminate the necessity of considering any other branch of the service. As for the navy, it might as well be scrapped at once; it could be annihilated and sunk overnight, so it wasn't worth considering.

As the larger and larger craft keep the smaller ones down, so there are always ways and means found to combat anything new. The hydrophone and the depth charge, with scientific methods of finding and attacking submarines, greatly reduced their successful activities which at first, when directed almost entirely against commercial ships with inadequate means of defense, threatened very seriously the Allies' over-sea lines of food and supplies.

While aircraft are important and necessary and will take a prominent place, they, like any other branch, must be coordinated with the whole and not be considered separately.

Just one more thought with reference to duty ashore and afloat during war. At the conclusion of the World War a bill was introduced into Congress to give advanced rank to the two officers who held the most important billets on shore during the war, but the bill failed to mention any who had been afloat, though one or more of the latter were discussed in the hearings. My honest opinion is that no one of flag rank accomplished anything heroic or performed any specially meritorious or extraordinary duty ashore or afloat, that would warrant advancement in rank. To my mind such rewards are associated with highly successful and meritorious operations against the enemy in actual combat; and no such opportunity offered to any flag officer in our service during the war.

Here it should be stated that the two officers in

“THE FIGHTING OVER, TALK BEGINS”

question were efficient, untiring in their efforts, and highly deserving of praise for their work. Yet had they alone been advanced and no officers afloat received like consideration, it is my humble opinion that when the danger flag shall have been hoisted on the approach of the next war, there will be such a rush and scramble for swivel chairs and press agents that last comers may have to content themselves with three-legged stools and do their own typewriting.

This long-winded digression is in keeping with the farewell address made by Admiral Beatty on board my flag-ship at the end of the war, when he came to bid us Godspeed and bon voyage. He said: “Now that the fighting is over, the talking will begin”; and he was dead right; and if I, like many another, am guilty of expressing my views in public, one of my objects, at least, is to call attention to certain types of officers who believe that the fountain-pen, shore duty in time of war, and the limelight are mightier than the quarter-deck.

An enlisted man also has the opportunity of acquiring an educational training to fit him for his duties. After a short term of general training, he is encouraged to specialize in any one of a number of activities, and with due consideration of his duties and ability, he has reasonable assurance that he will be given ample opportunity and assistance to better himself; he may even become a commissioned officer. To-day the navy is a vast educational establishment, for both officers and men. When the latter have completed their four-year term of enlistment and made good, there is such a demand in civil life for their services, at a salary so much higher than that paid in the navy, that we find difficulty in keeping many of our best.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

How different are our men to-day in looks and age from what they seemed to us, forty-odd years ago, when we had real old-time sailors on board—men who had spent their lives at sea in all sorts of craft, and who knew no other life. All, with the exception of the apprentices, looked so much older than the men do now; many of them wore beards, some with most fantastic trims. While a full beard was the most common, there were also Burnsides, Dundrearys, Horace Greeleys, clean chins with mutton-chops, side-whiskers and mustache, chin whiskers and clean-shaved cheeks, and other forms. And, strange to relate, the officers led in variety; rarely was there a clean-shaved face among them.

There were many well-known characters among the old sailors of my early days at sea, who were known throughout the service, and many a yarn have I heard of their vagaries. Their careers had been varied; they had served in many different classes of vessels, both naval and merchant, as well as in whalers and fishing boats. It was even rumored that some had been in slave ships or had engaged in smuggling, and that one or two, at least, had actually been pirates!

On a night watch, as midshipmen of the forecastle, under sail in the trade winds in equatorial waters, we used to take great pleasure in listening to their yarns and discussing the finer points of sailorizing with them.

I remember hearing old Jim Johnson, captain of the forecastle, telling some young apprentices a yarn about a mermaid in Valparaiso, a synopsis of which was about as follows:

On a Sunday morning about church-time, the *Hartford* anchored in Valparaiso, Chile, in forty-three

A VALPARAISO MERMAID

fathoms of water, in the outer harbor, outside of all shipping. This was an unusual depth in which to anchor. Unfortunately a mermaid had built her house there to avoid the danger of an anchor damaging it, but the *Hartford's* anchor had gone down her chimney and scattered soot and ashes all over her room while she was curling her hair to go to church. She immediately came to the surface at the starboard gangway and insisted on seeing the captain, who, when he appeared, was soundly berated and told that he was no gentleman.

All through his yarn Jim was interrupted by ridicule, was informed that he was probably mighty close kin to old Colonel Ananias, and was shown plainly that his audience didn't believe a word he said.

Then Johnson, knowing full well that I had listened in, said, "If you don't believe me, ask Mr. Rodman. He was shipmates with me then."

One of the apprentices, approaching, said, "May I speak to you, Mr. Rodman?" which is an enlisted man's conventional method of getting a hearing.

"Certainly; what can I do for you?"

"Were you ever shipmates with Jim Johnson before this cruise?"

"Yes."

"What ship was it?"

"The *Hartford*."

"Did you visit Valparaiso?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember the day of the week and time of day you anchored?"

"Yes; it was Sunday, about ten forty-five A. M."

"Just one more question, Mr. Rodman. Do you remember the depth you anchored in?"

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

"Yes, very well; it was in the outer harbor, in about forty-five fathoms."

"Thank you, sir," and turning to the others, he said, "Old Jim Johnson was right, for Mr. Rodman was there and remembered all about it."

Peter Worms was a grizzled veteran of the Mexican and Civil Wars, probably seventy-odd years of age, with a face deeply scarred, wrinkled and weather-worn, and a leathery complexion. He had a scraggly beard and a thin crop of reddish-gray hair. He rarely smiled and only spoke when necessary in the performance of his duty.

We were in New York, under orders for China, and our captain had issued an order that in the remaining days in port only the married men would be granted liberty. Peter came to me, as the officer of the deck, and said, "Request permission to go on liberty."

"Only the married men can get liberty."

"I'm a married man, sir."

"The devil you are; where does your wife live?"

"H-m-m—up in Harlem, sir."

"What street?"

"H-m-m—about One Hundred Twenty-seventh."

"What's the number of the house?"

"About the same as the street."

"You know perfectly well that you aren't married, and you can't go."

It was plainly to be seen, from his whole manner and his hesitancy in answering, that his replies were fabrications.

He went away, but within thirty minutes he was again at the mast, which is the technical term for the place of consultation, this time with a very much

ONLY MARRIED MEN

painted and bedecked "chippie" apparently about eighteen—silk dress, feathers in her hat, and an abundance of cheap jewelry. Where on earth he had accumulated her in that short time I do not know.

Again Peter asked permission to go on liberty.

"Look here, Worms, you have been informed, and know full well, that no one but married men can go ashore."

"I'm a married man, sir; and this is my wife."

"The mischief you say; what is her name?"

Turning to her sharply, he said, "What is your name, you hussy?" Before she could reply, and realizing his predicament, he turned to me and said, "Why, it's Mrs. Worms, sir; you don't suppose I'd associate with any one but a lady, do you?"

This was too much; it was impossible to keep my face straight, so I said, "Go to it, Peter; have your name put on the liberty list." And the last I saw of him, he had hired a hack with two horses, had "Mrs. Worms" with him and, amidst the plaudits of the crew was headed at top speed straight toward the Navy Yard gate.

On one of my practise cruises on the old *Constellation*, while I was still a cadet at the Academy, Peter was the captain of the forecastle. In heaving up the anchor it was his duty to see to the proper manipulation of the ground tackle, and when the anchor came to the surface, to "hook the cat"; or, in other words, to place the hook of the lower block of a large tackle, called the cat-fall, in the ring of the anchor.

Old Peter would do this himself with the assistance of one of the seamen. On one occasion, during this maneuver, the chain or cable was accidentally let go—and down went Peter, seaman, anchor and all.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

As the two men bobbed up to the surface, overboard went a bunch of midshipmen to lend a helping hand; but they were brushed aside like chaff by the said Peter Worms, though the young seaman was badly dazed and needed help.

In those days the capstan was well aft on the gun-deck, as was the compressor, a curved iron arm for holding the chain in check. It was manned by the ward-room and steerage boys, or servants, all of whom were darkies who had been recruited largely from the waiters at the Academy. It was through their fault that the anchor had been accidentally let go.

Without opening his lips, without a single expression of his feeling or intention, Peter armed himself with a squilgee handle, similar to a broom handle, and walked deliberately below to where the compressor men were standing. Without creating any suspicion whatever, without offering a single word of admonition or giving any reason, he began to lay blow after blow upon the unsuspecting darkies. They scattered like chaff, yelling with pain and excitement, and rushed for the upper deck, with Peter in their wake belaboring them until he was caught and disarmed.

When brought to the mast later and arraigned before the captain for wilfully, deliberately and maliciously striking other men in the navy, he was asked if he had anything to say. He stood silent for a moment and then with a withering look of pity on his face for any one who could ask such a question, said, "I thought that would be enough for a first lesson, but God help them if they ever do it again!"

It isn't always easy to keep your face straight at some of the unexpected answers given by the enlisted personnel.

SPECIAL FIRST CLASS

Once, when I was the executive officer, a fireman came to the mast and asked for certain privileges. Inasmuch as the men were graded in several conduct classes, according to their behavior, and as the privilege requested pertained solely to those in the highest class, called Special First Class, I informed him that his request could not be granted.

He stated that he had been first class for six months, which was one of the conditions under which one might attain the Special Class.

Knowing him to be a sea-lawyer, a "chaw-mouth" and trouble breeder, and that he was none too desirable, I informed him that it was a surprise to me that he had not been on the report for six months, and that it would have to be verified. This was done and, finding his statement to be correct, I informed him that according to regulations a man, to attain the Special First Class, in addition to being free of reports for six months, must be dependable, energetic, efficient, truthful, capable and trustworthy, at all times, and asked him, "Are you all of these things?"

"No, sir," he said, "I ain't; if I was all them things, I wouldn't be no second-class fireman—I'd be the president of a bank."

His point of view rather appealed to me, and his request was approved.

Old Billy O'Brien served with me on several ships. He was the typical example of an old-time sailor who, as long as he kept away from rum, was a splendid man, but rarely failed to get b'iling full when he went on liberty, when he could be depended upon to raise a disturbance and nearly always be arrested.

Since he was in my division, I had admonished

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

him and done all I could to get him to reform and correct the error of his ways, and while he was willing to say that he would do his best, he could still be counted upon to fall from grace.

Knowing that he was going ashore on leave in Smyrna, I gave him the usual admonition and appealed to him for the sake of *our* division to let drink alone, just for this once at any rate, and demonstrate his ability to return on board clean and sober.

He was profuse in his promises, but as usual, after getting on shore and tanking up, he engaged in a row, was arrested and locked up. He was found in a cell with an earthen floor, "spread-eagled," that is, his ankles were shackled to an iron rod that ran across the foot of his cell, and his wrists were handcuffed to ring-bolts in the masonry at the other end.

When asked why on earth he had been placed in such an ignominious position, he replied that he supposed it was because otherwise the vermin would have walked away with him entirely.

He was released and carried aboard, and had a chance to sleep it off and sober up. As I went on the bridge next morning he saluted and as usual said, "Good morning, sir,"

I turned my back on him, intentionally ignored his salutation, to show my disapproval of his misconduct. For several days he tried to engage me in conversation, but was plainly discouraged each time. Finally, pretending to be very angry, when in fact, in spite of all his faults I was really fond of him, as he again approached me, I said:

"I'm through with you; you had better apply to go to some other division, for you not only went back on *our* division and me too, but you made me lose money."



U. S. S. New Mexico, the flag-ship of Admiral Rodman,
Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet

U. S. Navy Department photograph

THE OLD-TIME SAILOR

As a matter of fact there had been no money loss on his account and I had only said it to lead him on.

"Lose money on my account, sir? How did that happen?"

"The navigator bet me that you couldn't be depended on—that when you went ashore you would go into the very first gin-mill you came to and tank up."

Like a drowning man clutching at a straw, and showing evident elation, he said, "Sir, you've won your money. I didn't go to the first bar I came to; it was kept by a d——d Turk. I went into the second one, that was kept by a Greek."

These old-timers have long since passed away; they were types unto themselves, many of them privileged characters and well-known throughout the service. They were sailors who knew no other life and were out of their element on shore, and perfectly at home on the old sailing ships.

I have whiled away many an hour in my night watches listening to their yarns, sometimes told to me, but more often to the young apprentices who had encouraged them by asking some leading question.

The old days are past and gone when an officer or man could simply be a time-server; that is, do as little as possible to avoid disciplinary action or dismissal. As a matter of fact, there is a policy in vogue which soon rids the service of such men. But for one who is ambitious and earnestly strives to better himself, there is no better school nor service than the navy; unless a man possesses the characteristics noted above, he is soon left in the discard.

To show the difference in the flow of promotion of officers who entered the navy in different epochs, we

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

may take the date of 1875, ten years after the Civil War, when I entered the Naval Academy. At that time most of my instructors were lieutenants and lieutenant commanders who had been in the service for from ten to twelve years.

Yet my class was in the service seventeen years before we became junior lieutenants, serving in the meantime as cadet-midshipmen for six years, midshipmen one year, junior ensigns one year, and ensigns nine years, with a minimum pay, after leaving Annapolis, of one thousand dollars per annum, and a maximum of fifteen hundred dollars when we had been ensigns five years.

Now when a young man enters Annapolis, he is a midshipman during his four years at the Academy, promoted on graduation to ensign, and automatically to junior lieutenant in three years more. This grade is now reached in seven years instead of seventeen, and there has been a large increase in pay in this as in other grades.

While it was hard sledding for us and caused many to resign and go into civil life, yet it paid in the long run to those of us who stuck it out, and enabled us to appreciate and enjoy the thousand and one pleasurable and interesting events and occasions which later came into our lives and more than compensated for the earlier hardships. Methods of promotion have undergone several radical changes since then, and to-day advancement is as fiercely competitive in the navy as in any other walk of life.

Years ago we had linear promotion; that is, when a vacancy occurred, the officer heading the next junior grade would be automatically promoted, subject to examinations which were often farcical. Later, owing

THE "PLUCKING BOARD"

to stagnation in the lower grades, the laws were changed to make a steady flow of promotion, so that each year a board, generally spoken of as the "Plucking Board," would be convened to pick out a percentage of undesirables. Others were given the option of retiring, of which privilege a large number took advantage. After twelve or fifteen years this system was abolished, if for no other reason than that the undesirables had been eliminated, and those remaining might be considered a fair general average.

Then the present system of promotion by selection was substituted. None of these systems is perfect—there are good and bad points in each of them, and while the present one may appear theoretically to be more nearly perfect than some of the others, practically it leaves much to be desired.

Having been a member of the Selection Board a number of times and being thoroughly familiar with its methods, I have no hesitancy in stating that no fairer, squarer or more conscientious board ever attempted to fulfill its mission and do its duty, or was more just and open-minded. Yet almost invariably some of the members would be dissatisfied with the results.

In my humble opinion no nine admirals, of which number the board is composed, can ever be infallible, or be unanimously satisfied that only the best have been selected, or that some worthy candidate has not been passed over. I have no other suggestion to offer than that this matter be given deep study with the view of modification if a better system may be formulated.

CHAPTER III

SOME ROUGH WEATHER ON THE HIGH SEAS

MY LIFE in the navy, in general, has been one continuous round of joy, interest and pleasure, and after a life's experience in roaming around the world and acquiring a modest knowledge of it, or perhaps opinion would better express it, I would unhesitatingly choose the navy in preference to any other profession or occupation on earth.

Not that there have not been depressing incidents, hardships and occasions which, for the time being, were anything but pleasant. But, on the whole, it has been a never-ending source of interest, filled to the brim with numerous and varied experiences, in particular those which come with the gratification of the love of travel, especially off the beaten tracks; and professionally it has been absorbing. It is true that forty or fifty years ago, when we cruised in old wooden ships, generally under sail, making long passages at sea of from thirty to fifty days and often longer—weeks at a time out of sight of land—we had none of the luxuries of life, few of the comforts, and not infrequently few of the bare necessities in the shape of food and a scant allowance of water. One could scarcely boast of the pleasures of naval life under such circumstances. Yet even then there were always new incidents and experiences cropping up that made amends and were interesting and enjoyable.

For example, having always had an interest in

natural history, I found wonderful opportunities to contrast that of the sea with that on land. This was heightened, on an early cruise, by having a shipmate who was engaged in making a collection of marine life, and who, by the use of nets dragged astern when we were leisurely proceeding under sail, would gather hundreds of specimens where the uninitiated might not suspect that there were any at all.

It might be added here that later it was my good fortune to make an extended cruise across the Pacific, including many of the South Sea Island groups, with Professor Alexander Agassiz, whose collections were made not only from on and near the surface, but from depths of three and four miles, and in one instance, nearly five.

It is true that such opportunities rarely come to naval officers; this is merely mentioned as one of the numerous kinds of service to which one might be assigned.

My duties on this cruise were principally navigational and I also helped in the operation of the nets and collecting appliances; and while scientifically I had but little knowledge of the classification of the multitudinous specimens, yet it afforded a never-ending source of interest. Surely no magician could have conceived and conjured up anything so strange and wonderful as some of the living things which we dredged from the bottom of the Pacific.

Nor were the specimens confined to living things alone. In one area of several thousand square miles, where the average depth was almost uniformly three miles, in dragging an eight-foot net on the bottom, we would invariably find from ten to fifteen specimens of the bones from the interior of whales' ears and

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

sharks' teeth. Both of these were covered with enamel, and hence had not disintegrated, as had the other and softer bones of these surface denizens of the sea.

The length of the haul on the bottom would range from one to two miles, over an eight-foot width. Think how many thousands—millions perhaps—of these creatures must have died on the surface, and of the years that must have elapsed, to sprinkle the bottom so profusely with their bones!

It is strange that so few officers take an interest in the birds, fish and animals that are so frequently seen at sea, and know little or nothing of their natural history. Most of them know a gull when they see it, but are more than apt to class several other species under this same head. They recognize Mother Carey's chickens, but it is doubtful if they know they are petrels, and that there are many other varieties of this species. They may know an albatross from its size, and may be able to distinguish a boatswain-bird or a frigate-bird, but probably have doubts as to which is which. As to the hundreds of others, they know but few and dismiss them with an indifferent guess as to their classification or habits. I have whiled away many an hour at sea in observing the birds and marine life, and have found it as interesting as the life on shore.

We all contrast the old and the new navy; it is only natural that we should. My first cruise after leaving Annapolis was made in a small wooden ship, nine hundred tons displacement, speed nine knots, bark-rigged, old-fashioned smooth-bore, muzzle-loading, cast-iron, eight-inch guns, firing a spherical shell with a time fuse, with a maximum range of two miles.

THE JUNIOR OFFICERS' MESS

Little or no thought was given to target practise; the guns were rarely fired, except when a ceremonial salute was necessary, but if by chance we engaged in a practise, it was a desultory one, without records or effort to promote speed or accuracy. It was more a matter of getting through with it and having it off our hands. To-day this is revolutionized; the life of a ship pivots around her accuracy of gun-fire.

As to comforts for those of us who were in the steerage, or, as it came to be called in later days, the junior officers' mess, there were absolutely none.

There were nine of us quartered in an open space, about twenty-five by twenty feet, into which the engine-room opened forward; aft, a passageway led to various store-rooms. Under the deck was the main hold containing provisions and ship's stores. Working parties came in throughout the day and often at night, to break out food and supplies—so often in fact that our quarters seemed to be the focus of the ship's activities.

Access to our quarters was obtained by a wooden ladder leading through a hatch from the open deck overhead, which was sheltered by a brass canopy fitted with a canvas cover to which a flap was attached, similar to that in an ordinary tent. Owing to the inadequate height between the decks, in order to stand erect in our quarters, we had to choose the spaces between beams, and many a head was bumped severely in consequence of hurry, darkness, motion of the ship, thoughtlessness or some other inadvertence.

Our toilet facilities consisted of a solitary set—bowl, pitcher and slop-jar, which we all used in common. There was not an accessible bathtub in the ship, and the other toilet accessories were forward under the forecastle. To these we were compelled to go

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

through storm or rain, heat or cold, or stress of weather, across an open unsheltered deck, to the opposite end of the ship.

Some of us slept on transoms; that is, fore-and-aft cushioned seats, some in hammocks, and some on the mess-tables, which latter occupied an appreciable part of our constricted living space.

Our illumination, if it could be called such, depended during the day upon the amount of light which could find its way through the solitary hatch and a few air-ports in the side of the ship—at night, on two smoky lard-oil lamps and a few candles. At sea the air-ports were always closed, and often in port, when in an open roadstead, owing to the fact that they were only a few feet above the water-line and the rolling of the ship would submerge them.

Many a time at sea, in rough or stormy weather, it was necessary to unship our canopy cover and batten down, that is, fit wooden planks, or battens, to fill the hatch completely, then cover the whole with heavy canvas or tarpaulins and secure it, so that as little water as possible could find its way below. At such times the air became foul and fetid; even those who were generally free from seasickness were apt to feel some of its qualms, or suffer from nausea and headache in such stifling and polluted air.

Many and many a time the heavy seas coming on board would wash solidly over the battened hatch, and some of the water find its way below to such an extent that our quarters would be awash and we would all lend a hand at bailing.

Under such conditions, to gain the upper deck it would be necessary to pass through the engine-room and use a vertical iron ladder on the lee side, watch-

ALMOST ENGULFED

ing one's chance between seas, in an attempt to escape with as little wetting as possible.

In this little ship we were caught in an exceptionally heavy northeast gale off Cape Hatteras, in mid-winter, and to this day I can not understand how we survived it. As a matter of fact a number of vessels were lost and others suffered serious damage in our immediate vicinity. It is a well-known fact that the wind against a current kicks up a nasty sea, and the greater the strength of either or both, the heavier the sea.

Here we had the maximum effect of both, the Gulf Stream against the wind. As I stood erect in the maintop, fifty-two feet above the water-line, the ship would toboggan from the crest of one sea to the deep intervening hollow, from which position I could not see over the crests of the waves when we were on an even keel. I am about six feet tall, which would make the seas, from hollow to crest, fifty-eight feet.

Somewhere in print I have read what purported to be scientific reasons why seas may not exceed forty-seven feet in height in the open ocean. Mathematics is not my long suit, and the proof may have been satisfactory from a scientific standpoint; but the height of these waves was, nevertheless, as I have stated.

Our little ship rolled frightfully; the maximum roll was forty-seven degrees, that is, from the vertical to either side. Sea after sea broke over us, everything movable and some things that were supposed to be permanent, were smashed to smithereens and washed overboard. At times the little ship seemed to be completely engulfed, and it appeared impossible for her to free herself of the enormous burden of water on board.

Though we were under steam, effort was made to

steady the ship by setting storm sails; but, owing to the heavy seas breaking over the ship, and the wind of all but hurricane force, we succeeded in setting only one small trysail. The forecastle, where we midshipmen were supposed to stand our watch, became untenable. Any one attempting to remain there would certainly have been washed overboard, so we stood our watch in the fore rigging, soaked through and through, stiff with cold, with about as much shelter as the tame Indian on the Capitol dome has in a raging blizzard.

As if this were not enough, to crown all, the ship began to fill and the pumps got clogged. Why such a thing could have been permitted I do not know, but actually, perforated plates had been installed in the outer planking, that is, on the outside of the ship, to admit air and thus ventilate the frames and inner planking and prevent dry rot. And it certainly came near doing so, as it looked for a while as though neither dry rot nor any other kind of rot would have much chance to get in its deadly work, for we had a very close call to keep from sinking. If anything had any chance at all, it must have been a saturated wet rot—and that at the bottom of the ocean.

As the ship rolled, water poured in through the so-called ventilating plates, entered the bilges and, since the pumps failed to function, rose until it was a few inches over the floor-plates in the fire-room. The motion of the ship sent it splashing in the ash-pits, thus quenching the fires under the boilers, and not only lowering the pressure but threatening our entire steam supply.

The failure of the pumps to function was due to two reasons: first, the debris in the bilges clogged the strainers; and, second, we were losing our steam.

A COLD ROUGH PASSAGE

Fortunately one of these strainers was under the steerage, as were many other things previously mentioned, so that by using chain hooks and actually submerging one's self under the bilge water, using hands as well, the strainer was cleared and the pumps were barely enabled to take care of the incoming water.

This was the only ship in which I ever served that was shingled on the outside. After reaching port, the so-called dry-rot ventilators (damned rotten would be better) were covered with shingles which were nailed to the ship's side until she looked like a barn. But they kept the water out during a fair-weather run, to a navy yard, where the ventilators were removed.

Though it was still midwinter when this was completed, we were ordered to St. Johns, Newfoundland, to recover and carry back to the United States the body of an officer who had died there the previous July. This was a cold rough passage—gale after gale and most of it under sail, which meant unusual hardships in handling sail, especially for those who had to work aloft.

The ship presented a novel sight. Not only was the rigging festooned with ice in every shape and form, but the bows had accumulated such a load of ice that the ship was down by the head to a depth far below the normal, which so operated as to hoist the stern so high that part of the propeller was out of water, and the rudder, for the same reason, had but little directive effect.

We passed through numerous fields of drift ice, where, from their never-ceasing motion and constant friction, the edges of the ice had become rounded and a fringe of debris had been thrown up until the sea had the effect of being covered with immense white pond-

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

lilies. While still in the ice-pack we were literally forced in between the high rocky heads that guard the entrance to St. Johns, for the wind was on shore. Shortly after anchoring we were jammed hard and fast and remained so until the harbor was cleared, on a change of wind and a rising temperature. Of course no boats could be used; communication ashore was over the ice. Horse-drawn sleighs were tethered at our lower booms, where ordinarily boats were secured. Since the captain had his own sleigh as did the ward-room, steerage and some others, and since the punctilio of man-of-war routine still obtained, it was novel to hear the officer of the deck give the order:

“Boatswain’s mate?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Call away the ward-room sleigh.”

“Aye, aye, sir.”

Then he would blow his pipe (or call) to attract attention and in a long drawling voice repeat the order, “Awa-a-ay ward-room sleigh, a-w-a-a-y!” Whereupon the said sleigh would circle alongside the starboard gangway, receive its load, and the officer clothed in heavy furs would be piped over the side and the sleigh would make for the beach, the horse at a gallop, which was interpreted by the crew to be “under full sail.”

As a matter of contrast, a few weeks before this, on Christmas Day, we were in the tropics crossing the Caribbean Sea, and noting from the chart that the water was three miles deep, as we lay nearly becalmed, several of us jumped overboard and swam round the ship. And here, just a few weeks later, we were jammed in an ice-floe, with an all but zero temperature prevailing!

These incidents serve to illustrate how the regular



Old-time sailing Man-of-War under topsails and courses in heavy weather

U. S. Navy Department photograph

change of seasons is put at variance in the lives of naval officers.

“What was the worst storm that you ever encountered?” This is always a puzzler to me, and a difficult question to answer, for my thoughts at once revert to the most trying and dangerous conditions which obtained at any one time, due to the intensity of the gale, the size of the ship, her motive power, proximity to land, and the navigational knowledge of our position. All these have a most decided effect. If the question referred solely to the strongest wind ever encountered in the open sea, in a full-powered modern ship, I would cite the gale which overtook the division of battle-ships in November, 1917, off the Newfoundland Banks, when we were en route across the Atlantic to join the Grand Fleet.

It is far beyond my ability to write a popular description of a storm at sea, with all its attending conditions. Let it be sufficient to say that when the anemometer on this occasion registered a velocity of ninety-six miles an hour, it gave up the ghost, was completely demolished and disappeared for good. But the wind continued to increase in force until it was estimated to be about one hundred twenty miles an hour.

The singular thing is that it varied so often and so irregularly in direction, from about northeast to northwest, much of the time against the current of the Gulf Stream, that it kicked up a ferocious sea. I say ferocious advisedly, for not only was everything washed away that the sea could reach, but heavy stanchions, boat davits and steel plates were twisted and broken as if they were broom-straws.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

A solid steel hatch was wrenched from its fastenings on the forecastle and swept completely away, allowing one green sea after another to find its way below, where a number of compartments were filled and their contents ruined. Not the least damage was the wrecking of the paint locker, where the containers burst allowing the liquid paint to choke the pumps. It was necessary, under extremely dangerous conditions, to resort to a bucket-line and hand bailing to relieve the ship of the enormous load which was thus added to that of the two forward turrets and their ammunition. She was laboring under the strain and showed it in the workings of some of the water-tight bulkheads.

Ordinarily at sea, in a heavy gale, the wind shifts slowly in direction, as a result of which the seas run fairly uniformly from the same direction for an appreciable time, and a ship may be maneuvered to put her in the most advantageous position for riding it out. But because of the frequent shifts of wind and its terrific velocity, high lumpy seas were running from a number of directions, with no continuity, so that, to exaggerate a bit for the sake of explanation, she would be pivoted on the crest of two waves at the same time, one forward, one aft, and almost immediately afterward on a single crest amidships.

Ships are built with factors of safety based upon any condition that is likely to arise; but this was far beyond any known conditions—so far that the excessive strain started some of the structural units working. That looked ominous for a while. My flag-ship, the *New York*, was a vessel of twenty-eight thousand tons displacement; I knew her well, had formerly commanded her in person, and had tested her out in some

extremely heavy weather and had every confidence in her. In addition to which, her commanding officer, Captain, now Admiral, C. F. Hughes, was as fine and efficient a seaman as any officer in the navy, bar none, and I had the utmost confidence in his ability and judgment, then as now. So, in consultation, we tried every possible means of maneuvering to relieve the ship, but without avail. We pulled through more because the ship was well built and the gale subsided than because of any particular efforts on our part.

The motion of the ship during the worst part of the storm was most unusual. We are all familiar with the roll that is common to all ships; those of exceptional length have very little pitch. But in this case it was the pitch far more than the roll that caused the greatest concern, for, owing to the abnormal seas, she seemed to take turns in trying to stand alternately upon her head and tail, or bow and stern, if you prefer, and succeeded admirably.

Herein lay the principal danger, for when down by the head, not only would the solid green seas sweep entirely over the tops of the two forward turrets and endanger the bridge, some forty feet above the water-line and a third of the way aft, but the propellers would be lifted clear of the water, requiring the utmost vigilance to avoid disaster.

It was appalling to see such an immense ship make a nose-dive, then to feel the shock, and see her struggle back from under the load of water, free herself and then seem to take breath like a living creature and square herself for the next blow. In a way it was not dissimilar to the blow of a mighty battering-ram, and it took a colossus to stand it.

So exceptionally heavy was the pitch that the cap-

tain of one of the accompanying ships told me afterward that once or twice, when our stern was submerged and the bow high in air, he could see daylight under our keel as far aft as the first turret! In discussing this with one of our senior naval-constructors, he stated that it was hard to believe, first, that any such condition could arise, and, second, that the ship could stand it; and I am thoroughly in accord with him. Nevertheless, it did not impair her strength in any material way.

It was the only occasion, in my lifetime experience at sea, when it was found necessary to make a general signal to all ships—big battle-ships at that—to disregard formation and the movements of the flag-ship; to maneuver the individual ships to their own best advantage as a matter of safety until the gale subsided.

Only one out of three other accompanying battle-ships succeeded in keeping in visual signal distance with us, and since radio was forbidden, neither of the other two rejoined us until we were almost across the Atlantic, and the last one, just as we made the land on the other side. Fortunately plans had been pre-arranged for rejoining in case of separation, and they worked to a charm.

But to return to my first cruise after leaving Annapolis: in those days there was practically no ventilation, no cold storage, no electric lights. Fresh food, with the exception of potatoes and one or two other vegetables, could be kept but a few days, and then under favorable circumstances, for not infrequently, owing to the fact that they must be kept on deck, they would be washed away by the seas or spoiled for lack of adequate protection. Our food was poor. Most of it came from tins or other containers, was poorly

ROUGH-WEATHER FARE

cooked, and had to be carried in all sorts of weather from the galley forward, under the topgallant-fore-castle in the bows of the ship, aft across the open deck, down the steerage hatch to the mess-table.

Not infrequently in rough weather, which sometimes lasted several days, owing to our small size and consequent excessive motion, we would have little else than an occasional pot of coffee or tea, made under difficulty, with tins of meat or vegetables heated in their cases, and ship's biscuit, or hardtack. And though it is not pleasant to relate, this same hardtack was often infested with weevils, making it necessary to split the biscuits, shake out the inhabitants and heat it in order to kill any that remained which might be invisible. Yet we thrived and prospered—and took all this as a matter of course.

As for the crew, they slept in hammocks equipped with mattress and blanket, but no pillow or linen of any kind, and invariably in their undergarments, night-clothes being unknown. Even if they had possessed them, they would have had no place to stow anything so luxurious, since everything they owned had to be kept in a solitary canvas bag and a small wooden ditty-box, about fifteen inches square.

When hammocks were slung for the night, so inadequate was the allotted space that they were sandwiched like sardines in a tin, in close, ill-smelling and poorly ventilated compartments between decks, which were not infrequently battened down on account of rough weather.

During the day hammocks were stowed in the hammock nettings, which were hollow troughs surmounting the upper outboard sides of the ship, in the most exposed position possible, and were covered by

a canvas tarpaulin, or hammock cloth, which might shed rain, but was totally inadequate when seas were breaking over the side. Many and many a time they were soaked through and through, so that when first unslung and occupied water could be pressed out of them as though from a sponge.

Fresh water was always a scarce and precious commodity. It was kept under guard and an authorized allowance served out daily to those entitled to it. With the exception of a few bucketsful, which were parceled out in the early morning to the watch on deck, the crew received little or no fresh water for washing and had to depend upon salt water, with which they filled the deck buckets and made their ablutions in the open on deck.

I have never known drinking or cooking water to run out entirely, but have frequently known all other allowances to be cut to such an infinitesimal quantity that it was difficult to make one's usual morning toilet with reference to face, hands and shaving. A full bath was entirely out of the question. And even should enough be obtained for a bath, it would mean only a few inches in a tin foot-tub since none of us had access to the one bathtub on board, in the captain's cabin. Consequently, in warm weather, when it rained, officers and men would take advantage of the opportunity to go on deck and have a *field day*, as a general cleaning day is called on board ship, standing out in the open or under the drainage of an awning, if one were spread, and thus obtain the only real bath possible.

The small supply of ship's fresh water was obtained at sea by distillation of salt water in our main boilers, and because of the crude and improvised

THE ONE-BATHTUB GUNBOAT

methods in vogue, it was rarely palatable, often a bit salty and sometimes oily. In fact, no matter in what part of the world we might be, we sometimes obtained water, even for drinking, from shore, with all of its death-dealing microbes; for in those days water supplies were not purified, nor was the water always tested on board from a sanitary point of view.

Speaking of bathtubs, or rather the absence of them, some years ago I was ordered to command one of the gunboats in the Philippines which had been acquired from the Spaniards. Among the alterations we made was the installation of a bulkhead of thin corrugated iron, separating the captain's cabin from the ward-room, the living quarters of the other officers, and a bathtub in a side compartment of the cabin—as usual, the only one on board.

In order that the other officers might have access to the tub, which was freely offered them at specified times, and to avoid their passing through my cabin, it was necessary to cut a door in the bathroom bulkhead, and this was done. I was well aware that the navy regulations strictly forbade the cutting of openings in bulkheads without previous authorized permission, but I interpreted it to apply only to bulkheads in regular ships built under departmental specifications, and not to a thin temporary one which had been erected more for privacy than anything else, as was the case in this instance. But as a matter of routine, the usual form of request was later submitted and forwarded to the department, giving reasons. After several months, what was my surprise to receive notice that my request had been disapproved.

Immediately I submitted another, asking reconsideration for the following reasons: First in the

elapsed time the junior officers had already acquired the habit of bathing regularly every day and, since we were in the tropics, sometimes twice a day. Second, I was in the same frame of mind, and believed that bathing was not only necessary, but was both healthful and pleasurable, and felt gratified that I had been more or less instrumental in encouraging my juniors to profit by my experience. Third, no matter what others might think, I firmly believe in bathing and hoped that the department's cooperation might be enlisted in promoting such a worthy cause, even to the extent of installing another tub for the officers, if a suitable place could be found, and a shower bath for the crew. Fourth, I had never fully comprehended why the department continued to hold to the policy that the captain alone, of all others on board needed a bath and, as a constant reminder, installed the only tub on board in his cabin. Fifth, my policy in the short elapsed time had proved such a success that it was to be hoped the department might be induced to encourage bathing throughout the service. I concluded by saying that pending a reply, matters would be left in *status quo*. And to this day, so far as I am aware, no reply has been made.

As to the crew's food in the old days, their principal meats were tinned beef or mutton, (which they called *Soup* and *Bully*, and from which apparently much of the nourishment had been previously extracted by the packers) corned beef, called *salt horse*, salt pork, dry or in brine. Beans, rice, a few tinned vegetables, flour, coffee, tea, sugar, molasses, hardtack, pickles, tinned butter, (often in a semi-fluid state induced by lack of cooling facilities) with a few other staples, about completed the list.

There were no mess-tables for the men. Instead, a black tarpaulin was spread on deck, often in the open spaces between the guns, on an uncovered deck, with the tin mess-gear in the shape of plates, cups, bowls and spoons spread upon it.

The food was brought from the galley in the utensils in which it had been cooked and placed before the men, who helped themselves indiscriminately by using their own forks and spoons, resting their plates in their laps or on deck.

An amusing incident occurred a few years later on the west coast of South America, when a fresh ration had been added to the crew's allowance of food.

It is customary for the ship's cook to bring to the officer of the deck a sample of the crew's dinner for his inspection and approval. A member of the crew, if he finds fault, is also privileged to communicate with the officer of the deck.

On this occasion an old-time sailor, one Joshua Chance, part Gay Head Indian, from Martha's Vineyard, and who had been in whaling ships, brought to the mast in a tin plate a sample of his dinner, which consisted of an enticing-looking cut of beef, potatoes and rice.

He said, "Mr. Rodman, look at the stuff they call meat, that they are serving out to sailors."

"What is the matter with it? It looks nice and fresh." In fact, as I was a bit hungry, it looked very appetizing.

"Taste it," he said.

Since meat a little tainted had occasionally been served, as a matter of precaution I first smelled it; detecting no odor, I took a small piece, tasted it and found it tender and of excellent flavor, and so stated.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

“Take a big bite,” said Joshua, and on complying I found that it corroborated my first estimate.

“It seems all right to me—what is the matter with it?”

“Mr. Rodman, that ain’t no kind of meat to serve to a sailor; it ain’t got no *chaw* in it at all.”

I have had many a yarn with Joshua in my night watches, when he told me about his life aboard whalers and in the merchant service, and explained his point of view about life at sea. He had been the harpooner in his whaling days, and generally had one or two irons handy to capture a porpoise when they might be playing around our bows. It required skill to throw them with accuracy, and, as a pupil standing on the bob-stays under the bowsprit, I made many failures, while Joshua would rarely miss.

We were once lying in the harbor of Payta, on the coast of Peru, where there were a great many devil-fish. I was telling him of an experience in the Gulf of Mexico, off Mobile, Alabama, when one of these fish apparently chased the whale-boat in which I was at work taking soundings. It certainly followed the boat for an appreciable distance, keeping on the surface and in plain sight. At any rate we headed for a small sand-bar, as a matter of precaution and safety, and as the devil-fish came within twenty yards of us I put a rifle-ball into his head and settled the matter.

Parenthetically, there seems to be some difference of opinion as to whether the devil-fish is a ray or an octopus. As a matter of fact the name is applied to both, but I refer to the ray which is called by the darkies along the Gulf Coast a *stingaree* (a corruption of stinging ray), because of the poisonous spines on its whip-like tail with which it can produce ugly wounds.



Battle-ship in heavy sea
U. S. Navy Department photograph

CAPTURING DEVIL-FISH

Old Joshua suggested that if we could borrow our whale-boat he would rig her up with the necessary gear and it would be great fun to capture some of the devil-fish. And he was right.

In the bows we put a tub in which our line lay greased and coiled, with a small bitts for taking a turn, either to increase the friction when the line was running out, or for belaying, as might be desired.

We had six men at the oars, Joshua in the bows with his iron, and I at the steering oar. When we sighted a big fellow on the surface, we would pull quietly up alongside and Joshua would throw his iron so as to pierce one of the immense side wings or flaps, without mortally wounding it.

Several of these fish, as I recall them, were twelve to fifteen feet long, eight or ten wide, and weighed several hundred pounds. At any rate, after being struck, the fish would go at top speed, while Joshua paid out line until we had sufficient scope. Then he would catch a turn around the bitts and the boat would be towed at terrific speed. As the fish became exhausted and slowed down, the line would be shortened in until the fish was fairly close alongside and could be dispatched with a lance in a vital part.

But the end to our fun came very unexpectedly. There were a number of coal hulks anchored in the bay, together with other vessels, and naturally we had to keep clear. Having struck a fish, we were in tow when the ray unfortunately made a sharp turn under water, and dived under one of the coal hulks. Before we could steer the boat clear she struck the side of the hulk, split wide open, broke the arm of one of our men and spilled the whole of us in the water. And there was no more devil-fishing in the harbor of Payta.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

One hears a great many yarns about the octopus, especially with reference to its propensity to attack divers. They are not infrequently met with in stories of the South Seas and elsewhere. I must admit that I know very little about them from personal experience, and have never seen a large one alive. But I have seen some enormous tentacles, whole or in pieces, which lead me to believe that the fish attain to the great size attributed to them, and that they would be an exceptionally dangerous adversary for anything unless it were a whale. And I am also under the impression that certain kinds of whales feed on octopi.

I was many times warned by the fishermen in the Hawaiian Islands that the vulnerable part of the octopus was immediately between its eyes, and was told that if while diving or fishing I had occasion to kill one, to do so quickly by biting it there before it discolored the water by ejecting the inky fluid which it uses on occasion, or before it could envelop me with its tentacles. While I have seen many small ones caught, for they are marketable in Hawaii, as in many other parts of the world, I have known of only one case where a large one was taken single-handed by an unarmed man.

On the south coast of Hawaii, one of the native sailors of an inter-island steamer, without weapons of any kind, seeing a fourteen-foot octopus in about eighteen feet of water, dived directly on top of it, bit it between the eyes, fought it under water, captured it and brought it to the surface. To any one familiar with the ability of the little octopi, only a couple of feet in size, to hang on to the bottom or insert some of their tentacles into the interstices of rocks and make it impossible to pull them loose by ordinary means, it

WHALES AND A CABLE

was a most extraordinary, daring and dangerous feat to tackle such a large one unarmed. It would have been dangerous enough had a knife been used.

Speaking of whales feeding on octopi, if my memory serves me correctly, some years ago our Alaskan cable service was interrupted, and when the cable was hauled to the surface, it brought with it a whale around whose jaw the cable had taken a turn. This had doubtless held the whale under water until it drowned, for they must come to the surface to breathe. Lately I read an account of a second similar occurrence with regard to the same cable near the locality where the first one took place.

There is no question in my mind but that the whale seeing the cable, mistook it for an octopus tentacle and went after it from that point of view.

CHAPTER IV

A BIT OF NAUTICAL TALK

HAVING mentioned some of the discomforts of the early days, let us note by contrast the accommodations in a modern battle-ship.

There is the greatest abundance of living space for the enlisted personnel. It requires an enormous tonnage or, if you like, floating platform, for the emplacement of our turret guns, though the turrets themselves do not occupy much of it. Many other utilities also require protective shelter without occupying much of the space. In consequence there is more than ample berthing, messing and living space for the men. Their food is abundant, excellent, wholesome and palatable, and served in a sanitary and inviting way. In point of fact, in these days, they have all of the necessities, many of the comforts and some of the luxuries. Every effort is made to keep them happy and contented.

The young graduate, on joining his ship, will be assigned to a room with probably one other to share it. The room is well ventilated, artificially and otherwise, well above the water-line, where the ports can generally be kept open both at sea and in port; it will be electrically lighted, with modern toilet facilities conveniently located, including hot and cold showers of fresh and salt water and with ample stowage room for his belongings. The latter was a convenience which never obtained in my early seagoing days.

He will have fresh food the year around, owing to

COMFORTS, EVEN LUXURIES

cold-storage facilities, and a separate mess-room apart from his own living-room, both perfectly sheltered in every kind of weather. Electric fans for hot days and nights, steam heat for the cold, all of the comforts and some of the luxuries which never obtained in the old days.

In addition to which, if assigned to a battle-ship, he will not only be free from the excessive motion of the old wooden ships, but when on duty will have more or less protection from the elements in rough or stormy weather, which was not formerly the case. When off duty there will be various forms of amusement available: athletic sports, in which he may take part, moving-pictures, radio-music and other forms of entertainment which are in vogue.

Formerly there was not even a reading-room on board, nor recreation space for officers or men. The few books carried were more often kept in the captain's cabin and were not generally accessible to the men, and none too much so to the officers.

In the early days, when passage was made mostly under sail, the time of arrival at our destination was problematic; from the time we left port until our arrival, the weather was the all-absorbing topic, and necessarily so. The height of the barometer, any change in the force or direction of the winds or the weather in general, had to be taken into consideration and studied, and sail carried accordingly; and the course and speed had to be constantly changed to meet the varying conditions.

On such long voyages, means had to be devised to pass an idle hour when off duty. I am sorry to say that many of the old-time wooden ships were infested with rats, and nearly always with cockroaches, which

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

seemed to be in evidence everywhere. One means of amusement consisted in racing cockroaches.

On our red table-cloth a white chalk-line would be drawn lengthwise of our mess-table. Those having entries would have captured their bug and, according to rule, have it in visible confinement under a wine-glass, which was to be deposited on the starting-line. After wagers had been made, at the word "Go!" the glasses were raised vertically, the bug shaken loose if necessary, and the race was finished when the first roach reached the edge of the table, "tail end up," or when its body was in the vertical. We had "free for all," "obstruction," "hurdle" and other races, but the "straight-away" was by far the most popular.

One day one of our messmates claimed to have a real sprinter, a roach which he offered to back against the field and all comers, but on condition that he would not be compelled to expose his bug to view, but keep it hidden under a china teacup until the start. At such odds there was a full attendance and practically every one had an entry. When the signal was given for the start, and covers removed, what was our surprise to see an immense land roach drop from under the teacup. He was of a variety found in the tropics, with ten times the speed of the ship's variety, so we were spell-bound—but not for long. His owner had reckoned without his host, for instead of making a break for the edge of the table and liberty, after spinning around in its tracks several times, evidently to get its bearings, it deliberately flew straight up in the air and disappeared in a crack overhead.

For days there were arguments about the winner, for so intent had we all been in watching the big bug that none could establish satisfactorily to the others

CREATING AMUSEMENT

which roach did win. But one fact was certain—the big fellow did *not* win, and his backers' stake was divided among the others.

There was still another way of creating amusement. Some one would write a rhyme, submit it to the mess and allow a stated number of minutes, say five or ten, for all present to comment upon it in rhyme, no matter what might be the meter, and the best answer would be awarded the prize. I remember this one:

“Mary stood in the water
For just an hour and a quarter,
With a piece of soap in her hand.
And when she seen
That she was clean
She walked out on the land.”

And the prize-winner's comment was as follows:

“Mary stood in the water
An hour longer'n she oughter,
And if she hadn't been dopey
She'd have made herself soapy,
And got out before any one caught her.”

All of this may seem very silly and a poor way to find amusement, and maybe it was; yet it served to while away an hour or so in the evenings when we were cooped up below, were tired of reading and yarn-spinning, and found any diversion acceptable, no matter how trivial it might seem.

In the days of sailing ships, voyages of thirty, forty and fifty days were not uncommon. Out of sight of land, with no radio, little or no physical recreation, one day was very much like another. Once in a single year, out of the three hundred and sixty-five days, I

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

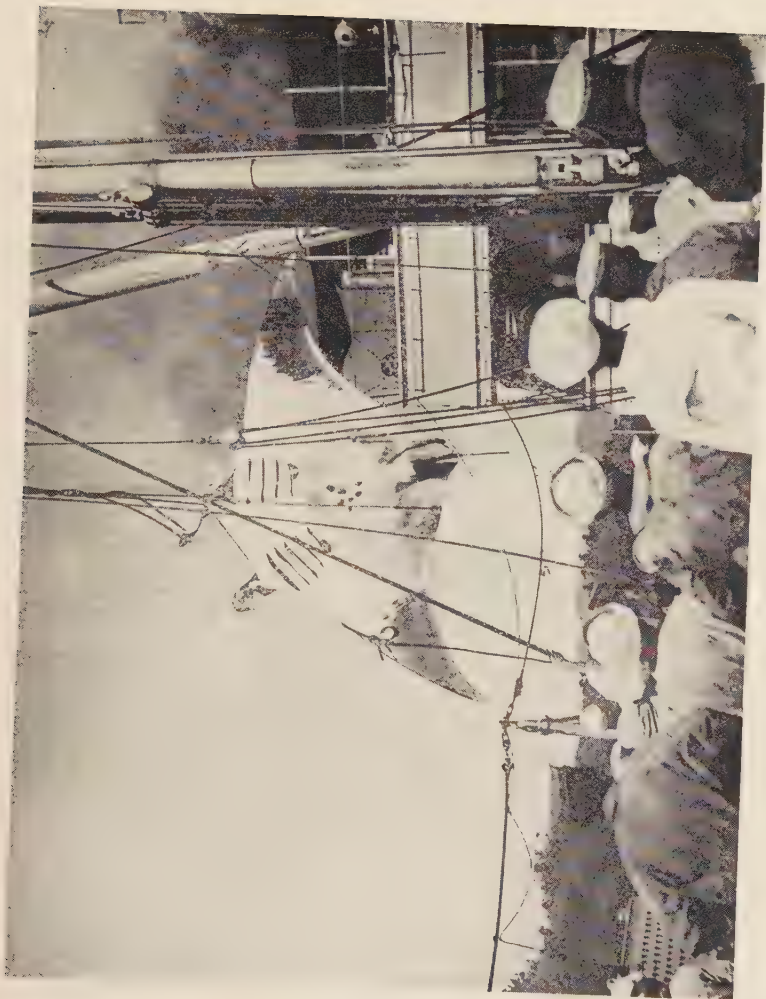
was actually at sea two hundred and sixty-five days—nearly all under sail, in a ship of one thousand six hundred tons displacement.

In this ship we were making passage from Honolulu to San Francisco, and it was generally understood that she was top-heavy, with none too much stability. Our crew was composed largely of young apprentices and there were very few regular officers on board, which made it advisable to shorten sail promptly on the approach of a squall.

One of these officers was notoriously inefficient and had been reproved repeatedly by the commanding officer for lack of initiative and forethought. Looking out of his cabin port on one occasion, the captain noticed an unusually heavy squall approaching, but hearing no orders to shorten sail, he strolled on deck and seeing this officer calmly pacing the poop, said, "Mr. X——, that looks like an exceptionally heavy squall coming; have you made any preparation for it?" "Yes, sir," he said, "I have sent below for my rain clothes." Whereupon he was told he could go below and take ten days to put them on, his term of suspension from duty. The captain, taking the deck himself, shortened sail as rapidly as possible.

Strange as it may seem, there are few seamen in the navy to-day, as we understand the term as applied in sailing-ship days. Then a man was rated in accordance with his ability to "hand, reef, or steer," or in other words, his qualifications as a real sailor in a sailing ship, depended upon his ability to perform all of the required duties on deck and aloft.

In modern ships, except for steersmen and those handling the ground-tackle winches and performing other similar duties, we have but little use for the old-



A Devil-fish

REASON FOR NAUTICAL TERMS

time sailor. Mechanics are more in our line. Formerly man-power prevailed throughout; then we required seamen in abundance for every operation, both for their knowledge and physical strength. The installation of mechanical power appliances has obviated the necessity for hand-power. A modern ship is a mass of machinery with a multiplicity of mechanical devices which require brains to handle them, not brute strength.

One example may serve for many others. In a sailing ship, on the wind, blowing fresh under short sail, four men would be stationed at the steering wheel aft on the quarter-deck, without shelter, with heavy seas breaking over them at times and the rain coming down in torrents. Not infrequently, from the sudden strains on the tiller ropes, they might be tossed over the wheel and receive severe bodily injuries—and this in a vessel of from two thousand to three thousand tons displacement.

To-day a super-dreadnought of thirty-two thousand tons, more than ten times as large as the old sailing ships, is steered electrically by one man who has sufficient strength in one hand to control the whole ship. This control is located on the bridge, under shelter, forty feet above the water-line. This is in no wise an exceptional comparison.

When most of our cruising was done under sail, one's ability as an officer was judged largely by his proficiency in seamanship in relation to his handling both the ship itself under way and the sails and gear as well.

Our language was of necessity nautical, by reason of the multiplicity of sails, spars, ropes of the standing and running rigging, various fittings and parts of the

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

ship, which were frequently referred to in orders and commands when handling sail, or in the ordinary routine of every-day life.

Such orders, unintelligible to the landsman, were issued under established custom, with the same accuracy and precision as that which would be expected from a captain drilling his company of infantry.

If an officer would carry out his duties without exciting a subdued and sometimes, under cover of darkness, a pronounced ridicule, it was necessary to have a thorough familiarity, not only with the names of every article and piece of gear on board ship, but an intimate knowledge of the lead or ramifications of the multitudinous ropes, and be in instant readiness to issue and execute the proper order, using the conventional nautical terms.

It became second nature in our ordinary conversation to apply nautical terms to matters which had no relation to the sea. Some of these terms were very expressive. Nor was our etymology in accordance with that in general use on shore among educated people, for not only were many words abbreviated or fore-shortened, but others had an entirely different pronunciation from that in common use. Perhaps this was because these sea terms had been handed down from generation to generation, many of the seamen were uneducated, an appreciable percentage were foreigners and since for centuries sails had been the motive power of ships, the old names and phrases had been perpetuated.

If my memory serves me right, something like the following orders were given by the officer of the deck when it became necessary to tack a square-rigged ship, though they may not be in the exact order:

ORDERS FOR TACKING

“Ready about; stations for stays.”

“Ready, ready. Man the weather fore and main, lee cross-jack braces.”

“Rise tacks and sheets.”

“Helm’s alee; let fly the head sheets.”

“Set taut; mainsail haul.”

“Set well taut, let go and haul.”

“Ease the helm, bring her by the wind.”

“Ease down the clew garnets.”

“Sheet home the fore and main sails.”

“Haul aft the head sheets.”

“Steady out the bowlines.”

As the maneuver progressed and conditions arose with reference to the sails and gear which required attention, multitudinous orders, not only from the officer of the deck, but from the junior officer, were given to meet and rectify them, not one of which would be intelligible to any one who was not a seafaring man.

To-day, in contrast to this, to change the course of the largest battle-ship, which is designated by the degrees on the compass card, it is only necessary to say to the helmsman, “Change course to . . . degrees.” As has been stated, the helmsman alone, with one hand, can execute the order which formerly required the labor of at least half the ship’s company.

In sailing days there was little or no incentive to an officer to do more than qualify himself to be a good deck officer, for the navy was completely stagnated in material and personnel. For years there was scarcely an important improvement in construction or material, until, some time during the ’eighties, a new era dawned, which has resulted in our efficient modern navy.

In the early ’eighties I was attached to the *Hart-*

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

ford, which had been the flag-ship of Admiral Farragut at the battle of Mobile Bay in the Civil War, twenty years before. She was a wooden ship, square-rigged and could spread about one acre of canvas when all sail was set, including studding-sails. In a long passage, under favorable conditions, she would average a speed of eighteen knots. She had auxiliary steam, generally used in coasting and on entering and leaving port, under which she could make about nine knots.

Her main battery consisted of eight-inch, smooth-bore, cast-iron guns and two eight-inch rifles, the latter having been converted by lining an old eleven-inch gun with rifled tubes. All of the guns were muzzle-loaders, using black powder. The old eleven-inch guns were mounted on pivot carriages, twenty-two men to the gun's crew; they were manipulated by rope tackles and man-power like the other guns, and required several minutes to shift their fire from one side to the other. As to their range or frequency of fire, I have no data at hand, but assume that their limit would not exceed two miles and a half and that there would be from five to ten minutes between shots at the very best, with little or no accuracy in relation to hitting.

During our drills at general quarters, which means the whole crew at battle stations, it was then customary to "call away boarders, or riflemen," the former armed with boarding pikes or cutlasses as their weapons of offense against the crew of an antagonist, the latter with rifles, as their designation indicated. This was done under the supposition that during action the combatant ships might draw alongside of each other and a hand-to-hand fight of the crews determine the victor.

WONDERFUL STRIDES SINCE 1908

In the early 'eighties the *Hartford* sailed from Boston, Massachusetts, for the Pacific Station. Had she made the usual necessary stops on her way to San Francisco, the voyage would have consumed, in all probability, about five months.

In 1908, the American Battle-ship Fleet, consisting of sixteen battle-ships, steamed around the world under the command of Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans. The voyage from Hampton Roads to San Francisco via the Straits of Magellan, consumed over two months. In 1919, eleven years later, another American fleet under my command left Hampton Roads for its new station on the California coast, going via the Panama Canal, and made the journey in eighteen days. Practically the same rate of cruising speed was maintained for both the voyages, but the Panama Canal enabled us to chop off seventy per cent. of the time consumed by Admiral Evans' fleet.

Wonderful strides have been made in the years intervening between these two voyages, and it may be stated without exaggeration that any one of the super-dreadnoughts of which the latter fleet was composed could, owing to its superior speed and vastly greater gun-power, have taken a position out of range of the other fleet and destroyed every vessel in it without running the slightest risk of being hit a single time.

To-day our latest battle-ships carry sixteen-inch guns, hurling armor-piercing shells weighing over two thousand pounds. All the guns in the main battery are automatically fired simultaneously, and only forty seconds are supposed to elapse between salvos. Their secondary battery should average at least eight shots per minute per gun. If all the guns on one of our latest battle-ships were firing at their estimated

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

working capacity, they would hurl thirty thousand pounds of steel shells per minute and use over seven thousand five hundred pounds of smokeless powder.

Just one example to show the improvement in gunnery in comparatively later years: At the battle of Manila Bay in 1898, it took six ships two hours to destroy the Spanish fleet. To-day one ship of the average strength of Admiral Dewey's fleet, could do the work in thirty minutes, making an improvement of two thousand four hundred per cent. in gunnery in the last twenty-odd years.

And now, contrast this with the old *Hartford* of forty years ago, when she was considered as good as any ship in our navy! Can you realize the years of thought, study, training and labor that it has taken to accomplish this end?

Formerly each gun was loaded and fired independently, and little or no information reached the crew as to the effect of its shots, or necessary corrections to promote accuracy; it was largely every gun for itself, and "devil take the rest."

To-day all this is changed and battery fire is under the control of the gunnery officer who directs it, and is dependent upon the most intricate and efficient teamwork of any set of men in or out of athletic sports of which I have ever heard. For gunnery in the navy to-day is sporty to the highest degree. There is nothing that is more fiercely competitive between the ships of like class—nothing that excites more interest and enthusiasm and requires more hard work, preparation, pep, cool-headedness, accuracy and close and intelligent brain-work than battery practise.

There is just as much interest and rivalry among the ships to win the official gunnery pennant as there

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE U. S. M. C.

is among the professional baseball teams for the honor of the world's championship.

If within the past fifty years there have been marked changes and improvements in the navy, the marines, who constitute an integral part of it, have been all but metamorphosed.

Formerly the officers were appointed solely from civil life. Many of them had failed to qualify at West Point or Annapolis, and then entered the Marine Corps. It used to be said that U. S. M. C. stood for "Useless Sons Made Comfortable." There were no post-graduate schools, and but little incentive or opportunity for one to better himself professionally, even if he had the ambition.

The duties were generally those of policing the navy yards, and like duty on board ship. Not that the old Marine Corps had not on numerous occasions rendered valiant service, for it had; but forty-odd years ago it was decidedly stagnated and far from being smart or efficient.

Marine officers were formerly automatically retired on reaching a prescribed age—sixty-four, if my memory serves me correctly. One day one of the officers of a ship to which I was attached marked in red ink opposite each of his messmates' names the date of his prospective retirement, if the age limit should be reached. Later one of the marine officers, who was not noted for his brilliancy, came to me smiling and said:

"Rodman, I want to call your attention to a most remarkable coincidence; I am going to be retired on my birthday."

"Why, Major," as we called the senior marine officer, "it is most remarkable that such is the case.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

You had only one chance in three hundred and sixty-five, unless you were born in leap-year, which would add one more to it."

"No, no, I'm not born in leap-year."

Just think of it! He was actually going to reach the age of sixty-four on his birthday!! As a matter of fact, he wasn't retired on his birthday after all—he failed to qualify for promotion to the next higher grade.

Formerly the corps was small—barely sufficient to guard the navy yards and send detachments to cruising and station ships. There was no major organization into regiments or larger units, and little if any thought given to putting the corps on a permanent and efficient war basis, as it is to-day—ready at a moment's notice to embark for foreign service. There was bad blood between the blue-jackets and the marines on board ship, and the marines were not over-popular.

Now all of this is changed, and to-day there is no better, finer, smarter or more efficient force in the United States Army and Navy than the marines, and the navy is proud to claim them as part of its own.

In my opinion the changes and improvements were largely attributable to the fact that the corps was primarily leavened by placing graduates of the Naval Academy in it, who engendered the wonderful esprit de corps which now exists, and through whose efforts the whole corps has attained its enviable reputation. The selection of officers from civil life and from the corps itself has been more carefully made than formerly, and undesirables, both in the commissioned and enlisted personnel, have been weeded out.

To-day on board ship the marines work hand in glove with the blue-jackets, man a part of the battery,

assist in cleaning ship, enter into all athletic sports and, except for the difference in uniform and certain special duties, for which they are eminently qualified, are as much part and parcel of the ship's company as the blue-jackets.

When parties are landed abroad to preserve law and order, and protect our national rights and the lives and property of our citizens and suppress disorder, the marines form the nucleus of our force and are indispensable from every standpoint. They are efficient and versatile, a highly trained body of men, and one that can always be relied upon in an emergency to do the right thing in the right place.

Witness the account they gave of themselves in the World War! There was none better. And for that matter, they have done equally well wherever their services have been required.

Don't for a moment suppose that all of this is due solely to those officers in the corps who graduated from Annapolis, for such is not the case, and there is many a fine officer who has risen from the ranks or been appointed from civil life. But I do believe that the original inspiration came from those graduates who entered the corps in the early 'eighties.

Speaking of the change from sail to steam recalls one of the oldest of the navy's stock yarns. In the days of sail alone it was a difficult feat to work a ship into the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar against a strong headwind and adverse current.

When the first steam-propelled American war-ship entered the harbor of Gibraltar, she found at anchor there the flag-ship of the commodore of the European Station, an old sailing frigate. The steamer was

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directed to take the flag-ship in tow and carry her through the straits, but in the midst of the worst part found that little or no headway was being made, owing to her low power and the adverse conditions. This continued for some time, when the captain of the steamer, not intentionally using rhyme, sent the following signal to the commodore:

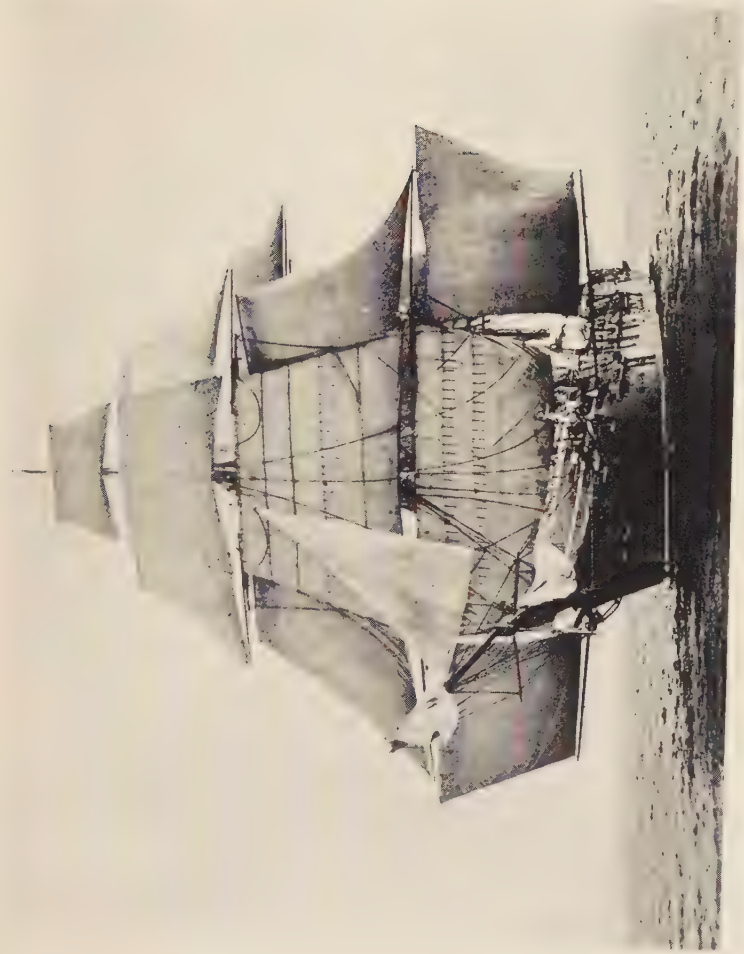
“If wind and tide do not abate,
I can not tow you through the strait.”

The commodore, doubtless suspicious of the captain's motive, and somewhat incensed, sent back the following:

“As long as you have wood and coal,
You go ahead, g— d— your soul!”

Like other nautical sciences which have made advanced strides, navigation has been very much improved and simplified. Formerly we obtained our rate of speed by the chip log; that is, each hour, on the stroke of the bell, we “hove the log,” which consisted of a sector of wood weighted slightly on the arc and held upright by bridles. This was cast overboard and the log-line allowed to run freely from the reel. As the first knot passed the taffrail a sand-glass was started, and when the sand had all run into the lower chamber, the knot in the line then at the rail was read, and by the proportion of time to the amount of line run out one could calculate the distance.

But unfortunately the ship did not move at a uniform rate of speed for the whole hour; hence it was necessary after all to approximate the result. When sailing close to the wind we made leeway, which was



The *Monongahela*, a similar ship to Farragut's flagship, the *Hartford*

U. S. Navy Department photograph

also estimated as a correction against the compass course apparently steered. The compass itself was magnetic, which, particularly on iron ships, had a double error to be applied—that due to the earth's variation from the true north, and the deviation due to the ship itself. Later, in our early battle-ships, the magnetic compasses required so much compensation that they were very slow to act when the ship's course was changed, making accurate fleet tactics a very uncertain quantity at times.

Now automatic logs register true speed; the gyro-compass instantly gives the true direction. When near land, instead of the old method of taking cross-bearings with the slow-moving magnetic compass, we can use the range-finder in conjunction with the gyro-compass and get an accurate result almost instantaneously.

Formerly, when we carried three chronometers to keep Greenwich mean time, we were dependent upon our comparisons in port for their corrections and rates. These we used until we reached some other port, where we could get comparisons or take observations. To-day we get correct time at sea by radio twice a day, and it is far simpler and more accurate to navigate by using any good standard watch and the time signals, than it was when we depended upon chronometers alone.

Astronomical methods of finding position at sea have been simplified and shortened, so that to-day they are far easier and infinitely more accurate.

Much greater strides have been made in other activities, particularly in connection with signals and communication. Pages might be written on this subject alone, but let it be said that forty-odd years ago,

if one ship made a flag-hoist to another, it would take minutes to make the signal and many more to read and answer it. To-day it can be done in seconds, much more accurately and intelligently, and above all, dependably.

CHAPTER V

STRANGE PHENOMENA OF THE SEA

IN FORMER days, when ships made a three-year cruise on a foreign station, they would leave the home port with about three months' supplies of provisions, and since we had no supply ships, it was necessary to replenish our stock by open purchase in foreign markets, and it was sometimes believed that some of the purchasing officers received a commission from the dealers.

In one case an officer was tried three times for irregularities, but was each time acquitted, whether from lack of evidence or other reasons the deponent sayeth not. Hence he would frequently boast, with a quizzical smile, that he was the most honest paymaster in the navy for it had been proved on three separate occasions.

Then this happened. While I was sitting in his office on shore, a lady's card was handed to him, with a request for a private interview. I at once started to retire, but he asked me very decidedly to remain and declined, through the messenger who brought the card, to grant a private interview, stating that she could see him then and there in his office.

On entering she went to the point at once and said very positively:

"Paymaster X, I advise you to grant me a private interview; I know all about your public life, your professional life and your private life."

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Once more I signified my readiness to withdraw, but he requested me again most positively to remain, and replied to the lady:

“Madam, as far as my public life is concerned, any one who reads the press is as welcome to it as the flowers in May. As to my professional life, I am naturally very proud of it, having been officially pronounced honest on three separate occasions. But, Madam, if you know all about my private life, I regret to state that you know a d——d sight more than any woman ought to know, who calls herself a lady.”
Curtain.

In these days fleet itineraries are approved for a year or so in advance, so that unless there be a change in orders, officers and men will know approximately where they will be throughout the year. As a matter of fact, since ships have so much reserve power when cruising at economical speeds, in making passage from port to port, they run on schedule time and arrive with the precision of express trains.

Mail, supplies, provisions, fuel and other necessities are delivered with like precision; even a hospital ship with every modern appliance accompanies the fleet, and patients with serious ailments are transferred to it, even at sea, unless it be unusually rough.

Formerly facilities for communication with the outside world were few and unsatisfactory. Mail was an uncertain quantity, and I have known of an instance where, because of a change in our proposed itinerary, lack of facilities, and possibly insufficient forethought, a period of five months elapsed between mails; and then it was received by a fluke. Contrast



Vessel in which Admiral Rodman cruised to China and returned, 1886-1889

U. S. Navy Department photograph

this with a modern battle-ship which has a regularly established United States post-office on board, that will take care of any postal service required.

Except in the Atlantic, there were few, if any, submarine cables, no radio, and often no regular steamship lines for mail in our cruising waters. To-day, on our ships, no matter where they may be—at sea or in port—by means of radio and otherwise, we are in constant contact with the outside world and may reasonably expect a prompt reply to any communication requiring an answer.

Referring to the incident where we were so long without mail—we had sailed from San Francisco to Honolulu to take part in the coronation of King Kalakaua, and remained there several months afterward. On leaving, we sailed for the South Sea Islands with the option and possibility of going to New Zealand and Australia, so had directed that our mail be sent to Sydney. Later it was decided not to visit these two countries, but having no cable communications, all correspondence in relation to the mail had to be entrusted to letters forwarded by any chance sailing ship that we might encounter. Finding such a ship bound for San Francisco, instructions were mailed to change our address from Sydney, Australia, to Papeete, Tahiti.

What may have been the wanderings of our mail bags is hard to say, but one afternoon just outside of Nukahiva, Marquesas Islands, we sighted a small brig, the *Tropic Bird*, flying the American flag. On communicating by signal, we learned that she had our mail on board, which, it is needless to state, filled our hearts with happy anticipations.

We ranged up alongside under steam to speak to her,

when her skipper requested that we give him a lift and tow him into port, since the entrance was a narrow strait between high mountains, with baffling winds, which made it difficult for a sailing ship to negotiate it and reach the anchorage. We were surprised to hear our captain say in a very imperious way that a man-of-war was not in the habit of towing merchant craft. To my mind both his manner and conclusion were unwarranted and offensive. So we steamed in, leaving the brig outside to make her way in as best she could, and it took her the better part of the night to do so.

At daylight next morning I was sent on board the brig to get the mail. When I stated my errand to the captain, he informed me in no uncertain terms that our mail had been consigned to Papeete, Tahiti; that he would sail for that port at his leisure, and if we wanted it we would have to go there to get it.

Both the Marquesas and Tahiti are French colonies; so I was then directed to go on shore, communicate with the governor, who, by the way, was a dorky from Martinique, and get an order from him for our mail.

The order was freely given, but when I presented it to the skipper of the *Tropic Bird*, he further informed me that the governor had no jurisdiction over United States mail in transit on an American ship, and stated emphatically that the governor could go to hell, to which place he had already consigned our captain. He added that unless we used force, our mail was going to Tahiti. Owing to certain incidents which had happened there on a previous visit, our captain was none too anxious to return. But return he did, much to his chagrin and our delight.

At any rate, once the mail was received we had

A SHEEP'S SENSE OF SMELL

ample time to read it, for we were forty-odd days under sail out of sight of land in making the ensuing passage across the South Pacific, until we reached Callao, Peru.

Prior to leaving Tahiti we had purchased a lot of salt pork in barrels for the crew, but, on opening it after departure, found nearly the whole of it spoiled; consequently we were a little short of this ration for part of the passage.

The captain had, as usual, purchased some live fowls and a few sheep for his table, some of which mysteriously (?) disappeared, so that only one lone sheep remained as we approached the coast of South America. This is mentioned to show the wonderful sense of smell which this animal possessed, for while we were still out of sight of land, but with an offshore wind, the sheep evidently smelled the vegetation, began bleating piteously, became very animated and continued so until he was foully murdered on entering port. I say murdered advisedly, for he had become a ship's pet and, to my mind, was far too thin and emaciated from lack of proper care and food to be eaten by any one.

In Callao we happily found another captain waiting to relieve our present one, who was returning to the States to marry the daughter of a patent-medicine man who made cherry pectoral, liver cure and hair restorer. When this was generally known, some wag in the ship procured a sample bottle of each medicine and had them mailed to the captain as a wedding present "From the officers and crew of the *U. S. S.* —."

Still our cruise from San Francisco to Callao had been filled with many interesting and pleasurable events.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

It was on this last leg of our run from Tahiti to Callao that I saw St. Elmo's fire for the first time, or the *corpse-lights*, as some of the old-time sailors call it. We were well down in the return trades of the South Pacific, below latitude 40° S., in a fresh gale, an unusually high sea, making heavy weather of it under close-reefed topsails, with everything battened down tight.

There were almost continuous rain-squalls, and it was thick and dark as Egypt. A most unusual condition obtained, in that the sea looked like molten copper because of the extraordinary phosphorescence of the water, which made it appear as though the ship were afloat in liquid fire. The air was heavily charged with electricity, and flash after flash of lightning occurred with accompanying peals and crashes of thunder, which sounded like an engagement of heavy guns.

About ten P. M. one of the midshipmen on watch was sent below to notify the officers of conditions, in case they wished to come on deck and witness them.

On gaining the spar-deck, after my eyes had accustomed themselves to the new surroundings, I could see a faint glow at the yard-arms and mastheads, which had the same appearance as a lantern-light seen at a distance through a fog. While it seemed uncanny and sepulchral, no one had the slightest superstition in connection with it, something which is often attributed to seafaring men.

It was most unusual for the sea to be phosphorescent in rough weather. Generally it is only so in fairly calm starlit nights, for the endless variety of marine life which causes this condition is supposed to sink well below the surface in rough weather and approach it when the sea is comparatively calm. But it must be

INTO A SEA OF MILK

admitted that I have seen it in all kinds and conditions of sea and weather.

One of the most remarkable instances of the kind occurred one night when steaming through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, bound for the China Station.

I was on duty as the officer of the deck. The night was beautifully clear, no moon, but bright starlight. Our course was in deep water, no charted reefs or shoals, only the open sea and no land within many miles.

Presently, dead ahead, distant apparently about a mile, the sea appeared white and had every appearance of breakers. I immediately stopped, took soundings, got no bottom, steamed ahead slowly, sounding, still no bottom. I verified our reckoning thoroughly, examined the chart, and went ahead dead slow speed. As we approached the well-defined line of demarcation, the sea had the appearance of milk. We proceeded with caution and once well within the milky area, the horizon became clearly defined, enabling us to take star observations which confirmed our reckoning. It seemed exactly as if we were on the top of the earth with the entire horizon clearly in view, but seemingly depressed, and as if we were literally sailing in a sea of milk. It should be explained that ordinarily the horizon is not clearly defined at night, and that, in consequence, star sights are generally taken near sundown and sunrise, when both the horizon and the stars are plainly visible.

Realizing that it must be some phosphorescent life that caused this unusual phenomenon, I dipped up a few buckets of water from over the side and found it full of small hairlike worms, transparent and about

an inch in length. I preserved them and later forwarded them to a scientific friend, who informed me that the condition of the water above described only occurs for a few hours once a year, in the breeding season.

On my return voyage from China, while crossing the Indian Ocean, we met with another unusual experience—we rammed a whale.

I had had the midwatch, from midnight to four A. M., had gone below and was just turning in for a few hours' sleep, when I felt an appreciable jar as the result of the collision, heard the engine-room bells and realized that something had happened and that the ship was slowing down and stopping. Hurrying on deck, I learned that we had run into something as yet undetermined, but supposedly wreckage of some kind.

It was still dark, and as I was standing on the forecastle in the bows of the ship, peering into the water (the ship in the meantime had lost its headway), I was surprised to see what appeared to be the form of some mighty inhabitant of the deep rise from the water alongside, to a height of at least thirty feet and within a few feet of where I was standing, make a few deliberate movements as though uncertain of its final intent, then slowly subside into the sea.

It is all but needless to add that every one hustled away from the side, but almost at once we recognized it as the tail end of a whale, and on closer inspection found that the ship had struck it near the middle, probably when it was asleep, and had no doubt broken its back and bent it around our bows. We happened to have a ram-bow, which had a tendency to raise the whale toward the surface after striking it, and when the pressure had been released, by reducing



Old-time Sailors

COLLISION WITH A WHALE

speed and finally backing, the body fell clear of the ship. This is what had so startled us.

This is not the only instance in my experience of a collision with a whale. During the midshipmen's cruise in the old sailing ship *Constellation*, in the summer of 1877, when off Cape Cod, we found ourselves in the midst of a large shoal of whales apparently feeding on mackerel, which in those days were very abundant.

We carried a nest of boats on skids on the spar—or upper deck, and at the time of the collision I happened to be in one of the upper ones and felt the impact of the whale very appreciably. Some of those who were near the side and witnessed the occurrence said that the whale struck us head on, on our star-board bow and then, for the moment, turned so that he showed the white of his belly and seemed to be stunned, as he made no immediate effort to get out of our way. The only way in which I can account for this collision is on the supposition that the whale was chasing mackerel and misjudged the distance or speed of the ship. I have never attributed it to viciousness.

As a matter of fact, of the thousands of whales seen at sea, few seem to pay any attention to a ship whatever. Once, however, in crossing the South Pacific under sail, one followed the ship for four or five days and remained in our immediate vicinity nearly the whole time, giving us endless opportunity to view him at close range. Inasmuch as whales often run in shoals, and, like other animals, are perhaps gregarious and fond of company, I thought he might have found some consolation in staying with the ship until he met some of his own kind with whom he made off.

CHAPTER VI

A HAWAIIAN CORONATION AND A FEW FISH STORIES

BUT to return to Honolulu; our stay there had been one continuous round of gaiety and entertainment. A more hospitable and pleasure-loving people than the Hawaiians would be hard to find on the face of the globe, and they were particularly so preceding and during the coronation of the king and queen.

The harbor was filled with foreign men-of-war that had come for the occasion; and every one on shore, apparently, was entertaining. In the evenings the sounds of the guitar, mandolin and ukulele were heard on all sides; the *hula* was in conspicuous evidence; strangers were everywhere welcome.

The natives and many of the visitors attending functions were garlanded with *leis*—a wreath of fragrant flowers worn around the neck by both sexes on gala occasions. In the squares and the palace grounds bands were playing, and in the lobbies and bars of the leading hotels there was scarcely standing room for those who were there on pleasure bent.

In addition to the king, his ministers and staff, there was a further array of uniforms of Hawaiian and foreign officials, which, combined with the colorful dress of the natives, the abundance of tropic blossoms, the soft trade breezes, and the genial, easy, hospitable manner of the people, made it seem more like paradise than a simple native kingdom in the middle of the Pacific.

NOT FATHER BUT FRIEND

In fact, the Hawaiian Islands are justly entitled to be called the "Paradise of the Pacific," a title which has been much in evidence of late.

Honolulu has always been full of life, and visitors receive now, as they did then, a cordial invitation to share in its attractive pleasures.

But, "What about morals?" so many people ask. As far as I know, things are no different there than they are in any other part of the world. There are as many cultivated, refined, charming people in proportion to the gayer ones as in any city on the mainland. It is true that in the earlier days some of the native conventions differed from ours, as they did in the South Seas even in later days, and all of ours were neither adopted nor necessarily observed by the natives as a whole.

The following incident may illustrate their point of view.

A law was passed that all marriages, deaths and births should be officially registered, the object being to get a census of the native population through the past decades. And it is interesting to note that most of the natives can name their forebears for many, many generations, even to fifty or sixty, in some of the South Sea groups. I am under the impression that rank was transmitted more through the female line than the male.

Shortly after the passage of the registration act, the registrar in discussing it with me said that a very comely young *wahini*, or woman, came into the office with an infant in her arms to register its birth in accordance with the law. Question after question concerning her ancestors and relations was asked, and several pages were filled with her replies. As he

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

started a new page, the registrar asked if the child were a boy or a girl, its name, date of birth, district, and so on. And once more turning the page, he asked, "Who was the child's father?"

"Oh," she said, "it had no father."

"What? How do you mean?"

"Just friend," she naively replied.

Kalakaua himself was a fine specimen of manhood, well educated, took himself seriously, and was every inch a king, yet most democratic in his ways and in his kindly familiarity with friends and acquaintances.

On one occasion, in the public market, he was discussing with our doctor the fact that the Hawaiians ate fish raw, and to demonstrate it, took a small one and swallowed it.

"Fine," said the doctor. "And now, your Majesty, if you would drink a quart of water, you would have a royal aquarium."

The native Hawaiians are improvident; they spend money lavishly and entertain continually; they are inclined to revert to the days before the advent of civilization, and follow their old customs of feasting and dancing. No matter what may be the dignity of their office, they still love simplicity.

This is well illustrated in the case of the king, who, while he had a pretentious stone palace in a square which had been tastefully ornamented with a great variety of blooming trees, plants and flowers, preferred to live in a bungalow that had been erected in one corner of the palace grounds. Here every one seemed welcome. In the evenings the grounds were full of visitors, there were from ten to twenty groups of natives, who had come from the outlying islands for the coronation, dancing the *hula*, and music, laughter

HELPING CROWN THE KING

and gaiety predominated. Introductions were not always necessary, and many a chance acquaintance ripened into a treasured friendship.

At last came the night of the coronation, when King Kalakaua, after having placed his own crown on his head, turned and crowned Queen Kapiolani, and then adjourned to the throne-room to receive the invited guests. It must be admitted that, as usual, drinks of various kinds were very much in evidence and free to all—so much so in fact that not a few showed signs of over-indulgence.

Just prior to mounting the throne, the king said to me, "Rodman, I wish you to do me a favor."

"Certainly, your Majesty."

"Then," he said, "if you will have the kindness to remove Lieutenant Y—— and Ensign X—— from the throne, it will be appreciated."

It was not difficult to comply in the case of the former who had reached the happy state of oblivion and was peacefully slumbering on one of the steps, particularly as he was rather small in stature. But when it came to the other officer, I had a more difficult undertaking. He was rather husky, reasonably strong, and in that happy state where he freely admitted that he had come all the way from the States to help crown the king, and felt that it would be a gross neglect of duty on his part to lie down on his job and leave his post of duty (?) without being regularly relieved.

Eventually, however, I effectively disposed of the pair by getting them outside and gently dropping them over the rail of the *lanai* (veranda) into the shrubbery. Thereafter the royal couple had the throne to themselves, and the reception proceeded with due decorum.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

One of the above-mentioned officers later visited the wheel-of-chance and in the subsequent course of events was charged by the proprietor of the place with creating a disturbance and damaging some of the furniture. This was reported to the admiral, who ordered a general court-martial.

Now, some of the captains and commanders who expected to find themselves members of the court, went to the admiral and tried to persuade him to administer disciplinary measures without ordering the court, saying that this would avoid publicity, scandal and disgrace not only to the accused but to the naval service at large.

The admiral, however, was obdurate, and the court was ordered. In a naval court the judge advocate general corresponds in his functions to the prosecuting attorney in civil proceedings.

The proprietor of the "joint" where our friend had distinguished himself was called as the first witness. After having been placed under oath by the judge advocate, he was asked his name and place of business.

The witness replied, "Mr. A. B. Blanc, 41144 Ewalei Street."

The next question, "Do you recognize the accused?"

"Which one is that?" asked the witness.

Pointing to the young officer, the judge advocate replied, "That officer sitting there."

Looking intently at the accused, as if trying to recall his face, the witness answered, "No, I haven't the pleasure of his acquaintance but," and his gaze wandered around the table, "I know most of the other officers here."

Maybe after all certain members of the court had ulterior reasons for not wishing the young officer to be tried.

As to the other officer who had been removed from the throne, he had continued his celebration, and was later arrested and lodged in jail, charged with having tried to arrest a policeman. One of his shipmates rushed on board, evidently in the hope of enlisting assistance to get him freed. In the course of his efforts some one said, "Why didn't you bail him out?"

"Bail him out be damned," he said, "I didn't have any stomach-pump."

Nothing could have been more wonderful to a young officer in those days than shore leave; it was a never-ending source of joy.

When the king made one of his numerous visits to the plantations and country houses in the island, he would almost invariably invite some of us to accompany him. He had been invited to spend several days at Waimanalo, a large sugar plantation on another side of the island, and had included me among his guests. On the dock the Royal Hawaiian Band, composed entirely of natives, and a guard under arms, awaited his Majesty's arrival. As he approached, all stood at attention, the guard presented arms and the band played the national anthem.

Once the king was on board, we promptly got under way, stood out of the harbor, through the lines of waiting men-of-war, all full-dressed with lines of bunting, rainbow fashion, from bows to stern, over the mastheads. Their officers and crew stood at attention, the yards were manned by the crews standing erect on them, and the band of each ship, in turn, played the Hawaiian national air, while the ship fired a

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

royal salute of twenty-one guns as the king steamed past.

But as soon as the ceremonies were completed and we were well out to sea, the king seated himself in the midst of his guests and asked us also to be seated, after which his very first expression was, "Well, gentlemen, the sun is over the fore-yard," which is generally known as the usual nautical way of proposing a drink. But if my memory serves me right, owing to the excessive motion of the small steamer in the heavy trade sea, not a great many of the guests were able to accept his Majesty's invitation.

It is needless to attempt to recount the incidents which occurred on this or other visits; they were all one continuous whirl of feasting, dancing, gaiety and pleasure, with lavish hospitality and no cares on earth. I could have put in forty-eight hours a day, and more too, had it been possible.

A telephone had just been installed, connecting with Honolulu; it was quite novel, but not always in good working condition and it was sometimes difficult to get a connection. One day while I was in the office of the manager of Waimanalo, a Chinaman came in who stated in pidgin-English that he would like to communicate with Sing High, or some such Chinaman in Honolulu. After the connection had been made, he was asked his message, which the manager attempted to transmit in English—no luck. The sender of the message was then asked if his friend could speak Hawaiian, to which he replied in the affirmative, whereupon the manager repeated the message in that language, with no better result.

Then, turning to the Chinaman, the manager said, "He doesn't seem to understand either English or



United States Fleet off Lahaina Roads, Maui

Photograph reproduced through the courtesy of the U. S. Naval Institute

A ROYAL PILGRIMAGE

Hawaiian, so you will have to talk to him in Chinese.” “What,” said the Chinaman, evidently very much surprised, “that thing he speakee English—he speakee Kanaka—he speakee Chinese too? He b’long heap plenty savvy, that thing.”

On a later date it was my good fortune to visit the Island of Hawaii, the largest of the group, on which is situated the active volcano of Kilauea. I joined a pilgrimage of some of the royal family from Hilo, where the ship was anchored and accompanied them on the trip to the volcano and return.

Owing to the roughness of the road, or rather, right-of-way, for compared with a modern one it could scarcely be called a road, all of the party were mounted on horseback, and by starting early and using relays of horses, we made the thirty-odd-mile trip in one day. If my memory serves me right, Princess Ruth, one of the party, weighed over three hundred pounds and looked all the bigger when mounted on the hurricane-deck of a small pony. Relays for the princess were, of necessity, quite frequent.

It developed that there was a double reason for the royal pilgrimage—they went not only to view the wonderful spectacle of the crater during its exceptionally great and prolonged activities, but they proposed at the request of the natives to intercede to stop one of the numerous lava streams which was approaching and threatening Hilo.

Several days were spent at Kilauea, and offerings were made to Pele, the goddess of Helemaumau. On our return the queen beheaded a white chicken and with the proper invocation tossed it into the molten lava at the end of the stream that was threatening Hilo—and the flow stopped!! Chicken or no chicken, invocation

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to the gods or no invocation, the fact remains that the molten lava advanced no farther and Hilo was saved. There was no doubt in the minds of the natives as to how this was effected.

Later, while we were lying in Honolulu, the princess died and our blue-jackets and marines escorted the body up the Nuuanu Valley to the royal mausoleum, where it was interred. The king and royal family, high officials, native and foreign, including many dignitaries, were in attendance. Upon the conclusion of the obsequies the king said to our marine officer:

"Mr. X——, let me congratulate you on your splendid band, especially its rendition of Chopin's *Funeral March*. I presume that you will play more spirited and appropriate airs on your return march."

"Yes, your Majesty," said Lieutenant X——, "*The Girl I Left Behind Me* would be most fitting."

While Hawaiians are quiet and by nature inoffensive, they will, when under the influence of liquor, sometimes commit offenses which necessitate incarceration in the local jails. This they take as a matter of course; they are very tractable, make little or no attempt to escape, accept the inevitable sentence stoically and rarely protest.

On one occasion the Hilo jail became much overcrowded, so permission was granted to leave the jail during the day, but with the understanding that each prisoner so released must return before nightfall. Soon the prisoners began to straggle; some failed to return on time, yet had no intention of escaping. In order to put an end to the straggling, the following notice was posted on the jail door:

SEA BIRD ROOKERIES

NOTICE

Hereafter when any prisoner has failed to return by 6 P. M., *he will be locked out for the night!!*

In addition to the main group centering around Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, the Hawaiian Islands extend through a series of small islands, reefs and atolls to Midway Island, about one thousand two hundred miles west-northwest of Honolulu. The Trans-Pacific cable from San Francisco to Shanghai, China, has offices and relay stations at Honolulu, Midway, Guam and Manila.

Many years after my first visit to Hawaii, while stationed in Honolulu in command of a small steamer, orders were received to proceed to Midway and lend a helping hand to the cable authorities who were landing the shore ends there. Incidentally my orders authorized me to visit some of the other outlying islands, all of which, with one exception, were uninhabited and very little known. This and several subsequent trips on various duties were a continuous source of interest and pleasure.

Most of these islands are vast rookeries where countless thousands of sea birds come to lay their eggs and rear their young. At times the eggs were so numerous and covered such a large area that it was necessary to step carefully to avoid crushing them.

While the eggs were not palatable, some of them were fit to eat. When collecting them for food, we would select in the evening a space fifty feet square, clear off all the eggs and mark it so that it might be distinguished. Next morning we would collect from fifty to a hundred eggs with the assurance that they were fresh and had been laid overnight.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

With the exception of Laysan Island, where they seem to have been indigenous, and on Midway, where they had been introduced by the cable company, there were few, if any, land birds, the sea birds constituting almost the entire population.

They have little or no fear of human beings, particularly when incubating, at which time it is easy to pick them up in one's hands. As a matter of fact, the feather collectors took advantage of this to pluck the choice feathers of certain birds at that time without doing further injury to them.

All the birds deposited their eggs on or in the bare sand, with the exception of the frigate-bird or man-of-war hawk, which made a very meager, rough structure of small twigs on the top of some low bushes for its nest. A beautiful snow-white tern, with black eyes, was most ingenious in placing its eggs in depressions, no matter how slight, on logs and timbers that had drifted on the islands, and in guarding them when the wind was blowing.

Several species burrowed in the sand, and it was a curious sight to see a little sand geyser here and there, and then all at once a full-grown bird emerge and fly away. The birds spent most of the day at sea searching for food, and from their rate of speed and long absences, must have covered many, many hundreds of miles on these daily journeys, leaving the sun and the warm sand to do the incubating until their return.

By marking some of the birds and their eggs, we found that each bird invariably selected its own egg on its return, and after a lot of chatter would tuck it away under its feathers and keep it warm until the next day's sun relieved it and it could again seek food.

After the young were hatched, particularly in the

WINGLESS BIRDS AND OTHERS

case of the frigate-birds, the parent birds would stand hour after hour during the heat of the day with their wings spread at full length to protect their all but naked offspring from the scorching heat of the sun.

While none of these old sea birds was fit to eat, many of the young ones were palatable and were as fat as butter-balls. Even though their food had been fishy, they were not so at all. As far as we could judge, practically all of the various species which feed at sea, predigest their food and regurgitate the contents of their crops or stomachs into the throats of their young.

On one occasion a party was sent on shore late in the afternoon to make some tidal observations during the night, and was specially cautioned to carry a lamp. The lamp was carried, but oil was forgotten. In picking up some of the young albatross it was noticed that they vomited the contents of their stomachs, which was composed of partly predigested fish and oil. So a dozen or so of the young birds were made to surrender their dinners in a bucket, the accumulated mess was strained and enough oil obtained to keep the lamp going throughout the night.

Not the least interesting of the birds on Midway were the wingless ones, which have no vestige of wings whatever and depend entirely upon their legs for locomotion. They belong to the rail family and, of course, feed on the island. How did they get there? No satisfactory explanation has ever been offered as far as I am aware. They are dark brown in color, smaller than a robin, and can run like a quail; and when frightened sometimes take refuge by disappearing completely in holes in the sand. It was owing to this characteristic that we first mistook them for rats, and this habit pre-

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vented us from catching any when we chased them. Finally we obtained a seine and spread it between the bushes. Then we succeeded in driving a dozen or so of them into the net and capturing them.

Of course there are wingless birds elsewhere, such as the kiwi of New Zealand, and a species akin to those on Midway, which were formerly found on the Island of Hawaii. The auk family has small rudimentary wings, but does not use them for flying.

There are two specimens of the tropic, or boat-swain bird, as it is sometimes called, in Hawaiian waters, which anatomically, in life, habit and appearance when in flight, are so nearly identical that it is hard to detect any difference. On closer inspection, though, one notices some slight differences in marking. The most noticeable difference is in the color of the two long, spiked tail-feathers, which in one species are a deep red, and in the other, black. It is a singular difference in habit that those with the red tail-feathers invariably nest on the ground, in the sand and are numerous on Midway Island, while those with the black tail-feathers nest in the high lava cliffs and peaks on the Island of Hawaii. Not being a naturalist, I have never been able to fathom the reason for this, nor have I found any one who could offer a satisfactory explanation as to why a difference in the color of tail-feathers should be any reason for such different nesting conditions.

Some of the migratory birds stop at Midway for food and a short rest, but never make a permanent stay. The golden plover, after breeding in Alaska or other far northern countries, returns to the larger islands of the Hawaiian group, where it finds ample food in the cultivated fields and open pastureland.

SLAUGHTERED FOR THEIR PLUMAGE

The shortest possible distance to the mainland is over two thousand miles, so that those which return by way of Midway alight temporarily, then complete their journey by easy stages, stopping here and there on the intervening reefs and islands.

Returning to Honolulu on one occasion, our course followed their general line of flight, against a strong trade wind which they had to buck. Repeatedly they would hover in the air close to the ship, seeming to question the advisability of alighting for a rest. At such times, by waiting until they were about the right distance off the weather bow, we were successful in dropping some on deck with a shotgun and thus adding a very toothsome article to our menu.

On our first visit to Midway before the cable was laid, we found a small Japanese schooner at anchor, the crew engaged in killing the birds wholesale for their feathers, which presumably were ultimately to be used for decorating women's hats. Surely no right-feeling woman could ever seek to adorn her person with feathers obtained by the cruel barbarous methods practised by these people. They not only slaughtered birds indiscriminately, no matter whether the young were left to starve in the blazing sun or not, but they chopped off the wings of many of the old birds while still alive and then cast them adrift and allowed them to become fly-blown and die a lingering death from starvation and exposure.

Although no definite authority had been officially conferred upon us to do so, I immediately ordered them to discontinue their operations, and to leave the islands, giving them forty-eight hours to make preparations for their homeward journey.

The captain demurred and questioned my au-

thority. Instead of answering him directly, I informed him that he had violated our laws under a number of heads, such as failure to enter his ship at a customs-house, failure to obtain pratique, working foreigners on American soil in violation of the alien contract law, et cetera. I added that in consequence, since he doubted my authority, if at the end of twenty-four hours, instead of the previous allowance of forty-eight, he had not departed, he would be towed to Honolulu, one thousand two hundred miles farther still from Japan, where formal charges would be preferred against him. And then there happened just what I had hoped and might have anticipated—during the night he surreptitiously got under way and put out for home.

Prior to leaving Honolulu for Midway, we arranged for our mail to be brought by one of the trans-Pacific steamers which would later sail for Yokohama and whose course would carry it near Midway. On her arrival a week or ten days later, I was informed that her captain had an urgent message for me. I boarded his steamer and he told me that he had sighted some shipwrecked people sixty miles to the eastward, on Pearl and Hermes Reef. He said they had signaled to him with a black banner on a pole to attract his attention, and that many of them seemed to be pretty far gone, as none was standing; all seemed to be completely prostrated, and stretched out full length on the sand. Owing to the size of his vessel, the dangerous uncharted reefs, the short distance to Midway and my presence there in a small, powerful steamer, he thought it would be easier for me to undertake the rescue, and he requested me to do so at once.

With an apparently serious demeanor and looking him squarely in the eye, I positively refused. No one

RESCUING THE SHIPWRECKED

could have shown greater surprise or contempt than he did. But before he could open his batteries on me, or raise his safety-valve to ease the pressure, I informed him that I, too, had seen the same signal of distress and the same emaciated human beings while passing there a week before. As a strong trade wind was blowing, with the resultant heavy sea, we speeded up, and realizing that no time was to be lost, ran to leeward of the island and worked our way as close inshore as discretion would permit, since the charts were all but valueless.

In the meantime boats had been manned and made ready for lowering; hot coffee, food, clothing, first aid and medicines were in readiness, so that not a minute would be lost. I directed everything possible to be done to expedite the relief party and urged a speedy return. The boats raced toward the beach and nothing more remained for me but to curb my restlessness and await results.

While the absence of the boats was far shorter than I had anticipated, the return trip was made in an exceptionally leisurely and unconcerned manner, and from this and from the countenances of the crew it was evident that they had made no rescue from the surmised jaws of death.

Somewhat crestfallen, the officer in charge of the relief expedition informed me that the black pennant flying from the pole was a man-of-war hawk sunning himself with wings fully extended and having more or less trouble to keep his balance on account of the wind. The pole was an old oar that some one must have erected, and had apparently been selected as a desirable site for a sun-bath.

The shipwrecked crew in the last stages of emacia-

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

tion were some twenty-odd seals that seemed to have selected the island for a summer resort, but promptly and vigorously took to the water on the approach of the rescue party, demonstrating that they had no desire whatever to be rescued. In fact, he said, if he had had a gun, it would have been a real pleasure, first, to have shot up the signal of distress before it sailed away so majestically and unconcernedly, and then to have murdered every one of the pitifully emaciated, helpless mariners as well.

Midway Island is about one thousand seven hundred miles north of the equator in mid-Pacific, near the steamer route between Honolulu and Yokohama. It is an atoll, surrounded by a barrier-reef some fifteen or twenty miles in circumference, broken here and there by passages which lead inside. This encloses a series of reefs and lagoons, in the midst of which are the two main, permanently dry islands, both low and sandy, their highest point being a sand-dune forty feet in height.

There is an impression in my mind that the scene of Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Wreckers* is laid here and that the old wreck of the bark *Wandering Minstrel*, which sank in the lagoon near the site of the present cable station, gave him some of his inspiration. At any rate the wreck is still there, and our men salvaged a quantity of material from her.

The cable station is on one of the islands, and at the time when it was established, there was little or no vegetation on the island other than a few scrubby bushes, and a few blades of coarse grass here and there, all very sparsely scattered.

The strong winds caused the sands to drift, often covering the scant vegetation, so that Midway was all

MIDWAY ISLAND A VERITABLE PARK

but a desert. Yet it was exceptionally rich in guano as a fertilizer, and needed only some means to import suitable trees and plants and give them a good start, to make it fertile.

This was eventually accomplished by importing and planting a spreading, rapidly-growing ground plant, which covered and held the sand. Later a thin layer of top-soil was brought from the main islands and the grass, trees, flowers and vegetables, all carefully selected and artistically arranged, were planted. To-day it not only produces vegetables and fruits for the home table, but is a veritable park in the middle of the Pacific, golf course and all, where formerly the landscape consisted of sand-dunes and flocks of sea birds.

A few song birds were also introduced from the mainland and have greatly multiplied. Their singing can be heard all over the wooded part of the island, around the dwellings of the cable employees.

If the sea birds were our predominating interest on our earlier visits, the fish ran them a close second, for they were in the greatest abundance and variety both in the open sea and in the lagoons. Anywhere on the seaward edge of the reef there was no limit to the quantity that could be taken on a hook and line, in never-ending variety of species, size and color. Many of them were delicious eating and there were no poisonous ones so far as we knew, as are so often found in the South Pacific.

Trolling in deep water was more exciting, but somewhat risky in case the boat became disabled, for unless it was seen at once from the ship and a rescue party sent, the boat would rapidly drift to leeward owing to the constant winds and the current and might never be found.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Outside, the fish would take almost any lure, no matter how crude, and seemed to vie with one another as to which should grab it first. We simply didn't dare to use the small six-inch brass towing propeller on our patent log—it would be bitten off about as fast as we put it overboard.

It may seem incredible, but it is the truth nevertheless, that the fish actually disabled our small motor-boat on two occasions by biting or striking at the small, bright, rapidly revolving brass propeller.

They were so voracious that often when a small fish had been hooked, a larger one would grab it before it could be hauled clear of the water, and make away with the fish, hook, sinker and the whole works.

It should be remembered, however, that we were among the first, if not the very first, who had fished in these localities at Midway. Fish are not unlike game, which, when it sees man for the first time, has but little fear of him and only gets wise after being hunted when it learns that man is an enemy. Moreover these fish had never previously seen any artificial lures, had never experienced any pain or injury from them, and were not educated to avoid them as some of the "old-timers" seem to be, in many of the much-fished areas more accessible to civilization.

Speaking of the voracity of fish—while I was surveying at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay one May, when the bluefish were on their northern migration, it was not uncommon to have them grab a two-pound lead at the end of a sounding-line, and try to make off with it. The fish that attempted it probably did not weigh over ten pounds, judging by those that were taken. At the end of a day's work the lead was materially roughened by the imprint of their teeth and



A colony of sea birds on Midway Island

Photograph reproduced through the courtesy of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company

FISHING IN MIDWAY INTERIOR POOLS

had to be hammered smooth for the following day's work.

Later, I was surveying in Alaskan waters, using a fourteen-pound lead in depths up to one hundred fathoms, and time and again the lead would be swallowed by a halibut which was unable to disgorge it. There was nothing to do but pull him to the surface and shake him clear. Frequently five or six other big halibut would follow him to the surface, just as chickens or gulls chase one that has captured a morsel.

And if this yarn be not stiff enough—while anchored in an Alaskan bay and fishing over the side with a crude lead lure molded on board ship, I caught a full-grown hair seal through the lip. The seal had bitten at the lure under water. I did not dream that a seal was anywhere near the vicinity, and when I pulled it to the surface and saw its shape and its big, soft, frightened eyes, the suddenness of the apparition made me feel as if I had caught a mermaid at last. Incidentally, this event was officially recorded in the ship's log.

But to return to Midway—probably the most interesting feature of our fishing there was in the interior pools that are to be found in the reef-flat. These are connected with the sea through small under-surface channels and openings in the porous coral reef, through which fish up to ten or fifteen pounds weight could find their way, but which excluded sharks and other large fish.

These pools, irregular in shape, some of them big enough to float a large seagoing schooner, were from twelve to eighteen feet deep, the bottoms covered with snow-white sand and the water clear as crystal.

Secure from their sea enemies, the fish would collect here in myriads; it constituted a natural aquarium

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

that could never be rivaled by the hand of man. It is a singular characteristic of many fish that they take fright easily and scamper away when a man is walking on the land in their immediate vicinity. Yet let him quietly slip into the water and dive among them, they show but little fear and soon become accustomed to it.

Taking advantage of this, one of the members of the crew, a native Hawaiian, and I, would often arm ourselves with short improvised spears, dive into the pool and impale fish, from those of a finger's breadth in size up to the very largest. This came within an ace of proving disastrous on my first day of sport for, not realizing what the consequences might be, I secured the spear to my wrist with a loop. I struck a big fellow, without disabling him, and he suddenly left for parts unknown dragging me with him. I was fortunate in getting loose before I was filled with water.

In the old days in Hawaii it was a common practise to spear fish under water, for the natives, like the South Sea Islanders, are as much at home in the water as on land.

It was in these pools that we procured for our table unlimited numbers of crayfish, improperly called lobsters. So far as I am aware, there are no lobsters in the North Pacific—on the American side at least—in spite of the repeated attempts of our Fish Commission to plant them there.

All that was necessary was to anchor a large bait that they could not move, rig a bright light over it and spear the crayfish when they came to feed. And many a fish we killed with a high-powered service rifle, when they came to feed in the shallow water on the reef—not necessarily by actually hitting our target, for if

TOLLING A SHARK ASHORE

the shot fell within a couple of feet of them the concussion would stun them and we could capture them before they revived. Firing into the midst of a shoal of fish at an acute angle to prevent ricochet will ordinarily stun quite a number, even to a depth of four or five feet.

The seaward edge of the reef from which we fished was steep and dropped from the surface into about twenty feet of water. After catching a few fish, we would chop them into pieces for chumming—that is, we would toss the small pieces into the sea to attract other fish, and the response would be all but instantaneous from the smaller ones, which in turn would attract larger ones, and sharks as well.

On one occasion when a fairly heavy swell was running, sometimes reaching my middle as I stood on the reef, my interest became centered in attracting as near to us as possible a small, seven-foot hammer-head shark by chucking small bits of fish to him, shortening the distance until he took a fair-sized fish from my hand. This suggested to me the idea of tolling him ashore on one of the swells by following the same tactics and tossing a morsel at the psychological moment. After a number of attempts the experiment actually succeeded for, as the sea receded, he was left high, if not dry, in a depression in the reef.

It would have been far wiser to have rested on my laurels then and there. But as I had on heavy hob-nailed shoes I thought perhaps I might crush his head by landing on it with my feet and two hundred pounds behind them, so I made the jump. Apparently it did little or no damage to the shark, which promptly wended its way to sea on the next swell. But unfortunately for me my feet slipped—I landed on the

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

coral in a sitting posture and because of the poisonous punctures received I found no pleasure in a sitting position for some days afterward.

The larger inhabited islands of the Hawaiian group were fringed with artificial fish-ponds, made by damming the shallower inlets with walls of lava rock. An entrance was left which could be opened or closed at will. In the old days the natives would man a fleet of canoes, go well out to sea, form a cordon and by threshing the surface and making deep booming sounds by striking the water with concave wooden disks, drive the fish into the openings and thus restock their ponds.

Sometimes large sharks would be thus impounded. This would give occasion for a most extraordinary tournament, which would be sure to follow under fixed rules of procedure, and for which prizes would be offered. The competitors would draw lots as to the sequence in which they would tackle the shark single-handed, without weapons of any kind, and attempt to land it. As each would become exhausted, the next would follow so that the shark was kept continually on the go and the defensive, until some one succeeded.

Their principal method of attack was to negotiate a position alongside where they could slip their fingers into the shark's gills, which consist of a series of rounded holes, and thus attempt to exhaust him by interfering with his breathing. At the same time they maneuvered to work him toward shore into shallow water where the shark has less control of himself, and finally to land him, to the satisfaction of the appointed umpires.

CHAPTER VII

SOME NAUTICAL FEATS OF THE HAWAIIANS AND OTHERS

ENDLESS recorded instances could be related of the natives' wonderful skill and endurance as swimmers and divers, ability in handling their boats, surf-riding on boards, and making long voyages at sea in open boats. A couple of stories must suffice.

A Kanaka seaman on a small sailing vessel bound for China was swept overboard in a gale by a heavy sea. It was impracticable to lower a boat, but fortunately there was a loose plank available, which was tossed overboard to him and which he succeeded in reaching. Using it as a surf-board, he skilfully maneuvered it, and taking advantage of the opportune moment, ranged up alongside the ship and landed on board in safety. This was told me by a well-known Hawaiian, in whose word I have the utmost confidence.

The Island of Hikueru, an atoll in the Tuamotu group, not far from Tahiti, is noted for its pearl fisheries. It is rather an exception to most atolls, in that it has no open passage to the sea; hence its interior lagoon, averaging from a few feet to twenty-two fathoms in depth, is free from sharks. Under French regulations there are open and closed seasons in the different islands, and it was our good fortune to arrive at Hikueru during the open season.

We had heard of the extraordinary and all but unbelievable feats of deep-water diving for pearl oysters,

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

and wishing to verify our information, we succeeded in getting one of the most noted divers for the official test. Plunging overboard, naked except for a small loin-cloth, with no diving apparatus of any kind, he brought up a specimen of the bottom in nineteen fathoms, measured by our own sounding-line. Later he dived again and recovered a one-pound lead which we had thrown overboard, in twenty fathoms, remaining under water one minute and fifty-seven seconds.

Both men and women habitually dived in fifteen fathoms, none using any artificial diving apparatus. Naturally they suffer from it; blood frequently issues from their noses and ears. Scarcely a one, after a few years of this work, escapes some permanent physical disability, such as deafness, lung or heart disease.

Apropos of deep diving, an army quartermaster's safe was lost overboard at Zamboanga, Philippine Islands, in seventeen fathoms of water. A native Moro pearl diver, without apparatus of any kind, took the end of a manila rope and diving down, made it fast through the handles of the safe, thus making it possible to recover this valuable part of the quartermaster's equipment.

Laysan Island, another of the group lying between Honolulu and Midway, was interesting from a number of view-points. The variety and number of sea birds nesting there is comparatively the same as on other similar islands; but in addition to these there were an exceptional number of land birds that lived there the year round, some of them being beautiful songsters. If my memory serves me right, in a book that was compiled on the birds of Laysan Island, reference is made to nearly one hundred varieties. In addition to several entirely new species hitherto unknown, we saw

others closely related to short-flight non-migratory birds, which could not possibly have maintained a prolonged flight across the intervening ocean from any known land, on the supposition that they may have been accidentally blown offshore under stress of weather. Inasmuch as these birds were there in large numbers when the island was first visited, the mystery of their origin remains unsolved.

The myriads of birds which have inhabited Laysan through countless ages have made it rich in guano. Since it stands well up above tide-water, mining operations are possible and a company was engaged in mining guano and transporting it to Honolulu where it is worked up into commercial fertilizer.

It was in working these guano pits on the eastern or weather side of the island that miners found embedded an astonishingly large number of articles used by Japanese fishermen, some of which, judging from their depth underground, must have been there for centuries. In addition to numerous wooden paraphernalia used in boats, such as oars, tillers, spars, planks and bailers, et cetera, there were also a variety of porcelain jugs, or jars, fitted with stoppers, which might have been used to carry water, food or bait.

No less interesting is the long journey that these articles must have made to reach their resting-place. The Japan Stream is to the North Pacific what the Gulf Stream is to the Atlantic, with very similar characteristics and current. After leaving Japan and impinging on southeast Alaska, it turns to the southward, flows past British Columbia and the west coast of the United States and, turning gradually in a great sweep to the southward and westward, eventually reaches the Orient, flowing in a generally westerly

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

course in the equatorial region, and passing Laysan on its return trip. It is conservative to assume that these articles, from the time they were lost off the coast of Japan until they were beached at Laysan by this current, averaged many months at sea and traveled from five thousand to eight thousand miles.

There is an impression in my mind that there is a record of the crew of a Japanese fishing junk that reached Kauai, one of the larger islands of the Hawaiian group, some decades prior to the advent of the whites, remained there and intermarried with the natives. Their progeny are said to show the strain in their lighter complexions. If this be true, the junk must have covered at least three thousand five hundred miles, but more likely four thousand to five thousand in its wanderings before land was sighted.

Necker Island, still another between Honolulu and Midway, had several fascinating aspects. Instead of being an atoll, it is a high, steep, all but inaccessible black rock sticking up out of the water, against which the sea is always breaking; the whole is surrounded by an extensive sunken reef. The strange thing about it was the fact that it had formerly been inhabited, but no one knows whence the inhabitants came, or when or where they may have gone.

Of course we knew the Polynesians were great explorers and navigators, and even let it be supposed that in their expeditions they discovered Necker Island. Yet the part incomprehensible to us is how they made their first landing, secured their boat, succeeded in keeping alive there when there is no fresh water, no vestige of vegetation, and when every mouthful of food would have to be procured from the sea or the birds that alight there.

A DIFFICULT LANDING

Even in a modern boat, with an expert crew, we could not make a landing, owing to a heavy swell and the exposed position, but were compelled to jump overboard, swim to the one small shelf on the rock, watch our chances on a rising wave and flounder on to it.

Thence a rough stairway had been carved out of the rock, leading to some chambers higher up which showed signs of having been excavated, with small depressions here and there for catching the seepage of fresh water that might trickle into them.

This might not excite undue comment had the rock been freely accessible and an abundance of time been available to prepare a landing-place in advance. But the fact that they found it under such conditions in the open ocean and not only succeeded in landing but in making it habitable and actually living there, seems incredible.

That the mid-Pacific Polynesians were skilful seamen and navigators and made long voyages at sea over the open ocean for discovery or conquest, or both, the following story of the sacred calabash* will prove. It was doubtless some of these people who had occupied Necker Island.

Some twenty-odd years ago, when stationed in the Hawaiian Islands in command of a small vessel, I was engaged in correcting the existing charts and sailing directions of these waters and bringing them up to date. This led me to be more or less interested in the spelling and meaning of some of the native names, not the least of which was the name of the channel between the Islands of Lanai and Kahoolawe. The extreme southern point of the latter island bore the same name,

*This story was first published in *United States Naval Institute Proceedings*, and is repeated here by permission.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Ke-ala-i-Kahiki, which being translated means, "the Road to Tahiti."

This excited my curiosity. I got one of my acquaintances, who was born in the islands and spoke Hawaiian perfectly, to verify the translation. He explained to me the reason for so naming this channel and point. This in turn developed still more interesting information, which eventually led to solving scientifically the mystery of the "sacred calabash."

According to his story, which is undoubtedly true, there was communication by sea in open native boats between Hawaii and Tahiti, a distance of more than two thousand three hundred nautical miles, over the broad ocean, mainly for the purpose of paying friendly visits, for Tahiti had the reputation of being a land of plenty, and the natives were noted for their lavish hospitality to strangers. At the same time it offered a means of felicitation and exchange of friendly messages between the high chiefs, and served to perpetuate an intercourse between these groups of islands which had the same basic language. The Hawaiians, Samoans, Tahitians, Tongans, Marquesians, Maories in New Zealand, and certain other islanders, all have a similar language, and a native of any one of these groups will have but little difficulty in making himself understood to a native of another.

There are a great many words which are common to all these languages, and many more which become the same by the change of a single letter. For example, the *t* in Samoan would become *k* in Hawaiian, and *f* becomes *h*. That is, *tapa*, the native cloth, becomes *kapa*; *fale*, the word for house, becomes *hale*, and the salutation in Samoa, *talofa* becomes *aloha* in Hawaiian.

A CANOE VOYAGE

In further explanation of the name Ke-ala-i-Kahiki, this gentleman, who was a very scholarly man and had written a history of Hawaii, told me that the sailing of these canoes was always celebrated as a great event, and that it was preceded by feasting, dancing and other ceremonies.

The men who composed the crews were specially chosen for their strength, physique, prowess, endurance, skill in swimming, handling boats, and in catching fish and birds at sea, and in their knowledge of navigation and kindred subjects.

Months before sailing they were put through a course of tests which consisted in the performance of a maximum endurance on a minimum amount of food and water; in sailing and handling boats under adverse conditions, in righting them when capsized, and proving their knowledge of astronomy and meteorology. The Hawaiians had a fair visual knowledge of the former; they knew that the sun changes its declination and that the North Star is approximately fixed. On this fact, in connection with the sacred calabash, depends the principal point of interest in this story.

They had names for the brighter stars and constellations, and knew that the planets were wanderers and called them so in their native tongue. As a matter of fact the North Star is not exactly at the celestial pole in the extension of the earth's axis, but is about a degree or so from it, though the earth in its revolution on its axis brings the North Star on the meridian in the north and south line twice a day. However, for crude navigation and for the purposes of this story we will consider the North Star as being at the pole or ninety degrees from the equator. In order to make what follows clearer, it should be remembered that one

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

of the usual methods of finding latitude at sea, in the northern hemisphere, is by measuring the altitude of Polaris, or the North Star, and applying certain corrections to obtain the exact latitude.

Roughly speaking, then, if one were at the north pole, Polaris would be in the zenith or ninety degrees overhead, and as one proceeds south from the pole every degree of latitude covered reduces the altitude just the same amount, so that when the equator is reached, the altitude is zero. Hence, it follows that the latitude of any place in the northern hemisphere is roughly equal to the altitude of Polaris.

Owing to the geographical position of Hawaii, in approximately latitude $19^{\circ} 30' N.$, in addition to the stars of the northern hemisphere, most of those in the southern hemisphere, except the circumpolar ones, were also visible and familiar to the natives. The natives had a very fair conception of the movements of the stars, and were taught how to shape their courses at night by them, and by the sun during the day, making due allowance for changes in azimuth.

As they lived in the trade-wind region, and as their voyage would be wholly within the trade belt they were familiar with all conditions pertaining to meteorology. They knew in general that the direction of the wind varied between northeast and southeast, dependent upon the season, and that certain seasons of the year were more propitious than others for making long sea voyages.

In order more fully to comprehend the wonderful accomplishment of these primitive natives, from the standpoint of endurance, resourcefulness, seamanship and navigation, in making this extraordinary voyage without any of the modern aids to navigation, out of

THE COURSE FROM HAWAII TO TAHITI
sight of land for nearly the whole distance, it is neces-
sary to familiarize one's self with the geographic loca-

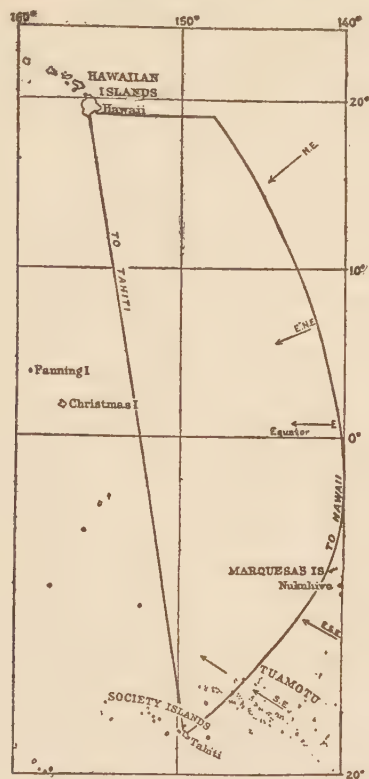


Diagram showing approximate courses
from Hawaii to Tahiti and return.
Arrows indicate direction of prevailing winds

tion of these islands. Roughly, Hawaii is in latitude 19° 30' N., longitude 156° 00' W., and Tahiti, latitude 17° 30' S., longitude 149° 30' W., which makes the out-bound course a little east of south, and the distance over two thousand three hundred nautical miles. So when the crew were considered to be in proper physical condition, when the season was most propitious, the

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

canoe was fully equipped and loaded with such provisions as would occupy the least space and yet give the greatest amount of sustenance. Amid a grand celebration in honor of the event, and after the gods had been invoked and offerings and sacrifices made, the sacred calabash was taken on board.

A native historian of the Hawaiian Islands states that one of the instructions to the crew, in making this voyage was, "If you sail for Kahiki (Tahiti) you will discover new constellations and strange stars over the deep ocean. When you arrive at Piko-o-wakea (Equator) you will lose sight of Hoku-paa (North Star) and Newe will be the southern guiding star, and the constellation Humu will stand as a guide above you."

There were those among the crew who were specially versed in navigation from every angle known to these people; under their advice and guidance the instructions were to steer by the sun by day and the stars by night, principally Polaris, on a course a little east of south. This at night would be accomplished by keeping Polaris several degrees to the left of a north and south course. Furthermore, when the celestial bodies might be obscured by clouds, knowing that the winds were generally easterly, they would keep on the port tack; or keep the wind on the port side.

They also had an intimate, in fact almost uncanny knowledge of the looks and action of the sea. They could tell from the waves, the strength of the wind, its duration from any one direction or changes in direction; and what was more wonderful still (and I have actually seen it demonstrated) they could tell the direction of the land by its action in changing the continuity



Hawaiian War Canoe—Warriors masked
From the Archives of Hawaii

EXTRAORDINARILY DEVELOPED FACULTIES

or general symmetry of the waves. For example; in one of the groups of South Sea Islands we hired a pilot for his knowledge of the local harbors. Without telling him our destination, in going from one island to another, and before sighting land, I would call him on deck and ask its direction, and he invariably pointed correctly, though, as in several other equally remarkable exhibitions of his extraordinarily developed faculties, he was unable to explain how his conclusions were reached.

Nor could any of the natives in any of the groups give a clear explanation of their combination geographical and astronomical charts. These in general consisted of a number of thin strips or battens of light wood lashed or seized by cord at their crossings, to which, here and there, at these crossings and elsewhere were attached a number of shells, some of which were movable. There is no question but these islanders had developed to a marvelous degree their powers of observation and analysis of phenomena pertaining to the sea, atmosphere and heavens and had put them to practical use.

We find this same development of faculties along useful lines among many aboriginal tribes and primitive people. The bushmen of Australia, among the lowest known order of human beings, have the ability to follow the trail of man or beast that would baffle any other person, no matter what might be his intelligence or knowledge in other directions.

Among our early American frontiersmen the faculty of finding one's way through the trackless forests was enormously developed. Daniel Boone with a companion left North Carolina and spent a year or more in exploring Kentucky, then an unknown land. After

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

returning to North Carolina he again went alone to Kentucky after having described his wanderings and previous visit to his brother. When Boone did not return at the time designated, his brother crossed the mountain and actually located and found him in the wilderness. Daniel Boone himself, after establishing a settlement in central Kentucky, was captured by the Indians and carried to Chillicothe, Ohio, and adopted into the tribe. Learning that an attack on his colony was contemplated he journeyed from Chillicothe to Boonesboro, a distance as the crow flies of one hundred and sixty miles, in four days, in time to give ample warning and make adequate preparation for a successful defense.

Stop to realize what this means! There was not a single habitation nor sign of civilization, no roads, not a house; he was solely dependent upon the country for his food, and had to cross the Ohio and other rivers, and traverse the virgin forest untouched by human hands; yet he not only made forty miles a day, but steered a course that carried him to Boonesboro by practically the shortest route and in the best possible time.

These examples are given to show that it was not blind luck that enabled these people to accomplish their ends, but scientific knowledge, no matter how crude, deduced from actual study and experience.

Returning to the Hawaiian-Tahitian voyage, it was known to the crew that when about half-way on their journey—namely, when near the equator—they would lose the North Star, that it would sink below the horizon, and they would use certain southern circum-polar constellations.

Here it is well to explain that prior to the advent

THE TAHITIAN CANOES

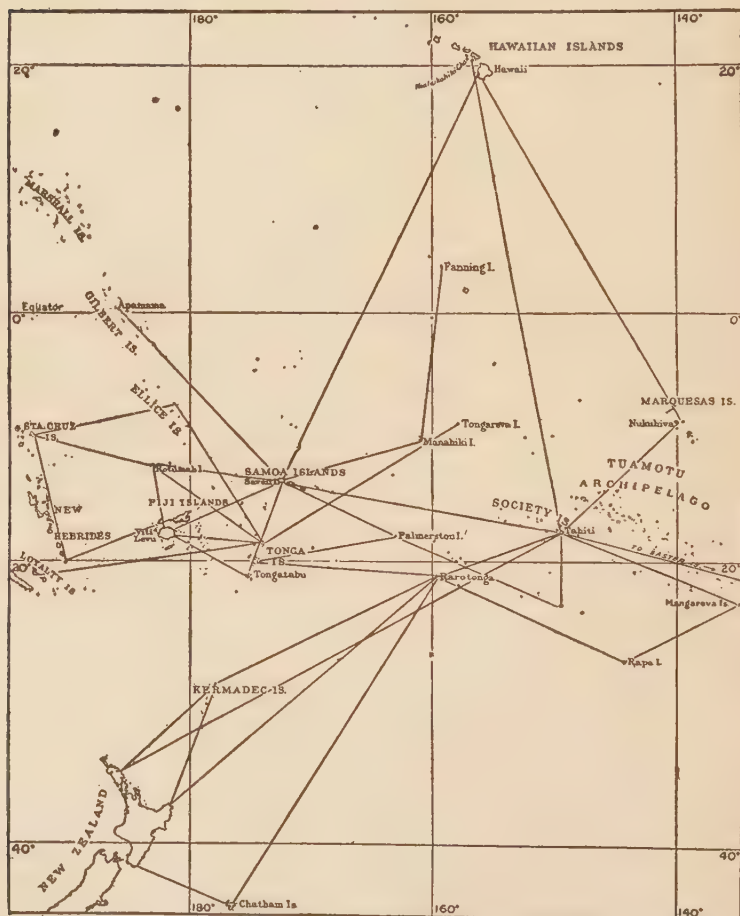
of the white men, the natives built enormous canoes called *pahe*, very much larger than the small dug-out canoe, in general use to-day throughout the South Sea Islands, which in turn is being rapidly superseded by modern boats. The *pahe* were of several classes and kinds, the largest being used for deep sea voyages and war purposes. They were both single and double and were from sixty to ninety feet in length.

The Tahitians, for example, made the hull of their canoes from the *apapi* tree, from which logs over forty feet in length and about three feet in diameter were obtained. These were hollowed out, joined together end on and served as the hull to which keels of *tamanu* wood were attached, while the planking and paddles were made of *purau* wood. The double canoes were built up hulls with side planking, and so constructed that they could be housed over, or closed, in rough weather, making them far more seaworthy. These hulls in turn were joined together by braces, with an intervening space of several feet between them, and upon the whole was constructed a shelter erection both for the preservation of food, plants and live stock carried, and for a part of the crew as well.

They were fitted with one or two masts, and carried triangular sails of native matting, as well as full sets of paddles. Doubtless logs of a much larger size were to be found in some of the other islands, as is the case to-day, but the above description of the Tahitian canoe is given because it is well authenticated. Tradition, ethnological evidence, and in more modern times, actual facts prove that there were frequent and numerous inter-island voyages between the Fiji, Friendly, Samoan, Cook and Tahitian groups of islands, which lie roughly between 10° S., to 25° S., and 175° E.,

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

to 150° W., a zone about nine hundred miles wide and two thousand one hundred miles long. And from these groups long voyages, of which there are well authenticated records, were made, not only to New Zealand and Hawaii, but to other outlying islands, some of which were fully two thousand miles distant.



HISTORIC INTER-ISLAND POLYNESIAN VOYAGES

REASONS FOR MIGRATIONS

Even in modern times natives in small canoes have been picked up at sea hundreds of miles from land, where they had been blown offshore or had lost their way in making passage. Various reasons have been assigned for these migrations and voyages, but those most generally accepted are that they were due to over-population, tribal wars, scarcity of food, love of adventure, and abiding confidence in their ability as seamen and navigators to find their way back to land in case no new islands were discovered.

There is abundant evidence that they set forth prepared to colonize any new land discovered, for they not only carried their women, but seed, food, plants and live stock. Continuing their voyage to the southward they were aware that their course should carry them through several groups of low lying islands, or atolls, and that on communication with any of them they could get the necessary direction and information for continuing their voyage to Tahiti. At the end of their visit they once more provisioned their canoe and made ready for the return voyage.

Here, let it be explained, dependent upon the season and latitude, the prevailing winds were from the southeast, in the vicinity of Tahiti, hauling by degrees to approximately northeast in the latitude of Hawaii. And while it is true that these winds are neither steady in direction nor constant in force, they are, nevertheless, the prevailing winds. Having this information, the crew was directed to put their canoe on the starboard tack, and keep the wind abeam or a little forward of the beam. In plain English this means that in the long run their average course would carry them several hundred miles at least to windward, and to the eastward of Hawaii.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Again, they were aware that when approximately half-way back on their return journey, in the neighborhood a little to the northward of the equator, they would raise the North Star, and from that time on they were to give heed to the sacred calabash.

Now, as to the calabash itself. It was more or less cylindrical, or slightly keg-shaped, made of native *koa* wood, and so far as I can remember, about eighteen inches in height; it might be likened to a keg with the head removed. Within a few inches of the top four holes had been bored, spaced ninety degrees apart and on a circle whose plane was at right angles to the longitudinal axis; or on one of the upper hoops of the keg. As they gained latitude to the northward the calabash was filled with water up to the holes. Through any one of these holes, and over the opposite upper rim of the calabash, observations were made on the North Star, until, still observing through the hole, it became tangent to the upper rim. When this condition obtained the course was to be immediately changed to west, and could be altered from time to time, if necessary, so that Polaris would remain apparently tangent. This would insure their keeping in the approximate latitude of Hawaii and arrival at that island in due course of time.

As a matter of fact, though crude, this method used for the return voyage, and particularly the use of the calabash for finding Hawaii, is not only based on scientific principle, no matter what may have led to its discovery and adoption, but is practically, in a modified way, one of the most general methods of finding latitude to-day by the North Star. In fact a sextant may be used on the same general principle if it be set at a constant angle and used in the same way.

THE SACRED CALABASH

Naturally my curiosity was aroused to see this so called "sacred calabash," and to ascertain if it could be reliably used for its reputed purpose. Obtaining permission, I filled it with water to the circle of holes and measured the angle from any one of them across the opposite rim, and found it to be about nineteen degrees. The water inside acted as a level, keeping the calabash in the vertical, hence when Polaris was on the rim its altitude was about nineteen degrees which roughly equaled the latitude of Hawaii, and enabled the crew to steer west with confidence that they would reach their destination.

It seems all but needless to call attention to the fact that the altitude of Polaris varies about two degrees each day, but it is equally evident that if several days were consumed in the western part of the voyage, or if when on shore more careful observations had been taken of Polaris, this change would have become known, and allowances made accordingly. Furthermore, Hawaii is mountainous, two of its peaks, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, are between thirteen thousand and fourteen thousand feet in height, and visible far out at sea. In addition to which, as is generally the case in the tropics, when the land is high there is a very distinctive cloud effect which by its contrast to the usual trade clouds and sky effects helps to indicate the presence of land. A still further aid could be found in the sky in case either of the two active volcanoes, Mauna Loa or Kilauea, were in eruption and their reflections could be seen in the heavens.

There has been a vast deal of theory and speculation as to how these and other islanders traversed the broad expanse of water which separates these islands from one another, whether they originally drifted be-

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

fore the wind or worked their way to windward in voyages of discovery. Some of the records, like this, and those of the migration and voyages of what are now the Maoris, to and from New Zealand, from the vicinity of Tahiti, or Rarotonga, are authentic and well known, and to my mind, form reasonable grounds for believing that these voyages were carefully planned and executed, and were far less a matter of mere chance than they were the result of logical reasoning.

If the navigational features of this voyage from Hawaii to Tahiti and return, and the general geographic knowledge of the South Sea Islanders of their part of the world, could be compared to some of the published charts, made by early European voyagers to America, the Polynesians would stand a very favorable comparison, considering the instruments and methods of the two.

CHAPTER VIII

ANENT THE GAY SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

IT HAS been mentioned that at the end of our visit to Honolulu, after the coronation ceremonies, we sailed for the South Sea Islands. The first islands visited were the Samoan, where we now have a colony and naval station. This was in the early 'eighties when the Samoans were still very primitive, though there were a few whites there, and some signs of civilization.

They had lost none of their old native charm, their unbounded hospitality, kindness, childish abandon and loveliness. Though sincere Christians, they still practised many of their old customs and ceremonials, and lived the same indolent, care-free life that they led before the advent of the whites.

Their clothing, if it could be called such, was simplicity itself, consisting of a piece of *tapa* around their middle, extending from the waist to the knee, which was worn by both men and women.

Tapa is made from the inner bark of a tree, by beating it with mallets until the fiber is interlaced, then staining it with natural dyes and adding geometric and other figures. Some of it is very artistic. The Samoans, like most Polynesian races, made a great variety of fiber mats, which, with *tapa*, were extensively used for household purposes, and one's wealth was estimated roughly by the quantity and quality of these articles that one possessed.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Their houses were primitive, but afforded ample protection. First, a framework of posts and rafters of breadfruit wood was erected; this was heavily thatched with fronds from cocoanut trees and other material, and made thoroughly rain-proof. Their floors were beds of clean gravel, held in place by low surrounding walls of boulders; the sides were kept open for the sake of coolness. On the whole they served every purpose, and even their beds, which were simply a pile of mats and *tapa* on the gravel floor, were not only ideally adapted to the tropical climate, but remarkably comfortable, once one had become accustomed to them.

Tattooing was prevalent throughout most of Polynesia—an extremely painful process and a hideous custom. After the material had been prepared by carbonizing certain nut-hulls, it was introduced under the skin by puncturing it with a sharpened bone, hammered with a wooden mallet. Needless to say, neither antiseptics nor anesthetics, local or general, was used. Samoan men, on reaching the age of puberty, were tattooed solidly from the waist to the knees, leaving wonderfully intricate, lace-like patterns of the bare skin.

When first thrown in contact with them, as they paddled off in their small dug-out canoes in Apia harbor, I thought that each man wore close-fitting black swimming tights under the loin-cloth.

In the Marquesas the women, and maybe the men too, as far as I can remember, tattoo one of the several quarters of their faces all but solidly and, in view of their former practise of cannibalism, it made them anything but pleasant to gaze upon. Yet they, like most of the eastern Polynesians, were a gentle and

THE TATTOOED QUEEN

kindly people. I have spent many happy days alone with them in the mountains of Nukahiva, hunting and tramping through the country. The old queen of the Marquesas, who was still living at my last visit, had the reputation of being the most extensively tattooed person in the South Seas.

Some little diplomacy was used, which was probably unnecessary, to obtain her permission to photograph her body. She most willingly consented, then doffing her *holoku*, she stood smiling in the "altogether" in the bright sunlight of a tropic day, expressing an evident pride in her artistically decorated person. She was literally tattooed all but solidly from her head to her heels. She had been a cannibal in her younger days, but she must at least be considered solicitous and considerate, for when she was ready to marry a second time, she thoughtfully killed her first husband and served him up as the *pièce de résistance* at her wedding breakfast. Maybe she still wished to keep him with her—or a part of him at least.

The most artistic and intricate tattooing that I have ever seen is that of the Maoris in New Zealand, particularly that of the chiefs, whose whole faces are solidly covered except, as in the case of the Samoans, where lace-like patterns are made by the untouched skin.

Horrible as it may seem to us, the work has real artistic merit, and the designs are marvelous in conception and execution for such primitive people. Think of tattooing eyelids, nostrils, lips and other tender places by their crude methods! Yet it was endured without a murmur, in spite of the excruciating pain. Happily, tattooing is dying out among the most advanced Polynesian races.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

But to return to the Samoans—they lived in Elysium; there was little or no necessity or incentive to work, since their food and scant clothing were easily obtainable. Material for their houses was at hand for the collecting. There was no need to hoard money; in fact there was very little in circulation, as the trade with the outside world was so insignificant that it was done principally by barter and exchange of commodities.

Their food consisted principally of cocoanuts, breadfruit, plantains, fruits and taro, which, with the exception of the latter, grew in abundance and required little or no cultivation. Pigs and fowls were domesticated and the sea teemed with fish; there was, therefore, always an abundance of staple food.

Cooking was done underground, by digging a hole three or four feet deep and as many in diameter, and placing a layer of seaweed on the bottom, with previously heated stones on this. Then the food to be cooked, carefully and skilfully wrapped in banana or other vegetable leaves, was placed on the stones and the whole covered over with loose earth. When thoroughly cooked, the upper layer of earth was dexterously removed and the contents of the oven, if it may be so called, were taken out and served in hot steaming jackets.

Surely no more delicious method of cooking can be devised; everything was savory and palatable, the meats so tender and juicy that they seemed to melt in one's mouth. In the meantime a low platform of stones about eighteen inches in height was conveniently located under shade trees, and generally in the vicinity of a stream or pool of fresh water. Instead of the conventional table-cloth, the stones were leveled

A SAMOAN DINNER

and covered with fresh green fronds of the plantain, ferns and other plants, with flowers added for decoration.

In addition to the cooked food there was some that was uncooked, including an abundance of fruit and cocoanuts; the meat of the cocoanut constituted the base of several of their choice dishes. Young cocoanuts were skilfully opened, primarily for their delicious water, but the gelatinous contents which remained was afterward scraped out and eaten.

One of the most palatable and delicious foods that I know is prepared, cooked or raw, from the so-called heart of a cocoanut palm. It is only obtained from a very young tree, say, from four or five to eight or nine months old, and consists of the lower or inner ends of the young fronds, clustering around the center of the tree. While on an infinitely larger scale, it is somewhat analogous to a head of celery. It is hopeless to attempt to describe its taste, but when used as a salad it is crisp and *crunchy*, and the flavor may possibly have a suggestion of fresh walnuts, almonds, or other nuts that have had their skins removed, to be used in the same way. When boiled in cocoanut milk (not the interior water, but a fluid obtained by grating the meat of the ripe nut and subjecting it to a heavy pressure), it reminded me somewhat of the California artichoke, but was far superior to it in every way.

Unfortunately the young tree is killed by the process of obtaining the "heart," and since cocoanut trees have an appreciable commercial value, they are rarely destroyed for this purpose.

At the dinner a calabash made of a large cocoanut shell, containing a very palatable native sauce, was set beside each person, together with another calabash

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of *poi*, a fermented food made from *taro*, breadfruit or bananas.

But over and above all else was the unbounded hospitality, cordiality and gaiety that was always in conspicuous evidence. There was an entire absence of formality; hosts and guests sat, stood, lolled at ease at the table, came and left as fancy dictated. There were singing and music, and the *hula* was continually in evidence. You were expected to follow your own desires and encouraged to do so.

Later came the refreshing bath in the pool, in which every one took part, men, women and children, and wonderful exhibitions of swimming and diving were performed. After this, as the evening shadows began to fall, each one was left to his own devices: to take a short nap, stroll about in groups or couples through the luxuriant tropical foliage, join with the singing or dancing, or follow one's own bent, no matter where it might lead one.

Like other Polynesians, the Samoans are fond of dancing, and their *hulas*, or *sivas* as they are sometimes called, are not only interesting, but wonderful in their conception and execution. The *hula* is difficult to define and more difficult still to describe; much of it is done solely with the abdominal muscles, though arms, hands, legs, feet and facial expression accompany it with realistic motion and gesture.

It may be danced by one alone, or any number of people, is always accompanied by song, music or drumming, and is symbolic of the words used in the song. More often it is impromptu and used as a form of entertainment at small social gatherings, where, with more or less burlesque, it is apt to fall into suggestive abandon. On important or state occasions

A CEREMONIAL CANNIBAL DANCE

from forty to sixty men and women may participate, when it becomes a ritual to be strictly followed. The precision of the most famous Parisian ballet is as nothing when compared to a ceremonial *hula*. It may last for an hour or more, and every step, gesture and motion are perfectly synchronized and executed without a visible mistake.

On one occasion, when our ship was in Nukahiva, Marquesas Islands, with Professor Alexander Agassiz on board, the governor granted permission to the natives to reenact a ceremonial cannibal dance for our entertainment, for otherwise it was unlawful for them to do so.

The scene was laid in a cocoanut grove on the beach at the head of a small bay, from which the open sea was plainly visible. It was a beautiful, clear moonlit night, with the white-caps breaking on shore; and immediately behind us the heavily wooded, precipitous mountains rose to a height of several thousand feet. In addition to the moonbeams scintillating through the cocoanut fronds, torches made of fiber, soaked in oil, were carried around the outskirts of the dance, causing a constant change in the illuminative effect.

It was a tribal ceremonial in which all took part, for while the dancers were the chief attraction with their marvelous contortions, yet the old women hovering around the edges and encouraging the dancers, the sober-faced children darting here and there and everywhere, the tom-tom or drum beaters singing and prompting the dances, all had a weird, impressive and uncanny effect for they seemed so deadly in earnest and serious.

In the meantime the canoe supposedly bearing the

captive enemy entered the harbor and made for the beach, where it was received by the natives armed with spears and war-clubs, shouting, dancing, frantically gesticulating, brandishing their weapons with hostile and murderous intent. With shouts of exultation the enemy was dragged ashore, dispatched by a blow of a war-club on his head, body disemboweled and dismembered, and carried piecemeal to the open fire, roasted and eaten. While, of course, all this was simulated, the deception, nevertheless, was cleverly enacted, giving it the appearance of reality.

The dance started rather passively, but each successive approach of the late lamented, in toto or piecemeal, as it was heralded to the dancers, added gusto and increased animation to their dancing and shouting, until finally when the fire was approached, there was a perfect frenzy of bodily contortion and a bedlam of bloodcurdling yells.

It was uncanny, for while there was not the slightest danger, it still sent coursing through your mind and body strange thrills and thoughts of the abhorrent possibilities of what might have been done a few decades ago, in this selfsame spot and by these identical people, had you yourself been the unfortunate captive enemy.

And yet it must be said in their favor that their friends were always perfectly safe. Melville had lived among them in this identical port. Twenty years previous I had spent several days at a time with them, shooting in the mountains and was never in the slightest danger, for cannibalism had already been thoroughly stamped out.

Of all the books I have read on Polynesian life, none have appealed to me as being more realistic ac-

THE CROWN PRINCE OF FIJI

counts of actual conditions than those of Melville in which he describes his life in the Marquesas, and O'Brien's *White Shadows in the South Seas*, the scenes of both of which center around Nukahiva. Both are not only filled with absorbing interest and literary merit, but come more nearly being true to life as it was years ago, than any other works that have come to my attention, not excluding those of Robert Louis Stevenson, who passed much of the time of the last years of his life in the South Seas and died at Vailima, his home in Apia, Samoa, where his remains are buried.

Samoans were never cannibals like some of the other Polynesian races, probably for the reason that they always had an abundance of animal food. Cannibalism in the South Seas seems to pertain to those races where this was absent, though most of them would devour some of the vital organs of an enemy, believing that it would increase their valor, courage or strength. It was largely a ritual and the victims were more often enemies who had been killed in combat; but it must be admitted that some were killed for actual food, and that they considered human flesh palatable.

In Fiji we met the crown prince, whose ancestors had been kings of these islands and the most veritable and pronounced cannibals. The young man was a graduate of a British college in Australia, an affable and delightful gentleman, and, had not the islands been annexed by Great Britain he would be the king to-day. It was interesting to note his mode of dress—while he wore the conventional European clothes above the waistline, from there to his knees he wore a white loincloth, the insignia of a chief. It was odd at a dinner

party or evening function to see him in full evening dress as far as coat, waist-coat, shirt and tie were concerned but wearing a loin-cloth below—and bare-footed!

We had some interesting talks about cannibalism, which he frankly discussed, just as the Maoris did with me later in New Zealand, and he confirmed that which has been already stated. He said that while of course he had never indulged, from the best of his information, the taste of human flesh was not unlike that of a pig.

The old whalers who plied these waters generally spoke of it as “long pig,” and doubtless got their ideas from their communications with the natives.

There is a general idea prevalent that when Captain Cook was killed by the natives at Kealakekua Bay, on the Island of Hawaii, his body was eaten. The Hawaiians were not cannibals, though they would eat certain organs of their enemies and possibly sacrificial victims; but in the case of Captain Cook, I am convinced on what I believe to be the most reliable information, that he was killed in resentment for some of his own or his crew's acts. His body was disemboweled, possibly preliminary to burial, his viscera placed in a calabash, where they were found by some children who ate part of them, thinking they were those of a pig.

Speaking of cannibals reminds me that many years ago when our ship was in Asiatic waters, we were ordered hurriedly to one of the South Sea Islands to protect the lives of some American missionaries, who, it might be inferred, were in imminent danger. Making all haste possible, we found on our arrival that some years previous the missionaries had arrived and started in promptly to convert the heathen. At

ACCORDING TO REQUIREMENTS

first they met with but little success, but like other innovations and fashions such as the fox-trot, chewing-gum, bobbed hair and jazz, religion had become the fad, and the acme of success was attained when the king presented himself for membership.

In addition to a number of other questions, it was found necessary to ask him how many wives he had.

"Only two," he answered.

"You can't join with that number of wives," replied the missionary.

The king departed. Two weeks later he appeared, announced his candidacy, and there followed the same questions as before.

"How many wives now?"

"Three," he replied, and was again denied admission. Whereupon he asked submissively, "How many do I have to have to get in?"

"Only one," came the reply, and the king smiled and disappeared.

Some days later, sleek and fat, with an air of confidence, he again made application, and to the question as to the number of wives, answered, "Only one."

"What did you do with the other two?"

"Eat him," he replied, patting his stomach.

He was not admitted and, being peeved and riled at this extraordinary conduct on the part of the white man, began making it hot for the missionaries—hence our orders.

There is an aversion on our part to certain foods which other nations consider palatable. For instance, some of our North American Indians, the Igorots in the Philippines, the Esquimaux, and formerly the Hawaiians, were very partial to dog meat. Among the Hawaiians the dogs to be eaten were fattened on

farinaceous foods, such as *poi* and cocoanuts, and were killed when they were young and tender.

A friend of mine, the captain of one of the inter-island steamers, had a brother living at Kealakekua, Hawaii, who was noted for his *luaus*, or native feasts. We had often discussed the matter of eating *poi* dogs, and naturally I had expressed my aversion, even though I had been assured that the flesh was excellent and not unlike that of young pig. It had been pre-arranged that we should attend a *luau* at his brother's home. When the meat was placed before me, I never for a moment had any other thought than that it was the conventional pig. I finished my portion with a relish and commented on its exceptional flavor and tenderness, and remarked that I had never seen pork cooked more deliciously. To my utter surprise I was informed that it was *poi* dog and not pork. While in my ignorance it must be admitted that I found it very palatable, it still did not remove my inborn prejudice.

Samoa children are taught to swim at about the age that others are learning to walk. It was most interesting to see the gathering of mothers each morning in the pool of a fresh-water stream, teaching their babies to swim, some still nursing at the breast, and many hardly able to walk alone.

Yet not a child showed the slightest fear and they would paddle their way around from woman to woman and occasionally essay a longer journey to the shore. Most of them are expert swimmers when five or six years of age. It is said that the men are so skilful that one will not hesitate to tackle a large shark in the open ocean with a knife, and have every confidence of killing it. This same skill seems to pertain to most of the eastern Polynesian races.

Physically the Samoans are not excelled by any race on earth. They are tall, erect, well developed and beautifully proportioned, which, coupled with their affable, charming manners, leaves little to be desired.

While still cruising in the South Seas with Professor Agassiz, after visiting the principal groups and many of the separate islands, we arrived at Fongofale, on the Island of Funafuti. Here, as usual, a ceremonial *hula* was staged for our entertainment, and at its conclusion it was up to us to make a few remarks. After reciting the names of the various groups we had visited, the *hulas* we had witnessed, and the charming people we had met, I complimented the dancers, among other things on their exceptionally pretty *pareus* or *hula* skirts. These are usually made by fastening a number of pendent strips of pandanus, together with others of plaited grass, on a fiber belt, generally in the natural color of the material used. But in this case quite a number of the pandanus strips had been dyed in strikingly vivid colors.

At the conclusion of my remarks, we were surprised to see the coy maidens after a hurried and almost a blushing consultation, doff their skirts, present them to us and beg us to keep them as a memento of the occasion! Moral: Never admire a woman's ball-gown, though it must be confessed that with the present-day fashions, women seem to wear precious little more than did those kindly, simple people in the South Seas, and leave as little to the imagination.

Polynesians love to sing; generally their favorite airs are a native version of some of our own simple songs, but beautifully rendered and thoroughly harmonious. In the Tonga Islands we invited the singers

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to come on board and give us a concert, but unwittingly invited two rival groups to come at the same time. Between these groups there seemed to be some jealousy or animosity, so that neither wanted to sing in the presence of the other. Here was an impasse, but at last we found a happy solution. We had some blanks for our phonograph, and all present were informed that if they would all join in singing their national air, the instrument would reproduce it. Since they had never seen nor heard of a phonograph, doubt and curiosity prevailed; so sing they did, and right lustily.

At the conclusion of the song the phonograph was started and after a few wheezes and coughs it reproduced their song. After an inspired silence, they were asked their opinion of it and replied that it was an instrument wonderful beyond compare, with an exceptional memory, for it had not only reproduced the air, but all of the different parts. And, stranger still, even the words in a foreign language, were repeated correctly and without an accent!

Our first visit to Samoa was made for the purpose of lending assistance in the solution of the problem as to who should be the recognized king, giving due weight and consideration to the claims of the several candidates, with particular regard for the one who might be most favorably inclined toward American interests, for Samoa was then an independent country under native rulers.

Many changes have been made since that time; dynasties have risen and fallen; foreign countries are to-day exercising jurisdiction which has been acquired by annexation and conquest. Since the Germans lost their foothold during the World War, the islands have



Admiral Sir David Beatty, R. N. Captain Wurtzburg, U. S. N.,
Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. N.

Photograph from the Photographic Laboratory, U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois

FROM WHALING TO "KINGING"

been divided by treaty between the United States and Great Britain, the former holding the eastern portion, with the capital at Pago Pago, the latter the western islands with Apia for its capital.

Royalty here, as in Hawaii, was taken seriously, and the former kings and chiefs are still highly respected and treated with deference. But here, as elsewhere in the South Seas, it was somewhat difficult at times to "pick your king" from the other natives, unless you had been previously informed.

Once, when anchored in a small harbor on the south shore of the island of Ponape, which lies between the Marshall and Caroline groups in the Western Pacific, I was directed to make a boat passage from there to the capital of the island, to call on the king and invite him to visit the ship. En route while making passage through a mangrove lagoon, we encountered a whale-boat manned by natives. Finding that the steersman of the crew understood English, I explained the object of my mission and asked directions. The man was dressed in a long white shirt worn outside his trousers, and a straw hat. He informed me that he was the king and was on his way to visit the ship.

"Where did you learn to speak English so well?" I asked him though as a matter of fact he spoke it very imperfectly, more in the form of a jargon than anything else. He replied by stating that in his younger days he had made several cruises on American whalers; that he had visited Australia, Liverpool, San Francisco and other ports, and he seemed quite proud of it.

"How did you happen to become king of Ponape?"

He answered that his father had been the king, who, when he died, was succeeded by the oldest son,

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and that on the latter's death he himself had inherited the title.

"Which do you like the better—kinging or whaling?"

The gist of his reply was that there was much of interest in both, but that on the whole he preferred "kinging." At any rate he was a highly respected, just and beloved king, eminently fitted for the duties of his office.

Forty years ago, Tahiti far outstripped the other mid-Pacific equatorial islands in the adoption of modern civilization, and Papeete, the capital, was a well-built commercial city, with an excellent harbor, macadamized streets, plaza, water system, modern residences and an active thriving trade.

Excellent roads for those days, built by the French Government, connected the outlying districts with the capital. Here the native life seemed to be the connecting link between the old and the new. During the day commercialism predominated; business and social intercourse, while not necessarily stilted, was yet to a degree formal and carried out in accordance with the conventions of modern civilization. But after sunset it was "all off" so far as the pleasure-loving Tahitians were concerned. Most of the foreign residents, and apparently all of the visitors, were only too eager to join the natives in their pleasure-loving customs.

The plaza in the center of the city had been made very attractive. It was planted with shade-trees and decorated with appropriate tropical foliage and blossoms. In the center there was a band-stand which was occupied by the local band, or one from some of the visiting war-ships. A broad gravel walk, exclu-

sively for pedestrians, encircled the park and bandstand. By eight o'clock the crowd would have assembled; everybody seemed to come—natives, residents, visitors, officers from the ships, from the admiral down to the youngest midshipman. With rare exceptions introductions were unnecessary. Formalities on such occasions, if understood, were considered superfluous. You were a visitor and a guest, and the people welcomed you spontaneously and invited you to join them in their pleasures.

On every side, there was the greatest animation, gaiety and smiling countenances, in anticipation of the music and dancing soon to follow. There was a hustle and bustle to find a partner and join the procession and take position with the merry throng which, as soon as the band began playing some lively modern air, moved, arm in arm, hand in hand, or arms around each other, in cadence to the music and merrily surged around the plaza. All was smiles, laughter, merriment, with not a discordant note.

Immediately when the band stopped playing came the *hula*, danced exclusively by the girls and young women, who would temporarily desert their partners, take position in formation, tuck up their *holukus* in improvised belts and await the signal to start. After a droning chorus by the older women, on the first stroke of the drum or sounding board, with symmetry of motion the *hula* would begin.

No written description would be adequate or sufficiently realistic to describe the wonder and interest that this dance produced. The *hula*, as previously stated, is symbolical of deed, thought or emotion which is interpreted by the accompanying song, but this one was evidently unrelated to heroics or serious

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subjects, judging from the joyous animation, evident humor and sheer joy of living which the participants so continuously expressed. It was evident that certain parts were burlesqued, and to those who spoke the language and understood the import, it never failed to provoke a spontaneous outburst of laughter and applause.

Again the band would play, followed by another *hula*. So the evening would pass, with cordial invitations from new-made friends to share their unstinted hospitality, both in Papeete and in the country round-about.

Some of the largest estates were held by high chiefs descended from and closely related to the late royal family. They were highly respected by natives and whites alike, and deservedly so, not only because of their inherited rank, but also because of the wise and philanthropic manner in which they administered their duties. Although men of education, who had traveled extensively, spoke French and English fluently, they still retained many of the characteristics of the old days. This was evident in their lavish hospitality, generosity, improvidence, indolence, love of ease, lack of commercial enterprise, or ability to take advantage of promising opportunities, or protect themselves against dishonest business methods.

In the administration of their estates they were not unlike feudal barons, but far more just and generous to their dependents than were the lords of medieval Europe to their subjects.

Their country residences were fitted with modern conveniences and some of the luxuries; and they were handsomely, if not always tastefully, furnished. Yet numerous incongruities not infrequently showed that

A PLEASURE-LOVING PEOPLE

the owner had not entirely overcome his primitive tastes. It was odd to see some of the men in *pareus* (figured loin-cloths) doing the honors in drawing-rooms furnished in modern style, completely oblivious to the startling contrast to social conventions. Cultivated, well-educated native ladies, in *holokus*, who spoke French and English fluently, sat on mats on the floor in the drawing-room or the veranda, in preference to the chairs or sofas with which the rooms were furnished, and were apparently oblivious to the fact that it was anything out of the ordinary.

There was an entire absence of formality, an apparent familiar equality of every one present, regardless of rank, position or condition; and yet there was an evident inborn respect for the chief which prevented any trespass on the part of any one beyond certain well-established bounds of familiarity.

For the entertainment of the guests there were feasts, music, singing, dancing, horseback riding, swimming, boating, fishing, hunting, all *ad lib*, generally at no special hour or prearranged time, but more on the spur of the moment as fancy dictated.

And there was no prohibition ! On the other hand, quite a variety of drinks were always in evidence, though it was rare to see any one much intoxicated. The whole day and most of the evening was given over to pleasure, so that at the end of a several-days visit, it was really a relief to return to the ship for a much needed rest.

It would be hard to find in any community a more lovable and charming family than that of the brothers and sisters of the late queen. It is an honor to have been included in their list of friends, and the memory of my several visits to Tahiti and the many happy

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hours spent with them, will always constitute one of the brightest spots in my South Sea cruising.

Forty-odd years elapsed between my first and last visit to Samoa. Surely no greater changes could have taken place in any other part of the world that is familiar to me than in these islands. While there are still visible signs of bygone days in the costumes, houses and customs of some of the older natives, yet both Pago Pago and Apia, the respective American and British capitals, are decidedly modernized. Good roads, electric lights, automobiles, race-tracks, golf courses, hospitals, radio, comfortable dwellings with modern conveniences, uniformed police force, commercial institutions and regular communication with the outside world by mail and radio, with many other modern innovations, bring them well within the bounds of civilization as we understand it.

But have the so-called blessings of Christianity and civilization added anything that compensates for their former happy and care-free life, which they enjoyed before the advent of the white man? If it be necessary to be a Christian and live up to Christian teaching in order to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, those religiously inclined will answer at once that the Samoans have at least obtained this opportunity; whether they take advantage of it or not is another matter. It seems to me that a civilization that sets out to conquer the world by spreading the gospel has, in general, worked most disastrously for the poor, ignorant, simple natives who have acquired a new religion which, though it promises much, under certain reservations, in the next world, leaves them mighty little in this one.

The Samoans were neither ruthlessly exterminated

PRESENT-DAY SAMOA

by the whites, nor plundered, as were the aborigines of Mexico by Cortés, the Incas by Pizarro, or the North American Indians by the Pilgrim Fathers and other settlers, who also absorbed or confiscated their lands without compensation. But in addition to the introduction of many fatal diseases, hitherto unknown to them, intoxicants and other equally disastrous curses of our so-called civilization, the Samoans were deprived of their care-free, pleasure-loving, easy-going existence, and to-day find that they must work and conform to the standards and laws imposed upon them by their conquerors, whether they wish to or not. Not that they are in any sense unjustly treated, but more that they are compelled to comply with modern usage under existing conditions, if they would continue to live in the land of their ancestors.

It is a real pleasure, however, to note the successful efforts that are being made in both British and American Samoa to promote the interests of the natives, to encourage and protect them in their commercial dealings, to give them a share in the government through their chiefs, who are appointed to certain offices by the governors, to encourage the old simple life, to administer morally and physically to their several needs, and to use every effort to make them happy and contented. This policy is meeting with success.

The governor of our colony is an American naval officer, who is also commandant of the Naval Station at Pago Pago. He has an ample administrative staff of other naval officers, and keeps in close touch with the natives, who honor and respect him. Altruism is everywhere in evidence, and the people are loyal and prosperous.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Much of this has been gained by guarding them from outside influences and administering to their wants honorably and judiciously through trusted assistants. It is an ideal colony and we may well be proud of it.

CHAPTER IX

HUNTING AND SHOOTING IN ALASKA

IT WAS formerly the custom to order naval officers on a variety of duties in other departments of the government, some of which, like the Coast Survey and Lighthouse Service, were instructive and personally beneficial. In the former a young officer had far more responsibility in handling ships and in navigation than in the regular navy, and it was an excellent school.

Along our continental coast-line the more refined work was generally assigned to trained civil assistants, but in Alaska the naval parties did every class of work.

We started from the very beginning by measuring our own base, establishing our geographic position astronomically, then doing the primary and secondary triangulation, hydrography and topography, and all of the work required to complete a finished hydrographic chart.

There was a great fascination in the field work of surveying in Alaska. The life in the open, the constant hazard and adventure, the ever-changing interest, the diversity of sport in fishing and shooting, and the glorious mountain climbing made the whole entrancing. And all of this was in the midst of the most wonderful, beautiful and diversified scenery, supplemented by a bracing climate, which, though there was a great deal of precipitation, was exceptionally healthy.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

I am speaking of southeast Alaska, the fringe of the coast, with its outlying islands, from the southern boundary in latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$ N. to the Alaska Peninsula, where the climate is largely affected by the Japan Stream, just as Great Britain is affected by the Gulf Stream, and where the winter is not so rigorous as it is in the interior.

The average temperature of Sitka, in latitude $57^{\circ} 30'$ N. is about the same as that of Washington, D. C., only that of Sitka is more equable. Woolen clothes are comfortable the year round, and while it rains a great deal, one becomes accustomed to it, learns to work out-of-doors and keep dry, and rarely suffers from a serious wetting.

It is a singular thing that though it rains almost every day in southeast Alaska, under cover it is very dry, and game will keep for days if hung in the open air, under shelter. If it had to be kept for a month or longer, it was easy to find the end of a dead glacier, prepare a small chamber and cache our game and, for that matter, our eggs, butter or anything else that is usually preserved by cold storage.

While we had the necessities on board ship in the shape of staple foods, we still depended largely on foraging for our meats and fish, including clams and crabs. Deer were very abundant; at times we had grouse, ptarmigan, plover, ducks and geese, and as for fish—no one who has not been in Alaska can conceive of the variety and vast quantity which can be taken almost anywhere. Salmon choke the streams in the spawning season; trout are in every stream and can be taken in unlimited quantities; halibut, cod, sea-bass, herring, shrimp, crabs, clams and many other varieties may be obtained easily when wanted.

ONE HUNDRED TROUT IN TWO HOURS

Just one reference to catching trout with a four-ounce casting rod:—two of us, casting with artificial bait, took one hundred and twenty-three trout in two hours. They weighed, all told, three hundred and seventy pounds; the smallest was one and three-quarters pounds, the largest four and three-quarters pounds, making the average about three pounds. We fished about two hours and did not keep all of our fish. This record was entered in the ship's log.

In the summer the sun remains above the horizon from eighteen to twenty-two hours and even at midnight there is still ample light for work or recreation out-of-doors. Inasmuch as our working hours ended at six P. M., we still had several hours of daylight left, which we often utilized in whipping some inviting trout stream, of which there would not infrequently be several in our immediate vicinity.

Salt-water fish abounded in quantities everywhere. All that was necessary was to drop over the side of the boat a lure made of lead and keep it in motion by jigging it on the line. In a very short time enough fish could be taken to feed the ship's company. On one occasion, in less than half an hour, two of us took one thousand four hundred pounds of halibut, using artificial bait, or the lead lure which had been molded on board ship.

Delicious clams may be found on the beach at low tide almost anywhere, and several varieties of crabs may be speared when the surface of the water is smooth enough to see them in shallow depths. In fact, Alaskan waters teem with life, and the fisheries constitute the greatest wealth of the country, far exceeding in value the mining industry or any other.

Foraging for our table was incidental to our field

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

work, and we soon learned several new methods of taking game, other than by shooting it. For instance, in many of the glacial valleys there are immense gravel and boulder beds extending for miles from tide-water to the head of the valley, covered with rank grass and vegetation, and drained by swift-running streams, clear as crystal.

Here many aquatic birds, including ducks and geese, make their nests and raise their young. The mergansers, in particular, favor such places, especially when, as is often the case, there are a number of small lakes or ponds, scattered about. While the merganser is a fish duck and not over-palatable when grown, the young, about the time they are beginning to fly, are fat to bursting, not at all fishy, and very good eating. In order to catch them we would spread an ordinary fish seine immediately below a sharp bend in the stream, with the foot just under the surface of the water, and an ample belly or bag held open by the current.

A party of men would go quietly to the head of the valley, keeping away from the stream, and when a mile or so above the net, begin beating the land on each side of the stream by forming a skirmish line or cordon. By making a lot of noise they would start the ducks down-stream. Most of the old ones would take to the air, but would occasionally alight and try to lead us away by pretending to be wounded. The young ones would go flopping down the stream, the flock rapidly increasing as the beaters advanced, until sometimes there would be as many as a couple of hundred of them.

If all went well, when the flock turned the sharp corner in the swift current, they would be arrested by

WILD DUCK CAPTURED BY HAND

the net, and many would drift into it where they were easily caught. In the confusion of the moment, quite a number of those that did not enter could be killed with poles kept in readiness for the occasion.

It seems a preposterous statement, but I have actually captured full-grown wild ducks in the open with my hands alone.

At the mouth of the Nushagak River, Bristol Bay, north of the Alaskan Peninsula, the heavy seas have thrown up a barrier of high sand-dunes, which protects a large area from the sea and affords an ideal nesting ground for several species of ducks, geese and other migratory birds that breed in the Arctic and sub-Arctic latitudes. It is sandy, fairly level, and drained by a network of small, shallow, fresh-water sloughs, the shores of which are lined with a heavy growth of grass and aquatic plants.

I happened to be there when the young mallards were apparently a week or ten days old, and in attempting to catch some in a dip-net for examination, I noticed that the old one would play the broken-wing game and go flopping along down the slough in an attempt to lead me away from her young, which in their turn would quickly hide themselves in the grass. The old one remained within fifteen or twenty yards of me and with no special purpose in mind, I ran after her, when she at once dived. Since the water was only a couple of feet deep, and clear, it was no trouble to overtake and run alongside her as she swam under water in plain sight. At the limit of her breathless endurance, she could come to the surface, but on seeing me near would immediately redive and continue her under-water flight. After two or three such laps, she would become tired out and turn into the grass and

weeds to hide. Then, as I was directly over her, and only three or four feet away, by jumping quickly into the water and making a grab, I was occasionally able to secure her in my hands.

There was really no particular object in doing so; only the opportunity offered and I took advantage of it. It seems all but needless to add that she was invariably tossed into the air so that she could return to her young.

Later in the season, when the young geese were nearly grown and were almost ready to migrate to the southward, many of them would find their way from the brush to the immense open flat beaches, where the receding tide would leave endless small pools and miniature streams which drained them. Here the different broods, each accompanied by the two old ones, would collect in flocks of varying size. For some reason they had almost no fear of human beings and could be approached fairly close, especially if a little cover offered itself. If they had not been startled, it was possible to kill all one required with a few well-directed strokes of a stick.

One of the funniest and most singular experiences occurred to one of our party because of our propensity to capture the young birds.

It was nothing uncommon to see and even meet the Alaskan brown bears on the south side of the Alaskan Peninsula, for in those days this section was unfrequented, there were no settlements, and very few Indians there. Hence the bears and other game were not so afraid of human beings as they are where contact has taught them that mankind is their most deadly enemy.

It is true that in the early days when the whites

PUT TO FLIGHT BY A QUACK

first visited the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, the grizzly would frequently attack a man. But when firearms were introduced, and these bears learned that man was an enemy to be feared, they ceased to attack, and almost invariably decamp at the sight or smell of him. There may be exceptions, but even the grizzly in these days rarely ventures voluntarily to attack man, while a hundred-odd years ago, say at the time of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, just the reverse was the case. There are numerous records to show that grizzlies were then to be feared when met in the wilds. The brown bears of Alaska resemble, and have many of the characteristics of, the grizzly.

On this particular occasion one of our party had caught a young mallard, a gentle little creature, and stowed it away in his shirt, where it seemed to be perfectly happy and contented. Resting on the side of a small knoll, he became aware of the fact that a large brown bear was coming directly toward him down wind. These bears will not attack man unless they have been wounded or are protecting their young; but in this case the bear could neither see nor smell him, and since he had no rifle, he was thinking desperately what method of procedure he might follow in case the bear should make up its mind to show fight. Never dreaming of the part the little duck might play, he arose quietly to see how far distant the bear might be, and to his surprise found it only thirty or forty feet away, standing perfectly still and gazing at him, apparently unperturbed.

For some reason the little duck *quacked* just at this moment and to his infinite joy the sound seemed to surprise and frighten the bear beyond measure. Instantly the bear took flight and made top speed until it

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

reached the fringe of woods that lined the shore, where it promptly disappeared. I repeat in all sincerity that this is a true story, as are the others concerning natural history.

Once, in Alaska, I was using a deer call which simulates the bleat of fawns in distress, and to which both bucks and does will respond, when I became aware of the close approach of what I naturally assumed to be a deer. The only evidence I had was the slight noise behind me, made by its contact with the vegetation. Since the forest was unusually thick in that direction and a quick shot might be required, I waited until I estimated the creature's distance to be twenty yards, when I rose, gun at shoulder, for a snap-shot.

Imagine my surprise to find that my visitor was a brown bear which had been stalking me, thinking from the call that I was a fawn. If I were startled and surprised, I had nothing on the bear, which wheeled and made for cover through a small alder swamp, leaving a well-defined trail where it had knocked down or broken the limbs of a number of small trees.

While our ship was surveying in the vicinity of Peril Strait, which separates Baranof and Chicagof Islands, we learned to know some of the Indians at the village of Kilisinoo. Sometimes, when off duty, or when my work required climbing to the tops of some of the mountains that lay along the edges of the navigable waters, I would employ some of the Indians to accompany me as packers, or as guides to point out the best trail. In this way I became well acquainted with them, particularly with one or two who spoke English fairly well and had a common-school education.

THE BEAR OF "HAUNTED" BAY

It is difficult to draw an Indian into conversation. He may answer questions and volunteer certain information, but he is reticent when it comes to entering into any general discussion or expressing his views, particularly when he thinks you might not agree with him.

One of them whom I knew rather intimately and whose confidence I had won would talk freely at times. One day I asked him the translation of the Indian name, *Saouk*, (pronounced Tsar-ook), which was applied to a little bay in the north end of Baranof Island. He said it meant "Haunted" or "Spirit" Bay. In further explanation he stated that it derived its name from an old she-bear that lived at the head of the bay. She was invulnerable, and had been shot several times by bullets which had had no effect, and each time she had been shot at she had started for the hunter and driven him away. This yarn made but little impression on me for I knew the Indian's superstitious and credulous nature.

Some months later our work took us to Saouk Bay. One day three of our men returned hurriedly and somewhat excitedly to the small tug anchored offshore at the head of the bay, and stated that a brown she-bear with a large cub made for them and chased them, compelling them to take to the boat, since they had no firearms.

Recalling the Indian's yarn, but still skeptical, I took a rifle and started ashore to investigate. Keeping under cover and noiselessly approaching the place indicated, under the guidance of the men, I saw the old bear about fifty yards distant, sitting in a stream and fanning out salmon to a three-quarters grown cub on shore.

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Then, fully impressed with the idea that she would run when she saw me, I ran hurriedly out of the thicket in order to startle her, and yelled "*Shoo!*", or "*Scat!*" or something equally foolish, at the top of my voice, expecting to see her and the cub take to the tall timber in double-quick time. She did nothing of the sort. She got up out of that stream and came right for me, while I continued to yell at her, wave my arms and dance about, making myself as conspicuous as possible. I had kept her well covered, and when there was no room for doubt that she intended to attack, I had no option but to kill her.

Then the mystery was explained. We naturally supposed the cub would make tracks up the mountain, but instead it dragged itself laboriously by its front legs alone. Its hind legs were paralyzed, or else it had a broken back. So after all it was a case of defending her young; otherwise I have no doubt whatever that both she and the cub would have run at the approach of man.

In skinning and cutting her up we found three smooth-bore leaden bullets that had struck her ribs or other bones. These bullets had evidently been fired by the Indians and, missing a vital spot, had become encysted.

There is a common belief on the part of some that neither the grizzly of the United States, nor the brown bear of Alaska can be tamed, that they never lose their viciousness and ferocity. I know but little of the grizzly, but I am led to believe that they and the Alaskan brown bear have many characteristics in common and are not very dissimilar in their traits, as already stated.

But this I do know, that there is not the slightest



Admiral Rodman and hunting party on a mountaintop in Alaska



On the banks of an Alaskan trout stream



Landing a four-pound trout from an Alaskan stream

BROWN BEARS AS SHIP'S PETS

difficulty in taming the young brown bears, and they make interesting and gentle pets up to the time they are grown. One day in Juneau, the capital of Alaska, my attention was directed to three very young brown bears in a caged window. As I approached them the owner warned me to be careful. He said they were savage and in a constant rage, pacing up and down the cage, and, small as they were, might inflict a painful wound. It didn't take a minute, on closer inspection, for me to see that the little fellows were all but starved, and I inferred correctly that their restlessness and apparent antagonism were due more to hunger than anything else.

To test my theory, I prepared a pan of warm milk and took it, with a basket of huckleberries, to the cage. In five minutes I had all three scrambling over me in their energetic efforts to fill their empty stomachs, and with no more antipathy or fear than a child would have shown.

As a matter of fact I purchased the lot and they made delightful ship's pets during the several months that we kept them on board.

The killing of big game is distasteful to me, and I would not kill anything unless it were one of the big cat family, or some animal that is dangerous and destructive to human beings or the larger wild animals. In my younger days I was not so deeply impressed with this idea as I am now, and killed a great many deer. While it must be admitted that the sport of it was the dominating reason for shooting them, still they were all used for food, for it was sometimes necessary to replenish our supply in this way.

One afternoon in the Yangtze Valley, not far from Tung-Liu, China, another officer and I killed thirty-

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three small river deer. They had herded down into some abandoned and submerged peanut fields to feed on the ruined crop. For some reason we were unable to purchase any meat, and as we had three or four gunboats, and no other means of obtaining meat, we landed a number of men to make a deer drive. Some of the men had guns, but the captain of one of the gunboats and I got nearly all the deer with our shotguns. These little deer will lie as close as a rabbit and one can almost step on it before it takes flight, so shotguns are very effective. During this drive a couple jumped simultaneously from under my feet and I got them both, one with each barrel.

While there are a great many wolves in some parts of Alaska, we did not come in contact with them very often, so from my own knowledge and experience I can not say under what circumstances they may or may not attack human beings. But this is what happened on one occasion.

I had walked alongshore from Yakutat Bay, near Mount Saint Elias, to Dry Bay, some sixty miles to the southward, accompanied by one of our civil assistants and a couple of Indians. We camped each night and walked throughout the day. I was so tired from carrying a heavy load and making a hurried trip, that when an opportunity offered, I sold my rifle in order to lessen the load on the return journey.

The first part of the return trip lay along the outer ocean beach, which was hard sand and good going in comparison with any other travel on foot in this part of the world. In order to select a camp site and have it ready, I went alone ahead of the party a distance of four or five miles.

I had noted a number of female hair seals hauled

up on the beach and, in observing their actions, noticed that they made a hollow booming sound by striking the hard sand with their flippers. Whether or not it was the breeding season I do not know, but it seemed to attract the bull seals, who would assemble in the water near the females, from three to five strong, and give vent to their feelings by barking or bellowing.

I had arrived at my destination and was tired. I had on clothes which slightly simulated the color of the hair seal as I lay at full length on the sand. Without any real expectation of decoying the bulls, I struck the hollowed palms of my hands together in an attempt to imitate the sound made by the females.

To my surprise, several bulls took notice and came abreast of me in the water, but showed suspicion and did not attempt to land. I realized this, and to give them a surprise and scare, I suddenly jumped up and yelled at the top of my voice. If they were surprised, far more was I, for a gray wolf had been stalking me and was within ten or fifteen yards of me when I jumped, apparently at the psychological moment. Under the conditions, he had possibly mistaken me for a seal, on which the wolves feed and it might have been serious, had he attacked while I was lying down. The intervening open space between the sea and the timber was, say, a couple of hundred yards, but I estimated that in spite of his excessive speed he must have touched the sand at least a couple of times in his wild flight for cover when he realized the true state of affairs.

CHAPTER X

ALASKA, WHALES AND LIGHTHOUSES

IF YOU have spent your life in traveling, if you have not only followed the beaten tracks, but wandered afield in the byways as well as the highways, and visited some of the out-of-the-way quarters of the globe, you have absorbed a lot of curious and interesting information. Often you pick up a bit here and a bit there in some other far distant place, which may be closely related and which, taken together, shed light on one and the same subject.

This fact was brought home to me through information conveyed by a Yakutat Indian who had worked for me and who had lived for a while in Seattle, where he had attended school.

Lying at anchor in Yakutat Bay late one summer evening, we had remained on deck until after midnight, entranced by the glories of a most wonderful sunset on Mount Saint Elias that rose some eighteen thousand feet, apparently almost sheer from the water's edge, though in fact it was thirty miles inland.

In this high latitude one can almost read at midnight and it never gets dark in the summer months. Here we could almost follow the course of the sun from the illumination in the sky, as its rays shot from behind the mountains. It was gorgeous and fascinating; the colors and their changes were spectacular, while to the southward the full moon showed just above the low fringe of trees on the moraine that lay between the mountains and the seashore.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

Wild geese filled the air and salmon were jumping in the waters around us. The Malaspina Glacier, nearly one hundred miles on the front, was directly across the bay, and snow and ice were the prevailing features of the high mountain landscape.

This Indian was with us, and the conversation turned on mountain climbing. We spoke of Doctor Cook's attempt to reach the top of Mount McKinley, the account of which he had published in book form, and the tenor of our comments was that, judging from our Alaskan knowledge and experience, he had accomplished a most difficult feat.

Later I was surprised to hear this Indian say, "Mr. Rodman, Doctor Cook never climbed to the top of Mount McKinley."

"But I have read his book and he gives a full description of it—why do you say that he didn't do it?"

"Because I was a member of the party and went as high as any one did, and none of us got anywhere near the top." He said he had heard about the book, but hadn't read it or seen it, and that since he was an Indian, he wouldn't expect us to take his word against a white man's.

I do not know why the matter was not investigated. But our life was full and busy and there was neither the time nor opportunity to ascertain the truth and, like many other statements, as time wore on, very little thought was given to it. Some years later came Doctor Cook's claim that he had reached the North Pole. We are all familiar with that gigantic hoax, and the positive proof to the contrary.

During the World War, Major Filippi, of the Italian Army, who had accompanied the Duke d' Abruzzi on his mountain climbing expeditions in Africa

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and Alaska, came on board my flag-ship in the North Sea to talk to us about the Italian operations against the Austrians. Afterward, as we were sitting in my cabin and discussing our Alaskan experiences and his climb to the top of Mount Saint Elias, I mentioned casually that Doctor Cook's climb to the top of Mount McKinley must have been difficult because that mountain is almost two thousand feet higher and much farther inland than Mount Saint Elias and hence more difficult to negotiate.

Major Filippi hesitated before replying, possibly showing some embarrassment, and said, "Admiral, since you are an American, as is Doctor Cook, it is hardly seeming in me to cast any aspersion or create any doubt in your mind as to the veracity of Doctor Cook's statements or claims in regard to his reaching the top of Mount McKinley. As a matter of fact, however, there are no doubts in my mind. He never reached the top."

Then he proceeded to give a number of valid and plausible reasons why Doctor Cook's statements were unreliable, if not deliberate fabrications. When he had finished I told him what the Indian had told me—and that he had been deliberately led into expressing his opinion, one which is shared by a great many others, your humble servant included. So one must conclude that Doctor Cook stands preeminently the most colossal liar and fraud of our times. This statement is amply confirmed by his trial and conviction for his dealings in bogus oil stocks and his efforts to defraud the public commercially, as he had previously tried to deceive them in his claims of discovery and travel.

Alaska is exceptionally rich in timber, the whole

ALASKAN VEGETATION

of the southeastern part being an immense forest of valuable coniferous trees: hemlock, spruce and cedar, with cottonwood and birch in the interior. Since water-power is available, pulp-mills will be established, particularly when the supplies of material nearer home have become exhausted.

Alaska is remarkably fertile in places, and plants adapted to the climate do exceedingly well. Certain vegetables are cultivated, and a little grain grown in the interior, but only for local markets. Berries thrive, many in the wild state, and reach a high degree of perfection.

Alaska can never become a farming country, that is it will never produce crops for export, due to the rigorous climate, short season, uneven surface and heavy cost of transportation. But when the available lands in the United States have been preempted and cultivated, when our country, like Japan, becomes overpopulated and other fields must be sought, then Alaska will be available and can support a large population on the supposition that all produce will be consumed locally.

The vegetation and foliage is so luxuriant in the summer that it rivals the tropics, particularly along the shore-line in southeast Alaska. And surely no country in the world can rival it for the variety, beauty and abundance of its wild flowers. In many places they lend color to the landscape and, mingled with the infinite shades of green, give the impression of being a gigantic carpet of brilliant coloring, in perfect harmony with its surroundings.

The suddenness with which spring arrives in these northern latitudes is startling. One season in the latter part of May we anchored in the harbor of

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Petropavlovskii, Kamchatka, which has in some respects a similar climate to that of Alaska. When we arrived the landscape was devoid of green and was still that of winter, though the snow had melted in patches.

In a very few days the trees were in full leaf and the bare ground was covered with new vegetation, among which were a number of blooming plants. Plant life followed close in the wake of the melting snow, and some of it actually forced its way up through the receding drifts and burst into bloom. It seemed as if we had jumped from winter into summer in less than a week's time, that is, so far as vegetation was concerned, for there was no sudden change in temperature.

It is beyond me to describe the wonderful and glorious scenery. Take any that you have ever seen and multiply it by X, and you will approximate to that of Alaska. There are bays and fjords in the interior waters whose scenery rivals, if not exceeds, that of Yosemite in grandeur and beauty. The little glaciers of the Alps would not be noticed or named in Alaska; in fact the Malaspina and other glaciers in the vicinity of Yakutat Bay would easily cover the whole of Switzerland. There are snow-clad peaks rising precipitously to twenty thousand feet; active glaciers two miles on the front; waterfalls everywhere, thousands of lakes, all combined to excite interest and admiration from the time the territory is reached until one's journey is completed.

Traveling in Alaska has been made easy and comfortable both on the water and on land. There are several steamship lines which may be taken from either Seattle or Vancouver, which follow the inland route,

TRAVELING IN ALASKA

where the waters are as smooth as those of Chesapeake Bay. This route is made up of a series of inter-connecting narrow straits and channels, lying between wooded mountains that rise precipitously in places, on both sides, with a never-ending change of view in a picturesque panorama a thousand miles long.

If one be going to the interior by way of Seward, at the end of the steamer route, there will be a railroad journey of four hundred and seventy-odd miles, and the train service and accommodations are comfortable and excellent. There will be something new and different to attract one's attention and interest from the beginning to the end of the journey.

After having spent most of my life traveling around the world, over many of the beaten tracks, and in the some of the byways too, I can not understand why Americans, who like nature or scenery, will so often go to Europe when our numerous national parks and Alaska are so much more interesting and would give so much greater returns for the money expended. A transcontinental trip, combined with the inland trip to Alaska, costs so much less than a passage to Europe in any first-class steamer. I have spent eight summers in Alaska and could spend as many more there and never tire of it, always finding much that is new and absorbing, so greatly is its scenery diversified.

During our last visit in Alaskan waters we became aware of the vast changes that have taken place in the methods of hunting, killing and trying out whales. Formerly small square-rigged sailing ships were almost exclusively used for deep-sea work. They were fitted out for three years and spent most of the time cruising out of sight of land, rarely entering port except to replenish food and supplies, and then only

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

stopping long enough to accomplish their mission and head out to sea again.

The quarters for the men in these ships were vermin-infested pest-holes; a Chinese opium-joint would be a drawing-room in comparison. The food was notoriously bad and often insufficient, and there were no pleasures or diversions for any one on board. The crew generally shipped on shares, that is, they were to receive a proportionate share of the profits of the catch, but more often found themselves in debt for a small advance in cash and the exorbitant prices charged for any article purchased on board.

It was hazardous in the extreme; aside from the fact that the ships were small, exposed to every sort of weather, and cruised in the Arctic and other dangerous places, the work itself was dangerous. It was a dog's life no matter from what angle it may have been viewed.

But now small steamers, with every modern appliance, have superseded the others. No longer is it necessary to chase the whales in open boats, harpoon them and hold on until they can be brought to the surface and lanced. No longer do we see the tow back to the ship, the crude methods of cutting up the whales alongside and trying them out, using blubber for fuel, with all the filth and smells that attended these operations, and the habitual stink of the ship from the decayed bits that found their way into the seams and crevices and were left there until they rotted away.

Now the whales are killed by firing on them from the ship itself, with a gun that sinks a harpoon with a line attached. If necessary, an explosive charge can be used to kill the whale, to put an end to its struggles. The carcase can now be drawn alongside by a capstan

WHALING IN ALASKAN WATERS

and the cuts hoisted on board by power winches, where immense kettles, heated by steam, soon try out the oil, which is at once stored in air-tight tanks below to keep it pure and sweet. In fact, some of the most modern vessels are fitted to envelop the whale and avoid the risk and danger of cutting it up alongside. These steamers fit out for short voyages and keep in touch with ports where adequate fresh provisions and supplies may be obtained.

Recently, when on the outer coast of Alaska, we fell in with a whaling steamer that had just killed two whales. It had attached red marker flags to them so that they could be found and recovered, and was then tied up to a third, which was floundering around as it was being hauled alongside, where a shot soon put it out of its misery. Had the sea been rough, the three whales could have been towed into port, which was only a few miles distant, and the work of obtaining the oil could have been done under shelter, in the quiet waters of some of the harbors. In some localities, where whales are abundant close inshore, after having been killed, they are towed in and all further work done at the shore stations.

Unless some limitation be soon put on the number killed, or a closed season inaugurated, it looks as if they, like many of the other large mammals, will soon be exterminated.

While I was attached to the United States Coast Survey, I spent four summers in Alaska, part of the time in the interior waters, where whales came to feed and breed. One summer our astronomer established his camp and set up his instruments on a cape between two deep indentations, where the whales were constantly passing and repassing, blowing as usual and

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

sometimes jumping almost clear of the water and falling back with a big splash.

In that high latitude where, in the summer months, there was so much daylight, the astronomer could only observe between ten P. M. and two A. M. and even then it was none too dark. He had a rather nervous disposition; small things worried him. The noise of the whales seemed to irritate him, so much so in fact, that he actually requested permission to change the site of the observatory to some quiet spot where the whales could not annoy him at all times of the day and night by playing around in his front yard!

I was returning from work one day from the head of one of the inlets, in company with another officer. We were in a dinghy which was being towed by a steam launch. We became aware that three orcas, or whale-killers, were following us, and from their actions we questioned whether or not they might attack. At any rate, to keep on the safe side, with our rifles ready we ran into shoal water, upon which they left us. To this day, I can not make up my mind as to why they followed us, or whether they were considering an attack.

I have repeatedly witnessed attacks on whales, both by the orca and the thresher. On one occasion, in Silver Bay, Alaska, a narrow indentation several miles long, between high mountains, near Sitka, I saw thousands of porpoises and maybe over a hundred whales, all feeding on herring. A shoal of eight or ten orcas entered this place and attacked the whales, upon which the whole lot, porpoises and all, made for the open sea through the narrow entrance where our steam launch was taking soundings.

It was an extraordinarily marvelous and unusual

WHALE-KILLERS

sight—it was a race par excellence, at top speed, for the outer bay. The water was white with flying spray and the commotion caused by the attack and the effort to escape. No attention whatever was paid to our boat; we could all but touch the porpoises with our hands as they hurried past, and some of the whales passed us only a few feet distant.

And then we found ourselves in the midst of the fight. The efforts of the killers seemed to be directed against one or two of the whales. These in their attempts to get outside came directly toward us, and even though we maneuvered to avoid them, they came several times within an ace of ramming or sinking the boat. But fortunately they missed us, though there was little room to spare.

Once I was addressing a body of boys and telling them something about whales.

One of them said, “Admiral, did you ever see a whale-killer?”

“Yes,” I replied, “many a time. There are two kinds—the orca, belonging to the whale family, and the thresher, belonging to the shark family.”

“How do they kill the whale, Admiral?”

I made it a point to avoid giving misinformation or pretending to know when there were doubts in my mind so I replied:

“Well, boys, I am not certain; but I know that both attack the head end of the whale and, I believe, the tongue, which seems to be the vulnerable part.”

“Why don’t the whales keep their mouths shut?” asked one of them, and at the same time I wondered if it would not have been wiser on my part to have kept mine shut too, in the midst of so many bright and intelligent youngsters.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Speaking of whales, which are the monsters or largest mammals of the deep, reminds me of the legends concerning sea-serpents which are so commonly credited, by a great many people.

The ancients firmly believed in sea-serpents and not infrequently pictured them on their charts, while in my own time I have seen references to them in the public press, wherein some one has claimed to have seen one and finds many who believe the yarn. Strange as it may seem, there are several reasonable grounds for the existence of the illusion, but none for the serpent itself. Several times in my life I have seen that which the uninitiated might think was actually a sea-serpent.

In low visibility, that is, when it is thick, foggy, hazy or misty, it is extremely difficult to judge distances or get well-defined images of objects seen at sea. For instance, off the coast of Nantucket in the autumn, there are large numbers of surf ducks which remain in flocks and feed in salt water. It is often characteristic of them to "follow the leader" and string out in a long line when in flight.

As they go from place to place, the line rises and falls at times with something of a wave motion, especially if the flock be near the water and the head of the column rises above the rest. Because of the indistinctness due to low visibility and their method of flying, I have sometimes seen them when it was not difficult to imagine that they resembled some huge sea-serpent traveling along the horizon, with its head and forward part of the body erect, propelling itself rapidly with the remainder of the body.

Cormorants, particularly on the west coast of South America, fly very much the same way in going

TESTING EFFECTS OF A WATER-SPOUT

to and from their feeding grounds, and so do pelicans the world over.

It would be endless to touch on the thousand and one myths and beliefs that pertain to the sea, but I can not refrain from mentioning one that is generally believed—that a water-spout may be dissipated by the concussion of a gun. Nothing could be sillier or more nonsensical. Water-spouts are local vorticular storms, similar to tornadoes on shore, and in addition to this gyratory motion, they travel along the surface of the water.

In the vortex the gyratory wind-currents attain a hurricane velocity which would prove very destructive to a sailing ship, but would only cause superficial damage to a large modern ocean-going steamer. To think that the concussion of a single gun could end this maelstrom is foolish beyond compare. Steamers can easily avoid water-spouts by changing course and giving them a wide berth. But I desired to test the effects of a water-spout, and obtained the captain's permission (reluctantly given) to do so.

We were coming home from the China Station in a small cruiser steaming across the Atlantic in the vicinity of the Azores when we ran into a veritable nest of water-spouts. Sometimes three or four were visible at one time, and several times we changed course to avoid them. So when permission was given, we steamed into the outer edge of the spout, where the sea was lashed to a frenzy of foam by the tornado-like wind. When it struck us, the ship heeled over about fifteen degrees, the canvas screens were ripped loose and torn to ribbons, everything loose on deck was picked up and sent helter-skelter, and much of it overboard. The wind caused a tremendous suction in the smoke-stacks

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which created consternation in the fire-room, and caused the men, who were totally unaware of what we were doing, to rush for the fire-room ladders in a wild scramble for the main deck.

Overboard went the captain's cap, like many others. In order to be heard above the roar of the hurricane he yelled in my ear at the top of his voice, "Starboard, you damned fool! Hard-a-starboard and get out of this!" His orders were instantly obeyed and as we emerged his first comment was, "You made me lose a brand-new, fifteen-dollar cap."

No, I didn't resent his calling me a damned fool. I felt that he was perfectly right; besides, if our relations had not been almost those of father and son, he would not have done it.

The damage to the ship was estimated at several hundred dollars. Did we fire a gun to test its effect? Hardly—it would have been just as easy to cure a headache by tickling the sole of one's foot with a broomstraw as to have snuffed out the water-spout by firing a gun.

During one of our summers in Alaska our work kept us in the immediate vicinity of Sitka, which was then the capital and the largest city in the territory. Several of the officers in our party, including myself, had their wives with them, and I felt particularly fortunate in having found a small cottage which I leased for the summer. Its owner, George Castro-mitrinoff, was, as the name implies, of Russian descent; in fact he was born in Sitka while Russia still owned Alaska, and was at the time the interpreter of the United States court for he spoke the Indian dialects as well as Russian and English.

Every one called him George and often spoke of his

“CAST YOUR MITTEN OFF”

wife as Mrs. George, since his surname seemed difficult to remember, and he asked my wife to follow the same custom. But in her reserve she thought it more dignified to learn the Russian name and use it; whereupon George reminded her that she could easily recall it if she would think of the English words, “Cast your mitten off.”

Several days after our occupancy, I returned home one evening, and my wife informed me that our landlord and his wife had called, but that she found it impossible to remember their name which was quite embarrassing.

Then I said, “Don’t you remember a formula or expression that he gave you to assist in recalling it?”

“Yes,” she said. “It was something about ‘Throw your glove away,’ but that doesn’t seem to help me recall it in the least.”

After that it was always Mr. and Mrs. George.

A few years ago President Harding, accompanied by several members of his Cabinet and the speaker of the House of Representatives, made an inspection trip to Alaska, and it was my good fortune to receive an invitation from the president to accompany him. I presume he invited me because I had often talked with him about that territory, and had spent so much time there in surveying and exploring that I had acquired a smattering knowledge of its activities and possibilities which might be of use to him, and also because he wished to safeguard the movements of his ship in some of the waters which as yet are none too well surveyed or charted.

After a leisurely overland trip in a special train, during which we visited a number of cities and some of the national parks, we embarked for Alaska, sailing

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from Tacoma, and proceeding through the inland
passage.

My duties carried me into the presence of the president not infrequently. On one occasion, I judged from his conversation with one of his advisers that there was reason to believe that the incumbent of a certain office was not making good and might be removed.

"Would you accept the position, Admiral?" said the president.

"Yes, sir," I said, "from a sense of duty if nothing else."

"Do you want it?"

"No, sir."

"Then you are probably the only man in the United States who doesn't want something. As a matter of curiosity, why don't you want it?"

"Because it's abroad, outside of the United States, and since I have spent so much of my life away from my home country, I want to spend as much of the remainder as possible in it."

"Then you needn't accept it; but, by the way, I have never asked you if you are a Republican or a Democrat."

"Mr. President," I said, "one in your exalted position is entitled to a direct answer, and I generally give one; but I am going to let you draw your own inference from this little yarn."

Then I told him that shortly after graduation at Annapolis, while I was at home on leave down in Kentucky, I met a darky about my own age, whom I had known all my life.

In conversation with him I said, "John, which are you—an optimist or a pessimist?"



U. S. S. Utah, coming bows-on

U. S. Navy Department photograph

His face fell for a moment, then gathering courage and confidence, he replied:

“Ah aint quite sho which Ah is—but Ah knows dis much—in de winter-time Ah is a possumist.”

I saw Mr. Harding daily during a period of six weeks or two months, and had many relations with him, both official and personal, and learned to admire him exceedingly. I have no affiliation with either party, am absolutely a non-partisan, do not desire or seek any office in the gift of the president, and know practically nothing of the game of politics, so no one can justly accuse me of basing my opinion of him on party or political affiliation.

Mr. Harding was a lovable man, of great personal magnetism, human, thoughtful and kindly; no matter what may have been his calling or profession, he would have attracted other men to him in any walk of life. I am possibly not competent to adjudge his official acts, but this I do believe—that from the goodness of his heart and his possible desire to advance old friends, he may have been injudicious in the selection of some of the members of his Cabinet, who betrayed their trust and cast a stigma upon the administration. At the same time, he also went to the other extreme, and chose some of the strongest and best men in the country for other Cabinet portfolios.

We are all familiar with the charges against the Secretary of the Interior with reference to the oil scandals, and those against the Department of Justice, or rather, the head of it who was brought to trial for malfeasance in office. Let it be admitted for the sake of argument that these two Cabinet officers were guilty, for certainly there were the very strongest reasons to think so; yet I can not believe that Mr. Harding

was cognizant of the situation, abetted it, or dreamed of its existence until the blow fell.

I can find no excuse for the publication of the book entitled *Revelry* which, though it purports to be fiction, must be assumed to represent the actions of men in public life during Mr. Harding's administration, including the president himself. It is simply preposterous for any one who knew Mr. Harding, to attempt to class him as this book seems to do, with impostors, get-rich-quick schemes and public defrauders. The language ascribed to the character supposed to impersonate him is that of a felonious blackguard, whereas Mr. Harding's ordinary language, among his intimates, was always chaste, and he attracted attention by his choice of words, clearness of expression, and the absence of profanity or vulgarity.

I remember so well the surprise and shock in Mr. Harding's face on one occasion at an answer to one of his questions; but his sense of humor immediately turned it into a burst of natural laughter. During our tour of Alaska, while inspecting the coal-mines of Matanuska, a group of Indian children had been assembled, and among other stunts there was a pie-eating contest, wherein huckleberry pies were laid on a wooden table and each child, with hands tied behind his back, was trying to finish his pie in the shortest time.

The winner, a boy of about fourteen, face covered with huckleberry stain, was presented to the president, who asked in his affable, kindly way, "Well, little man, what is your name?"

Without a moment's hesitation the boy answered, "Jim the Heller, son of Tough-Luck."

It is a long jump from service in Alaska to becom-

ing a lighthouse inspector on our southern Atlantic coast, though it should be stated that several periods of sea and other duties intervened. As inspector my district extended from Cape Fear, North Carolina, to Jupiter Light in Florida. In addition to the light-houses on shore and in the channels, we had several light-ships anchored offshore, the crews of which consisted of a captain, cook, mate and six men.

Heindrick Heindricksen was the captain of Martin's Industry Light-ship, off Savannah and, so far as the industrious and efficient execution of his duties was concerned, it would be hard to find a better man. But it seemed impossible, in spite of frequent admonitions, for him to adhere to our regular forms in making his returns, or even in making some of the routine reports.

On one occasion I received from him a requisition for stores, provisions and supplies, written in pencil on a sheet of foolscap paper. The items were not grouped according to class, and the request bore this heading:

"Sir, Mr. Inspector, I needs the following much and prompt." Following this came numbered items, wherein No. 18 called for three bushels of onions; No. 19, *one mate*; No. 20, a skillet, et cetera. There, sandwiched in between the onions and a skillet, was a requisition for a mate.

The articles were sent to him with the usual letter of admonition and warning, which stated that difficulty had been experienced in reading Item 19, but that if it called for a new mate, he should make a full report of any dereliction on the part of the said mate, giving reasons for his discharge, and ample opportunity would then be given the mate to answer any charges. The letter requested all details and particulars.

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Then came this from the said Heindrick Heindricksen:

“Sir, Mr. Inspector:

“On Nov. 27 I sent the Mate Mr. Shirelock ashore dead; he cut his juggling vein. He done it with a safety raiser blad, and done it good and plenty. More particular he cut his fingers some a doing of it. He aint got nuthin to say.

“Heindrick Heindricksen.”

Just one more story of the Lighthouse Service: A man who had been on Frying Pan Shoal Light-ship, off Cape Fear, North Carolina, for twenty-two years as a seaman and mate, was given the position as assistant keeper ashore at Cape Fear Light. He had been married for years, and, following our practise, had been entitled to remain on shore one month out of every three during his term of service on the light-ship.

After two or three months in his new position he asked permission to return to the light-ship in any capacity, saying that he was lonesome on shore, it was monotonous, time hung on his hands—at sea ships were constantly passing, there was more of interest and amusement on shipboard, and there *he was his own boss*.

It seems all but incredible that any one should make such a choice, especially when he was happily married, his pay was increased, and the shore light afforded far more comfort and decidedly less work than the light-ship twenty or thirty miles offshore, out of sight of land, where he had to remain two months at a time without going on shore.

BIRDS AND THE LIGHTS

While still in the Lighthouse Service, I became very much interested in cooperating with the Biological Survey of the Agriculture Department, in collecting data concerning the migration of birds, particularly those that pass up and down our Atlantic coast.

It came about in this wise. In my frequent inspections the lighthouse keepers would often tell me of birds being killed by flying into the lights, particularly on stormy or misty nights, when the weather was thick and when, in all probability, the birds could neither judge distance, nor see clearly. At one time the keeper at Cape Romaine Light, South Carolina, was offered a transfer to another post where the salary was higher. He gave as one reason for deciding to remain, the fact that the number of edible game birds killed at the light made a very appreciable difference in the cost of his food, in addition to which he was often able to sell many others.

It seemed hard to believe that some of the larger birds could damage the light; but such was the case when they struck it with their own velocity added to that of a gale. The actual light itself ordinarily consisted of a kerosene lamp with several concentric wicks, surrounded by lenses for concentrating or dispersing the rays. This, in turn, was encased in a circular metal framework fitted with plate-glass panes half an inch thick.

This outer glass casing was smashed so often at Cape Romaine Light, and several others, that it became necessary to put a protective screen of heavy wire mesh on the outside of the glass to break the force of the blows from the birds.

Cooperating with the Agricultural Department, we supplied the keepers of the first order lights with

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a small kit of tools and certain preservatives, together with a manual of instruction as to how to remove and prepare the skins of all birds found around the lights. We also gave them printed tags for the birds, on which to enter interesting and necessary data. A great deal of valuable information was obtained in this way, and utilized by the Biological Survey.

Formerly officers of both the army and the navy had the reputation of drinking too much, and while it was true that there were some very heavy drinkers in the navy, on the whole we were no more intemperate than the average man in civil life. Even when intoxicants were permitted on board ship, prior to the advent of national prohibition, the privilege was abused more by the notorious few than by the service in general. As a whole, the navy could not rightfully be charged with being intemperate.

There were, however, some well-known and conspicuous examples of heavy drinkers, and I remember one commanding officer who was rarely on neutral ground. He was either drunk or sober, for his indulgence was periodical. On one occasion when we were in Shanghai, China, round or about New Year's Day, the "old man" had imbibed very freely and was loaded to the gunwales; and while he was still in this condition we sailed for Hongkong. On the south side of the Yangtze River, between Shanghai and the mouth, is a light-ship called Drinkwater Light.

I had the middle watch, from midnight to four A. M. About three A. M. the "Skipper," unsteady on his pins and equally so in his mind, climbed the bridge ladder with difficulty and, pointing to the light, said in a stilted stagey voice, "What light is that, sir?"

“Drinkwater, sir,” I replied.

“Don’t you cast any aspersions on my actions or conduct, young man, for I will not stand for your impertinence.”

Fortunately for me, the navigator came to the rescue about this time and finally appeased him.

Of course there could never be any collusion in evidence before a general court-martial, but an inference, at least, might be drawn from the following incident.

A certain naval vessel sailed from New York for Hampton Roads, and was wrecked on the outer coast, north of the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. There was some implication that perhaps the flowing bowl had been patronized too freely before sailing. At any rate the vessel went on the beach and became a total loss. It developed in the testimony before the court that there had been a mistake in the identification of a light, and that the vessel changed its course to the westward too soon, in consequence of which the disaster occurred. Through all the testimony of the officers ran the fact that though the light was white, they thought it was red, owing to thick weather or poor visibility. Had it been red there might have been some mitigating circumstances.

Then the quartermaster of the watch was called as a witness and placed under oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I reiterate that *of course* there could be no collusion (?). So, following the usual form and custom, the witness was asked the first question, “What is your name and rate, and where were you stationed on the night of the *nth* of January, 18—?”

“Sir,” he said, “the light was red.”

CHAPTER XI

GUNBOATING IN ASIATIC WATERS

TWENTY-ODD years ago, gunboating in China was never lacking in interest. Often the responsibility of taking action, sometimes very drastic at that, fell to the lot of comparatively young officers. Not that there are not still many situations which require tact and diplomacy to handle, but they are more likely to be entrusted to older and more experienced officers in command of the larger ships, or flag officers themselves.

My principal duties while in command of the Yangtze River district were to protect the lives and property of Americans and citizens of friendly nations, and most of my work related to missionaries directly or indirectly.

There has always been a question in my mind as to the advisability of the policy of sending missionaries to the so-called heathen nations, if the primary and principal reason be solely to convert them to Christianity; for, frankly, doubt will persist in my mind as to the divinity of the Christ, and the inspiration of the Bible.

The educational and medical missionary promotes the spread of useful knowledge, and the latter do a world of good in healing the sick and teaching sanitation and kindred subjects. Of course missionaries organize and support orphanages and do much charitable and other commendable work, but I am not

an advocate of their religious efforts. I honestly believe that the imposition of religion on others has been one of the basic causes of war since the world began, which, in turn, has led to more misery, suffering and mental anguish than anything else, and far overbalances any good that may have been accomplished by religion.

This opinion, concerning the inadvisability of sending missionaries abroad solely to convert the heathen, is shared by many naval officers who have been thrown in contact with them. My opinion has been formed after a two-year tour of duty on the Yangtze River in China, where much of my work was devoted to their protection, and my contact with them elsewhere.

Through the agency of one missionary in particular, our ships were kept at one time for many months on the inhospitable coast of Asia Minor. While the ship was lying at Messina, a couple of us bicycled up to Tarsus. Tarsus, like most Turkish cities in that part of the country, reeked with filth, was vile smelling, unsanitary and most uninviting from every standpoint. Having read something of its history, we were trying to locate the site where Antony and Cleopatra formerly celebrated and held high carnival, when whom should we happen to meet but the Buck Missionary himself, who persisted in his efforts to keep us on the coast.

He dismissed our inquiries about the orgies of the ancient monarch as a matter of not the slightest moment or interest, and at once, in a clerical tone and manner, turned to the subject of American missionaries, praised their efforts, and stated that he was aware of the fact that naval officers in general would like to see them abolished.

"Not at all," I replied.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said he. "Would you mind telling me why?"

"Because," I said, "if it were not for the fact that the missionaries continually rub the natives the wrong way and stir up strife, the navy would have very little reason for existing in these piping times of peace."

"Do you realize," he replied, "that it was from this very city of Tarsus that Saul, called Paul of Tarsus, went forth to spread the doctrines of Christ and thus became the first Christian missionary?"

"Well, sir," I said, "that raises Paul in my estimation a hundredfold. Since I have seen and smelled Tarsus, I can readily understand why Paul, or any one else who lived here, would resort to any subterfuge or excuse to get out of Tarsus. He would even ride the blind-baggage, sneak out through a sewer, if there were one, ship as a deck-hand on a pirate galley, to say nothing of sliding down the wall after dark—any excuse to get out of Tarsus, and you can't blame him—even if he had to sell peanuts, peddle the daily papers, or black shoes, once he made good his escape."

As a matter of fact, a great many of the missionaries I have met abroad would hardly have been a success in any walk of life and were people of narrow minds and small caliber. On the other hand, I have met many cultured and charming men and women who have devoted their life's work to efforts to the conversion of the so-called heathen, to the education of some and improving the conditions of others, and have admirably succeeded in their efforts.

Here in our country there is an enmity between the Protestants and Catholics, both of whom disparage the Mormons, Seventh Day Adventists, Christian

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Scientists, Holy Rollers, Unitarians, and so on. Each sect, of which there is an endless number, disparages all others that differ with it in belief.

Abroad in the missionary field, this fact is even more pronounced, and as a sporting proposition it must test the intellect of the native to pick the winner, provided he has had an opportunity to make a choice before giving up his own belief and trusting his future life to one of the numerous ones offered. Unless conclusive proof can be given that the results, without any doubt whatever, will be those promised and set forth, the said native had better go a bit slow and not be too hasty in making a decision. Even after he has decided, I wonder if all doubt will be removed. It certainly seems to be in evidence here at home.

Missionaries, like other foreigners, had certain vested rights in China, in the exercise of which they were not infrequently a thorn in the flesh of the Chinese. This caused so much irritation that violence to life or property, or both, sometimes resulted. When such conditions arose, unless matters were promptly adjusted, the local disaffection was apt to spread into a general conflagration. It was our policy to take very active measures to rectify matters promptly, often on our own responsibility, since communications were poor and a delay might be fatal. One instance may suffice, for they were all more or less similar.

Six French priests and three British missionaries were murdered in Nanchang, the capital city of Kiangsi Province, at the southern end of Poyang Lake, some four hundred miles up the Yangtze; the former through disputes which arose concerning the transfer of certain land titles, and the latter from the resultant antipathy to foreigners.

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As soon as the news reached me we started for Kiukiang, the nearest river port, and directed all gunboats to join us there. On arrival, I called upon the *tautai*, or governor, informed him of conditions and requested his aid and influence to help suppress the dangerous anti-foreign feeling which was rapidly gaining headway. He informed me that he had no jurisdiction, that it was outside his province and hence he would not interfere.

I then directed his attention to the fact that this matter was not only local, but concerned the Chinese Government as well; and added that he was the highest government official in my vicinity and hence the government's representative, just as I was the representative of the United States. He was still obdurate, declined to take action and continued to plead no authority in the matter.

In the meantime one of the smaller gunboats, in command of a lieutenant, had been directed to enter Poyang Lake, though that had been forbidden by the Chinese authorities. The lieutenant was cautioned that the forts guarding the entrance might possibly fire upon him, but he was instructed to proceed, nevertheless, and to get in touch with the foreigners in Nanchang, and take over the situation in that section.

As he passed the fort, a signal was made to him to stop, but he ignored it and proceeded as ordered. In the meantime a British gunboat arrived at Kiukiang and after discussing the situation with her commanding officer, I again called on the *tautai*, stating that I had learned that he had a thousand or fifteen hundred native troops in the city. I told him there was reason to believe that the antipathy to foreigners had spread to them and that they would be a menace to the foreign

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population, that the foreigners had already been warned to be prepared to evacuate the city and go on board vessels under our protection, and if that became necessary and the troops joined with the populace of Nanchang and threatened to do violence, there would be no other course left for us but to open fire.

As it is customary in the Chinese language to speak idiomatically, I informed him that inasmuch as the barracks were beyond his *yamen*, or residence, and as some of our *powder might be none too strong*, a few shots might possibly fall in his compound while we were getting the range of the barracks, thus endangering his life and property. I concluded by saying we would immediately take position to carry the plan into effect.

It was then that he asked me to explain again just what was expected of him. He was informed that we were soliciting his aid and influence to impress the Nanchang authorities with the seriousness of the situation and the dire international complications that would surely arise if the pending uprising were not nipped in the bud. I told him that if he would use his influence, it would be immediately reported to our minister at Peking and he would be given the proper credit for suppressing the uprising; but that if he declined to acquiesce, this fact would also be reported. After a little further discussion, he stated that he would give us every aid and assistance, and asked that we take no drastic steps until he could communicate with Nanchang. Since he had telegraphic communication, he was allowed a specified time, but with the understanding that if any further overt act came to my attention, I would take such action as the occasion required, even to opening fire, if it seemed necessary.

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It is a pleasure to state that no further trouble occurred. In discussing the affair with the *tautai* later, I showed him my report in which he was given the proper credit. He expressed his appreciation and stated that he would be pleased to make me a present, and intimated that it might be a pair of handsome Chinese vases from the Imperial pottery, which was in his district. Since there was also an intimation that I might have some choice in the selection, I stated that his very generous offer would not be accepted. I told him, however, that which would please me and my government over and above all else would be his pledge of hearty cooperation in preventing any like occurrence, and his valued assistance in suppressing it, should one unfortunately arise. This he willingly gave.

This incident was instrumental in my renewing an old friendship. Some forty-odd years ago, the Chinese Government sent a number of young students to this country to be educated with the view of appointing them, on their return, to government positions. Most of them were graduates of our universities and well qualified for the service for which they had been prepared.

For centuries past it had been the custom in China to hold annual competitive examinations for thousands of applicants and to appoint to government office those who attained the highest multiple. But these examinations were based solely on the Chinese classics and were purely literary; hence the experiment of sending these young men abroad to obtain an Occidental education. Unfortunately, on their return, instead of being placed where their services might have been of real value, most of them were assigned to subordinate positions in the post and telegraph service, while the

literary graduates continued to secure the most important billets.

It was in Shanghai, some twenty-odd years before the Kiukiang incident, that I met some of those who had been educated in America—in fact we used to play baseball with them and fraternized in many other ways, and learned to know them very well indeed.

Since there were claims for indemnity submitted for the French and British nationals who had been murdered at Nanchang, the *tautai* of Tientsin, a treaty port near Peking, was sent to Kiukiang to investigate the facts. This officer happened to be Liang, one of these students whom I had formerly known at Shanghai. He spent several days with me on board ship while on this duty, and we took advantage of the opportunity to renew our former friendship.

After his duties connected with his mission had been completed, there was ample time for us to discuss matters in general pertaining to China and its foreign relations, which to me were intensely interesting, for I got a first-hand Chinese point of view from one very well qualified. As such acquaintances are of short duration with naval officers, who are continually wandering about the face of the earth, I gave but little thought to the probability of ever meeting him again, in spite of a cordial invitation to visit him, should my duties or pleasure ever carry me to Tientsin.

Some years later, when in command of a cruiser in Chinese waters, our admiral assembled the fleet off Chinwangtao, in northern China, and directed all commanding officers to accompany him to Peking to be presented to the regent, who was acting for his nephew, the boy emperor.

No nation is more punctilious than the Chinese in

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the observance of the etiquette and conventions which obtain in all ceremonials. So the admiral and his party were thoroughly instructed in the forms to be observed. We were first to be presented to the Cabinet, who, when we were formed in line, would pass before us and bow. We were to return the bow in like manner, but to use no spoken word. The admiral alone would address the regent and confine his remarks to weather conditions and best wishes for the health of the regent.

As we formed our line in the antechamber to meet the Cabinet, I was deeply impressed with the gorgeous costumes of the mandarins, their very intelligent faces, and the novelty of our thoroughly Oriental surroundings.

We bowed automatically as the Cabinet passed us. As the fourth Cabinet officer stood in front of me we bowed, then in a subdued whisper that was as startling as it was sudden, came the words in pure English, "Hello, Rodman." As I quickly looked up and recognized Liang, his signal to disregard his salutation and keep quiet stopped the reply on my lips.

He had risen to be the president of the Waiwupu, or minister of foreign affairs. After the ceremonial function had been concluded, we foregathered and celebrated for old time's sake, and he was instrumental in making my visit noteworthy by obtaining permission for me to visit many places of interest, which would otherwise have been forbidden.

On a later occasion, when one of the uprisings had gathered greater headway than usual and had spread to several of the river cities, my ship was stationed at Chinkiang, where the Grand Canal crosses the Yangtze, for the purpose of protecting foreign lives and property. For a while things looked ominous,

but later cleared up without any hostile action on the part of the disaffected rioters.

This is mentioned to illustrate how one's feelings may be harrowed by circumstances which he is helpless to remedy. While it was incumbent on me to remain in Chinkiang, I was fully cognizant of the fact that an even worse and more dangerous condition existed in Shanghai, where advices informed us there had been severe street rioting, resulting in loss of life. Landing parties from the German and Japanese ships were guarding part of the American concession where my wife was stopping at one of the hotels. In fact, some of the heaviest fighting, which resulted in loss of life, had taken place in the street in front of her windows. Knowing this, it was still incumbent on me to remain at Chinkiang, much as I naturally desired to be near her in Shanghai.

How different are the conditions in China to-day from what they were twenty years ago! Then the mere presence of a gunboat off a river city was sufficient to prevent an uprising, and a show of force would put an end to it almost at once. To-day, as the result of the chaotic condition of the whole of China, warring factions have driven nearly all of the foreigners out of central and southern China, the Yangtze River treaty ports included. They have confiscated alien property, paralyzed commerce, and compelled former foreign residents to take refuge in Shanghai, Canton and elsewhere. The presence of the whole of our Asiatic naval force is required in these waters, augmented by additional cruisers and marines, to safeguard the lives of these refugees.

In addition to this other nations have been compelled to follow the same course and send not only

their vessels for the same purpose, but in some cases large land forces as well.

Personally I am not sorry to see the missionaries expelled, who were there solely for the purpose of converting the heathen, as the Chinese were usually called, for I can't see that they accomplished much.

Inasmuch as the Chinese have resented the missionaries' efforts to get them to accept Christianity, even to the extent of showing their antipathy by open revolt, my sympathy is with the Chinaman, so long as he refrains from violence. He has a perfect right to his own religion in his own country, just as religious liberty is guaranteed to us by our Constitution.

It is not my belief that all of the millions who have lived since the advent of Christ, *but have never heard of Him*, have been or will be condemned to everlasting punishment, if there is going to be any such thing.

Philanthropic work and the alleviation of suffering, want and ignorance, are highly commendable and receive my hearty support. But I do not believe they should be dependent upon religion or belief, nor that they should of necessity be administered by religious orders. In my two years of intimate intercourse with the Chinese in the Yangtze Valley I found the masses to be gentle, kindly and inoffensive, unless aroused by cause. They were ignorant and illiterate, and their knowledge of the world was largely bounded by their visible horizon.

Whether they were citizens of an empire, kingdom, republic or any other form of government seemed to be of no concern to them. That which was of far more importance was the chance to make a living sufficient to have something left after the tax-collector and higher officials had had their "squeeze" or graft.

ANTAGONISM

If naval officers in general do not hold missionaries and their efforts in high esteem, the feeling is sometimes reciprocated. Not infrequently missionaries would request permission to hold religious services on board ship, with the desire to save some of us from perdition. When the request was made, it was left to the men themselves to decide; for since a gunboat is a small affair, during service everything else in the ship had to be subordinated to that. It was like an invasion of one's home. It was only on rare occasions that any number of the officers and men desired it, but whatever the decision might be, the missionaries would be informed.

Once, in Nanking, I suggested to the missionaries that since the crew did not desire a service on board, they might give me a list of their church hours on shore, and the men who so desired would be allowed to attend. To my surprise and disgust I was informed that such a rough class of men would not be welcome visitors in their midst, the implication being that their presence might contaminate the congregation. Now, this is mentioned for two reasons: first, to show the point of view of people whose very lives we were protecting; and, second, to state emphatically that it would be hard to find a more self-respecting and well-behaved lot of men than those in our naval service.

Again, when our ship was stationed off Canton, during a threatened uprising where conditions were such that we actually had landing parties on shore under arms to protect foreign residents, including missionaries of course, permission was refused us to send two of our men, who were desperately ill, to a missionary hospital, even though we offered logical solutions to their objections.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

I have met some very fine, cultivated and charming people among the missionaries all over the *heathen* world, but the general run of those in the Chinese work, with whom I have been thrown in contact were a narrow-minded, bigoted lot. I have sometimes thought that some of them have not always made true representations of actual facts and conditions in their fields of endeavor, when soliciting subscriptions at home to be used to convert the heathen.

Rather an amusing incident happened at Nanking when a new viceroy was due to arrive. The then incumbent was decidedly pro-American, and it was a question as to whether his successor would be pro-American or pro-German. The gunboats of four or five nationalities had gathered at Nanking to honor the coming of the viceroy, who was to arrive on a Chinese cruiser from up-river at eight o'clock on a certain morning. As is customary, official visits were exchanged between commanding officers of the vessels of the several nationalities. The captain of a small German cruiser, who was my senior in rank, asked if I had any objection to his firing the first salute on the viceroy's arrival, to be followed by other nations in accordance with the rank of their commanding officers. As a matter of fact, the proper thing to do for all concerned was to fire a simultaneous salute on the arrival of the viceroy regardless of rank or nationality. However, since he had asked a direct question, I replied that I hadn't the slightest objection. In expressing his appreciation he showed that he was surprised to have apparently accomplished his purpose so easily.

The evening before the date set, I confidentially informed each American commanding officer to start fires late at night, to have steam and be ready to get

NO OBJECTION WHATEVER

under way next morning at six thirty. So, at that time we got under way, steamed up the river to meet the cruiser bearing the viceroy, and as soon as we were near enough, without waiting for eight o'clock, we cut loose and fired a salute, joined the cruiser and proceeded to escort her to her anchorage.

After the viceroy had landed (we arranged to send him ashore in one of our boats, with a guard of honor to accompany him to his *yamen*), the German skipper came aboard much incensed and implied that I had not stuck to my agreement. Furthermore he had reported to his superiors the day before that he would fire the first salute on the morrow and my action had put him in a bad light.

I emphatically informed him that I had not only not broken my word in any way, but had kept it to the letter. He had simply asked if I had any *objections* to his firing the first salute at Nanking and, knowing that I would not be there, I had no interest in the matter nor any right to object. It was none of my concern. I told him, furthermore, that I was in nowise responsible for the interpretation he may have put upon my answer; he had a perfect right to think as he pleased. But I would not stand for the slightest criticism on his part of the movements of American vessels under my command, nor my official actions; they were of no concern to him, and I would not discuss them.

This was just another example of a thick-headed German trying to promote his country's interests at the expense of others, even to violating well-known customs and conventions which are observed the world over. He deserved just what he got.

In those days the Yangtze Valley was a hunter's paradise. Both aquatic and land game-birds were

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

found in the greatest abundance and diversity, as well as small river deer and hare. I have already referred to the surprising number of deer that two of us killed there in one afternoon.

For years I had carried my bird-dogs to sea with me, and on this cruise I had an excellent pair, which were most useful and added much to my pleasure. My duties carried me to some of the out-of-the-way places back from the river, and sometimes necessitated long tramps. No matter whether the district was thickly populated or otherwise, the shooting was excellent, because the Chinese rarely killed any game, and when they did they generally obtained it by trapping and sent it to the foreigners' market.

During one of the famines, when we were assisting in the distribution of food, the question arose as to why the natives did not use game for food when they had such an abundance of it. The answer was somewhat startling. They said that if they ate wild birds and animals, they would become as barbarous as we were!

The Chinese methods of taking geese and ducks were different from any that had ever come under my observation. In the case of the former, they would construct cylindrical traps, about twelve feet long and five feet in diameter, built of bamboo-like reeds that grew all over the Yangtze basin. They were fitted at the ends with barbed, funnel-shape entrances, like the old-fashioned rat traps. These were baited and lines of food were laid leading up to them, and the geese in feeding would enter and be impounded.

There were two methods of catching ducks. The first was by stretching between upright posts in the marsh, ropes from which fish-hooks were pendent, and in misty, foggy or thick weather, or during darkness,



Group of Officers of the U. S. S. *Elcano*, gunboating on the Yangtze Kiang, China



Hongkong Harbor, where Dewey's Fleet lay prior to sailing for Manila

CATCHING DUCKS

the ducks would become impaled while flying low across the marsh. As a matter of fact, a close watch had to be kept when tramping ashore, particularly after dark, for one might receive a painful, if not a severe injury, should he foul one of these devices.

The second method consisted in bating a pond, the depth of which would almost reach a man's shoulders. A number of reed baskets, inverted, open end down, would be permanently secured on the feeding ground, that the ducks might become accustomed to them. The hunter would then fit a similar basket over his head, enter the water through the growing reeds, wade quietly about and, as a duck came in reach, grab it by the legs, draw it quickly under water, kill it and fasten it to his belt.

To one who has hunted all his life, it would be hard to believe that jacksnipe (Wilson) could be seined, but I have seen it done repeatedly. The Yangtze has an annual rise and fall, and reaches its maximum height in midsummer and its lowest in winter. In places the valley is an alluvial plain, covered with grass and other vegetation, without any obstruction that would foul a net dragged over it. In the spring migration, snipe come there in countless thousands, and as the water rises they keep working back to the land which has not been inundated, and may be found there in myriads.

A couple of men with a seventy-foot seine, five feet deep, made of small hard twine, would incline the net forward and, walking rapidly, advance a few yards and spread or cast it flat on the ground. Of course the jacksnipe is a close-lying bird; you can all but step on him at times before he will take flight, particularly when the cover is as good as it was there.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

When he had been covered by the net, he would invariably try to force his way up through it, never attempting to run under the edge. It was then a simple matter to reach under the net and capture the birds.

Hundreds took wing before the net reached them, and in following it with two guns, and my dogs to retrieve, I could shoot a hundred shells in an hour or so.

Incidentally game taken along the Yangtze is most varied. It was not unusual in a day's shooting to get geese, ducks of several kinds, pheasants, woodcock, quail, dove, deer and hare.

The little river deer dress about twenty-five pounds. They lie close until you are within a few yards of them, then run comparatively straight, so that an ordinary shotgun charge is deadly. I have killed no end of them with No. 8 birdshot. All of this was years ago, but from recent reports the game is rapidly disappearing, due almost entirely to the activities of agencies which have been established for collecting it and shipping it abroad in cold storage.

Gunboating in the Philippines, shortly after the Spanish-American War, was never devoid of interest and pleasure. Much of our work was in cooperation with the army in the southern islands, in suppressing insurrections, rounding up malcontents and *ladrones* (highwaymen or robbers), or in subduing the Moros, who always seemed to be in a combative mood. Most of the hardest work fell to the army, who, after getting them on the run, would depend upon the navy to head them off when escape was attempted by water.

The worst customers, by far, were the Moros, who were Mohammedan fatalists. They not infrequently fought to the death.

SUPERSTITIOUS MOROS

In addition to wearing *etang-etang*, or a charm to ward off bodily injury, they were exceptionally ignorant and superstitious, and had been taught to believe that they gained a higher place in Heaven by causing the death of a Christian.

I can recall only one instance when they surrendered in force, and that was due solely to superstition. The army had corralled two hundred and fifty of them more or less, in an old crater near the coast, and requested the navy's assistance to prevent an escape by water. On arrival, the destroyer's searchlights were at once turned on the crater and kept playing on it all night. Several times during the night a white flag was apparently waved by the Moros, but, knowing their usual treachery and being uncertain as to their meaning, we paid no attention to the signal. At daylight next morning, sure enough there was a white flag, and three of them advanced for a parley. They offered to surrender to the navy but not to the army. We still doubted their sincerity, and pressed them for a reason for their statement. They admitted that they, too, were warriors like the army, and hence would not surrender to them. But we had the *evil eye*, could work magic, and it would be useless to resist us!

Not infrequently a Moro, through misguided religious fervor would go *julamentado* or, in other words, run amuck. After bathing, shaving his head, and donning white clothes, with his bolo or *kris* concealed, he would watch his opportunity and ruthlessly murder a Christian, often with perfect disregard to any bodily injury, or even death, to himself. This custom in Sulu was fairly well checked by the army which, when it had succeeded in killing one of these fanatics, would dig a trench, place the body in it with

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

a couple of dead pigs, and cover the whole with stones and dirt. To a Mohammedan pigs are unclean. There could be no greater degradation heaped upon one than to bury him in this manner, and this policy had much to do with putting an end to their malicious custom.

The impression prevailed that permission to go *julamentado* was obtained from either the sultan or the high priest. The gunboats were painted white, the color the fanatics wore, so these dignitaries were informed that the disease was contagious and the gunboats were infected. Furthermore, they were told that if any more such cases occurred, a gunboat would also go on the rampage and would most likely vent its spleen on the sultan or priest, or their respective palaces or residences, if they could be reached by our guns. This, too, had its effect.

Strange as it may seem, I never blamed the poor deluded men who did the killing half as much as I did the instigators. They, too, should have been made to suffer.

My thoughts would revert to the times of the Inquisition, when the Church held that a dead heretic was much better than a live one, especially after he had been tortured on the rack, his property confiscated and every indignity heaped upon him, and he had finally been boiled in oil or burned at the stake. This is cited to show that even Christians were not adverse to taking human life when others disagreed with their beliefs or theories. Have not *witches* been put to death in America? Could there possibly have been a more marked example of superstition, crass ignorance or fanatical zeal?

Don't think for a moment that I would condone

NATURAL-ACTING MONKEYS

the crimes of the Moro. I am only contrasting the religious zeal of an ignorant aborigine with the zeal of what was then the highest type of educated Christian, permitted and encouraged under the sanction of the highest church dignitaries.

It was after this occurrence, while commandant at Isabella, in the Island of Basilan, that I learned to know the Moro at first hand. He believes in force and respects it, but he is amenable to kindness and responds to it. This was demonstrated when our young doctor started a clinic in an abandoned Spanish hospital and not only helped the Moros physically, but was largely instrumental in establishing a very friendly feeling which was respected by both sides.

In fact, in one of my reports to the admiral, I suggested that if we had a few more doctors to take care of all those who applied for treatment, not only from the immediate vicinity but from the near-by islands, the effect would be such that we could greatly reduce our forces, military and naval, in the southern waters.

In cooperating with the army, our men had been exercised at marching ashore, camping and woodcraft, and were encouraged to take an interest in hunting, natural history and botany.

The Philippines abound in bird life, and in tramping through the woods we constantly encountered many new and novel specimens. Every one who was hunting, fishing or tramping, was asked to make note of anything that might be worthy of recording, and to bring back to the ship for classification and record any birds or game that might be killed.

One day my clerk, a yeoman, had been observing a troop of monkeys. After following them, watching

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

them, and finally scaring them, he made this note in his record:

“Really, the whole troop acted just as natural as if they had been in a cage.”

I remember a place where hundreds of monkeys crossed a deep sluggish stream. On one side a large tree slanted well out toward the middle of the stream and fairly overtopped a grove of bamboo on the other side. The monkeys in crossing would jump from the tree, clutch the bamboo and slide to the ground.

One day, to see what might happen, when crossing time came, we exposed ourselves on the bamboo side just enough to excite suspicion, until the woods on the opposite side were full of monkeys. In the meantime we had put a rope around the bamboos nearest the water and hauled them back twenty or thirty feet, to increase the interval. Then another party of men who had been concealed behind the monkeys, let loose a war-whoop and the monkeys promptly stampeded. Up the slanting tree they went, out on the limb, and made the usual pier-head leap for the bamboo, making allowance, I presume, for the usual distance. Be that as it may, they missed it by quite a distance, and a perfect Niagara of them splashed down into the water. Shrieking, sprawling, fighting, swimming, completely dismayed they made for the shore, where they disappeared in the woods at top speed. And even though we loosened the bamboo, permitting it to resume its original position, the monkeys never used it again.

It was customary to run into Zamboanga, or some other port, at the week's end for food and supplies and recreation for the officers and men. Since there were a number of boats working together, constantly

HIS FIRST COMMAND

coming and going, we had reduced to a minimum the signaling and the red-tape when falling in with each other. At Zamboanga the water shoals quickly from over one hundred fathoms to four or five fathoms on the anchorage ground. Each of the boats on coming in would usually choose her previous anchorage, using ranges, and let go the anchor on a white sandy bottom in preference to anchoring in the dark coral. The water was very clear and the bottom in plain sight.

A young ensign was ordered to command one of the smallest gunboats, sixty-five feet long, drawing five feet of water, with a crew of fifteen men. This was his first command, and he had never served before in southern waters.

As I was sitting on the quarterdeck one Saturday afternoon, with several other boats at anchor near us, off Zamboanga, the quartermaster on watch reported to me that the P—— was in sight, coming in from the northward and making her signal number.

He was directed to answer it. Next he reported that the P—— signaled, "Request permission to proceed on duty assigned." He was directed to answer in the affirmative. Then the P—— sounded "Attention" on her bugle, causing all officers and men on our own boat to respond by standing at attention until the P—— had passed us. Her captain saluted us very formally on passing.

At the same time I heard the droning call of the leadsman in the chains, and wondered how on earth they ever expected to get bottom with a hand lead in over one hundred fathoms. Our attention by this time was very much riveted on the P——.

Then the captain, raising his speaking trumpet and issuing his order at the top of his voice as though he

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

were going to make a flying moor in an old-fashioned sailing frigate, yelled, "All hands bring ship to anchor!" At this order the boatswain's mate on the little forecastle, within ten feet of the captain, got busy with the anchor, for he was an old hand there and had often been in Zamboanga.

"Stand clear of the starboard chain!" yelled the captain. "Let go the starboard anchor!" These last two orders were given at the top of his voice though intense quiet reigned on his own ship and the other ships present.

Then the boatswain's mate, anchor in hand, said quietly and unconcernedly, "Captain, which side do you want me to throw it on?"

CHAPTER XII

THE CANAL ZONE

IN THE early 'eighties the usual periodic insurrection occurred on the Isthmus of Panama, which interfered with the railway communication, and a small force of several ships was sent to Aspinwall, as the Atlantic terminus was then called, to clear up the situation. This railroad had been built by American capital, and by treaty we had the right to keep it open. After the usual parley it became necessary to send an armed force on shore. It was my good fortune to be attached, as a midshipman, to a battery of machine-guns, or gatling guns, as they were called in those days.

After clearing up the town which is now Colon, it looked as though we might have to cross the Isthmus and make an attack on the city of Panama, and preparations were made accordingly. All sorts of visions of real fighting, scaling walls, hand-to-hand encounters, and the interest and excitement that accompanies such affairs, flitted through my mind. We wondered what might be the result, and what the future might have in store for us—when all of a sudden the whole operation was called off and peace restored.

It seems that on the previous day, while we were formulating our final plans for an attack on the city, one of our war-ships cruising in the Pacific, never dreaming of any trouble, since there was no cable, radio or other like means of communication, just happened to

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drop anchor off Panama, when at once a deputation was sent on board to offer the surrender of the city. The captain didn't even know that "it was loaded," or in other words, that there was any trouble on shore, but by judicious inquiries he ascertained the facts, accepted the surrender and communicated with our force.

Had the matter ended there, all would have been well and good, but in his report to the department he took all the credit to himself. He didn't even mention our force, and one could almost imagine from his account that he had taken the city single-handed!

It was on this visit that, acting under orders from the department, a board was appointed to make a report on the progress of the work of the Panama Canal under the French, and to prognosticate the future. I was appointed the secretary of the board. If I remember correctly, the gist of the board's findings were about as follows: it had been estimated that the canal would cost one hundred million dollars; already sixty million dollars had been expended, and the work had only been touched in the "high spots"; and very little excavation had been done. To complete the canal would cost at least twice or three times the estimated cost, *if it were ever completed at all*, which seemed problematical. There seemed to remain some doubt as to the exact route, and as to whether or not it would be a tide-water, or lock-and-dam canal.

The French plans called for a canal seventy-two feet wide at the bottom and twenty-nine and one-half feet deep, which would have been decidedly inadequate had it been completed on these lines. The present canal is three hundred feet wide at its narrowest part, through Culebra or Galliard Cut, where it pierces the continental divide. Elsewhere it is from

BUT ONE ANSWER

five hundred to one thousand feet wide. The locks are one thousand feet long and one hundred and ten feet wide. The designed depth of the canal is two hundred eleven feet.

The question had often been discussed as to the advantages and disadvantages, or the advisability of constructing, a tide-water or lock-and-dam canal. To those of us who are familiar with the conditions governing the situation, there was only one answer, namely, a lock-and-dam canal—in comparison, the other has little or no merit.

First and foremost, such a canal is far cheaper to construct, owing to its greater size and wider channels. Transit is facilitated, and time of passage is shorter than if it were built on the sea level.

In my opinion, the cost of a sea-level canal would have been prohibitive and I am not sure that it could have been accomplished through the continental divide, where it was so extremely difficult to make the excavation “stay put,” on account of the fact that the material of which the earth is composed in this vicinity is always ready to *slide*.

If it were a sea-level canal and only three hundred feet wide it would take about eight hours to transit from ocean to ocean since a speed of six knots could not be exceeded, plus the time required for lockage. In the narrower canal it would require more skill to handle the traffic at all times, but particularly when larger vessels might be passing each other.

As it is the average vessel can make a passage through in less than eight hours, including lockage, and with a greater factor of safety because there is practically no limit to speed in crossing Gatun Lake, which is formed by the dam of the same name across

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the Chagres River, and speed may be increased beyond six knots in the five-hundred-foot channels. Also the cost of maintenance is less, since the part of the canal embodied in the lake requires little or no major expenditures, other than for the aids to navigation.

To my mind there is no question but that it is the greatest work on earth ever created by the hand of man, and an enduring monument to the builders. Goethals was the creative genius to whom the credit is due; others had failed or lain down on the job, but he made it a marvelous success. Gorgas is entitled to full credit for his exceptional ability and administration of the sanitary work. Without this the canal could not have been built.

Not only was Gorgas the acknowledged authority on the prevention and eradication of yellow fever and malaria, but he extended his labors successfully in many other directions. Many of the negro laborers on the Panama Canal came from the West Indies, where hookworm, among other diseases, was rampant. American medical officers were stationed in the different islands to examine the men before they came to the Isthmus, and frequently treated those afflicted prior to their departure. That their treatment was efficacious is demonstrated by the following letter:

“Barton, P. O.

“Jamaica, B. W. I.

“October 1924.

“Dare Dr. W——:

“I write to complan erbout the hook Worm Medsin. It is too stronge an has caus me a lot of trubble. From sins I tak the medsin two treatment I feel strong an well in bodie an min an like work more than before. The which is all very well.

“HOOK WORM MEDSIN”

“But dr. Sir, a great chang has come over me in other ways. From till I tak the medsin two treatment I was mild an of a sweet disposition an were known by sich throughout the country roun erbout. An very patient. Now Sir all is chang an I feel very civil to myself. So much so that on Satday last one Jephtha Smith cuss me an I box him down too hard and him threaten to run law wid me.

“Sir, from your kindness, if the aforesaid person run law wid me I respectful asks to see His Honor for it were no other than the Hook Worm medsin make me act in sich a fierce manner.

“Expectin your kind help in need be an your indulgence ever crave, I remain as ever,

“Your patient,

“(sgd.) ABIJAH THOMAS.”

Goethals had a hard row to hoe. He overcame every obstacle, not only monumental engineering difficulties, but political and personal ones. Not only was he the head of a great engineering enterprise, but he was also an organizer and administrative genius and endowed with wonderful foresight. He was directly responsible for all of the major features which apply to the canal and its management to-day. He has been called a tsar, and sometimes worse things. After an intimate association with him as one of his assistants for two years, as marine superintendent of the canal from the days of its organization for operation until it was fully open to navigation, I can concur most decidedly in the opinion that he was a tsar beyond all manner of doubt.

But he was a just and most benevolent tsar. Had he been otherwise, the canal would never have been built. No man who served faithfully and loyally under him can but admire him. To those who gave their best

endeavor to their work he gave his whole-hearted support. In the case of those who did otherwise, he first thoroughly investigated the situation, then if he concluded they were no good, off went their heads, with short shift. He couldn't have built the canal had he acted otherwise.

My relations with him were not only intimate, but extremely cordial, and it was a real pleasure to serve under a man of his unbounded ability and exceptionally able leadership, and to have the assurance that he would bestow credit where credit was due.

And how has our government rewarded him? He has been made a major general in the army, a rank he would doubtless have attained anyway, and has been retired on six thousand dollars a year! Any other country on earth would have heaped honors upon his head and given him not less than a million dollars as a bonus.

The colonial government established by General Goethals works smoothly and easily. No important changes have been made since he established it.

During my tour of duty, committee after committee from Congress visited the Isthmus on various pretexts. Sometimes it might be supposed that these were veritable junketing trips from the picayune way in which the congressmen conducted their investigations, and the lack of benefit which resulted from them.

At least one committee pretended to believe that there might be injustice or partiality in the treatment of some of the employees; that some had more privileges than others, and as a matter of fact that was the case, as it is in every walk of life. But it can truthfully be said that there was no injustice nor discrimination, nor could the committee find any.

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS

At that time a member of Congress received a salary of seven thousand five hundred dollars a year. A rather pompous M. C. was asking a number of questions. He pointed to a dwelling and asked General Goethals who was going to occupy the house.

"Captain Rodman," said the general, "after it shall have been moved to Balboa."

"What is Captain Rodman's pay?"

"Seventy-five hundred dollars."

"That is just my salary; would I get a house like that if I came down here?"

"No, sir," said the general, "not on your life—you wouldn't get seventy-five hundred on the Isthmus."

The same member, standing on one of the Pacific locks, said to Goethals, "General, I wish you would explain to me the working of this wonderful lock." Maybe he referred to the electric "fool-proof" mechanism for handling the valves and gates. Be that as it may, General Goethals simply said that these locks were no different in principle from any others; that when a vessel entered the lower lock-chamber the gate was closed and the chamber flooded, then the upper gate opened and the vessel proceeded on the higher level.

It should be remembered that there is a series of three locks in one erection at Gatun on the Atlantic side, which, with the dam, impound the waters of Gatun Lake, and which extend via Culebra Cut through the continental divide. They are held in check by Pedro Miguel Lock on the Pacific side.

The M. C., continuing his questions, said:

"But, General, I want you to give me a full description of just exactly what is done each time a vessel uses these wonderful locks."

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

I saw a glance of withering scorn darken the general's countenance and then, like the barking of a rapid-fire gun, came the most minute and technical explanation, such as no one but a skilled technician could possibly understand. At its conclusion I am sure the M. C. was as much in the dark as ever, but to save his face, he began orating on the A. B. C.'s of a ship entering and passing through the canal, much to the disgust of Goethals and the amusement of others. After waxing eloquent, as he thought, he wound up, in substance, about as follows:

"General, we have now seen this mighty vessel enter the canal at Colon, pass up through the locks at Gatun, and find herself crossing the magnificent inland sea which you have created; then she enters Culebra Cut, finally arriving at this lock on which we stand, to be lowered into the Pacific."

"Yea," said Goethals, biting it off short, but with a puzzled look.

"Then, General, will you please tell me what was the use of wasting money in building these Pacific locks? When we get those ships up eighty-five feet in the lake, why didn't you let them go down by gravity to the Pacific?" This with an air, as much as to say, "I have certainly got you hung to a finish!"

"Well," said the general with the evident intent of keeping a serious mien, which later developed into a sinister smile, and speaking as if weighing his words, "we thought of that plan, and she certainly would go down-hill a-whooping. But she would have such a hell of a time trying to get up, bucking the current, that we decided to abandon that plan and try the lock instead."

In addition to congressional committees, we had investigators and writers galore. They bobbed up

THE WATER-HYACINTH PROBLEM

serenely from almost everywhere and were very much in evidence. I remember the typical Britisher, clothes, accent, mannerisms and all, who visited every part of the canal with the view of publishing a book on the subject. It fell to my lot to have him accompany me on some of my field work and I found him a very delightful, but credulous companion.

The water hyacinth had made its appearance on the newly created lake and, because of its rapid growth and spread, and the trouble it had caused elsewhere as an obstruction to navigation, experimental work had been inaugurated looking toward its extermination. Discussing this with my English friend, I jokingly said that we had considered importing some pigmy hippopotami and turning them loose in the lake, knowing their fondness for this plant, with the hope that they might exterminate it. But we had learned that this might have a diametrically opposite effect, for the plants had myriads of very small seeds which were indigestible and would, in consequence, pass through the hippopotami and might in this manner be spread over the whole lake, thus increasing the growth, and rendering the lake unnavigable.

Furthermore, these animals soon became very tame, and we were afraid that the passengers and crews of passing vessels would be constantly chucking all sorts of food to them and thus pollute the waters of the lake.

Again, they might not only foul the propellers of the ships, particularly those with twin screws, which protrude well outside the hull, but might also, by accident, get foul of some of the intakes or valves at the locks and cause a great deal of annoyance and bother.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Finally, that inasmuch as dwarf hippopotami are fecund breeders, produce large litters, and are notorious for wandering far afield and destroying crops, we thought it best not to introduce them on this continent, for, should they reach the Amazon and other tropical rivers, they would not only be a menace to navigation, but through injury to property might become the cause of suits for damages against the canal. While all of this was told in an exaggerated joking way, it was accepted in earnest and later appeared in print, accredited to me. This afforded me a warning that if I must joke with such people, I had better make the point plain. The whole thing was later recalled to me by an incident that happened during the World War.

We so often accredit Englishmen with being obtuse and unappreciative of American humor. Right or wrong, I believe that we do not always appreciate theirs. But, be this as it may, I had on my staff during the World War a British officer who adored *London Punch*. One day one of my aides said to him jokingly:

“Captain, don’t you think that British jokes are so obscure that one needs an interpreter to explain them?”

“Mr. X——,” he replied, “I want you to understand that British jokes are not to be laughed at!”

And some of us, at heart, agreed with him. This yarn went the rounds of the Grand Fleet, and my good friends, the Britishers, appreciated it just as much as we did.

It seems probable that my attempt to be humorous to the writer on the Isthmus was no better appreciated.

The Panama Canal has more than warranted the

COLLECTIONS FROM CANAL

enormous expenditures for its construction, which may be roughly estimated at three hundred and seventy-five million dollars. In the hearings and discussion in Congress, with reference to its necessity and utility, it was assumed that half the cost might be charged to its commercial use, and the other half to its strategic necessity.

When it was first opened, our collections were about \$127,000 per month, which in something over a year increased to \$650,000, even though the slides in Culebra Cut mitigated against it.

They are now roughly over \$2,000,000.00 per month, or \$25,000,000.00 per annum, with a maintenance expenditure of about \$8,000,000.00, leaving \$16,000,000.00 profit, or four per cent. on the investment, which is a very fair profit for a government undertaking. If we consider that only half the cost was applied for commercial purposes and the other half solely for strategic reasons, then it might be argued that commercially the canal is paying eight per cent.

It should also be remembered that the expenditures for maintenance do not apply to the canal alone, but cover the cost of the civil government as well.

In a recent passage through the canal I was most interested to note the all but complete obliteration of the scars of construction days. With the exception of a few bare places in Culebra Cut, where the earth seems most unstable and minor slides occasionally occur, nature has covered the sides with a dense tropical vegetation and foliage. The dams and the approaches to the locks have been graded and the immediate vicinity of the latter has been laid out in parks and ornamented with flowers and shrubbery.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

The buildings have taken on a more permanent look, most of the new ones being of concrete with tile roofs. The old wooden shacks of construction days are rapidly disappearing and the whole Zone offers a most pleasing, restful and delightful effect. A sail through the canal is not only a most enjoyable trip, but is an education in itself and well worth the time and money that it takes to visit the Isthmus.

Any of the Latin-Americans from South America or Central America en route to our country via the canal, get their first impression of Yankee enterprise and ability while making passage through it, and it must make a wonderful impression on their minds and vastly raise our country in their estimation.

To this day the discussion as to the feasibility and possibility of building a second canal in Nicaragua is still before the public. Our government has paid Nicaragua the sum of three million dollars for the exclusive right to construct such a canal if so desired.

To my mind there is not now, nor will there be for many years to come, if ever at all, any necessity for a second canal for the following reasons: the cost would be enormous, the canal would have to be much longer than the present one, be much more difficult to construct and maintain, and would not shorten the routes of a very large percentage of the vessels which now use the Panama Canal.

It would be far cheaper for both construction and maintenance to enlarge the Panama Canal and add other locks on the same sites to the groups now in operation. If there were any question of a shortage of water-supply in Gatun Lake for lockage, an additional dam at Alhajuela, above Gamboa, on the Chagres River, could be constructed at a relatively

TARPON FISHING AT GATUN

small cost, which would impound a sufficient reserve to eliminate such danger.

It should be remembered that the canal is far from being worked to capacity under present conditions. Though the data is not at hand, I would estimate that by working twenty-four hours a day, instead of eight or ten as at present, it could accommodate at least three or four times the tonnage that is now utilizing it, if not more.

During my tour of duty as marine superintendent of the Panama Canal, there was very little time or opportunity for recreation. It was a busy community; the day began at seven A. M. and ended when one's work was done. Much of the time was spent in the field, and office work could be attended to only when opportunity offered.

From the day when the canal opened for traffic until my tour of duty ended, my work required my presence at Culebra Cut to superintend the transit of ships owing to the constriction in the size of the cut caused by slides. There was hardly a day that I did not spend hours there.

But fortunately, I occasionally found a few hours' leisure at Gatun, and I rarely missed a chance of having a try at the tarpon below the dam. I believe this is not only the finest tarpon fishing in the world, but as sporty as fishing of any kind anywhere else on earth. That is rather a broad statement, but true nevertheless, and for the following reasons:

The lake is eighty-five feet above tide-water, and its level is maintained through a range of only a few feet, so that when it rises above its highest maintenance mark, the gates are opened and the surplus water discharged through the spillway into the old bed of the

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Chagres River, across which Gatun Dam was constructed.

The current races with a velocity of fifteen to twenty miles an hour (estimated) from the dam through the concrete spillway until it hits the old river bed. There it forms a maelstrom and becomes exceedingly rough, with whirlpools and eddies, lashed in places into a frenzy of waves and foam in which no small boat could live. The bottom is full of rocks and boulders, and the current gradually decreases through a distance of a mile or so until it reaches tide-water level in the Chagres River channel.

It was nearly certain death for a human being to fall into the water—in fact four lives were lost there during the year and a half after the canal was opened. Since the banks were all but sheer and there were only a few constricted places from which a cast could be made, one had to be on one's guard continually to avoid a fatal step or slide into the water. In order to reach a position favorable for casting, with a line secured around my waist and under my shoulders, I was lowered over a thirty-foot bank to the water's edge; and I kept the line bent to me all the time I was casting.

The water was so disturbed, so full of foam, so broken, that in the beginning the fish would grab at any lure. My favorite lure was made by seizing a roll of white bath toweling on the shank of a long hook with several lashings to make it more or less rounded, then pressing it with my foot into the red mud, giving it somewhat the appearance of a shrimp. My tackle consisted of an excellent casting reel that enabled me to reach the middle of the stream, say fifty yards, a seven-ounce split bamboo rod, and a Cuttyhunk line with a breaking strain of eighteen pounds.

SPORTY AND DIFFICULT FISHING

Tarpon come up from the sea in myriads to feed on the small fish that come over the dam, and the shrimp that appear there at certain times. Standing on the high bank overlooking the pool, I have seen their long dorsal fins bobbing up and down in such numbers that there seemed hardly room for any more to squeeze in.

The largest tarpon taken on my rig weighed seventy-one and one-fourth pounds, but it was far more difficult to kill and land it than it would have been for one of twice its weight in the open sea. We had to contend not only with the fish itself (no mean antagonist), but with the vagaries of the current and eddies, and when the fish went down-stream both his own speed and that of the current would be combined. Then, without warning, he might turn up-stream and strike an eddy, and it would be all but impossible to reel in fast enough to keep any strain at all. Besides, we had the rocks to contend with, and many a fish escaped by parting the line when he fouled a hidden obstruction and made away with yards of line.

It is a far easier matter to handle your fish in the open sea, in a spacious boat where one can take any position, when the boat can follow the general direction taken by the fish and thus ease the strain and where there is perfect freedom of motion and action. There is the same difference in handling a large bass, trout or salmon in strong running water, with the usual lurking dangers and constricted space, when compared to handling the same fish from a boat on a lake.

This was the sportiest and most difficult fishing that has ever come into my experience or under my notice. I have landed many a fish there below the

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

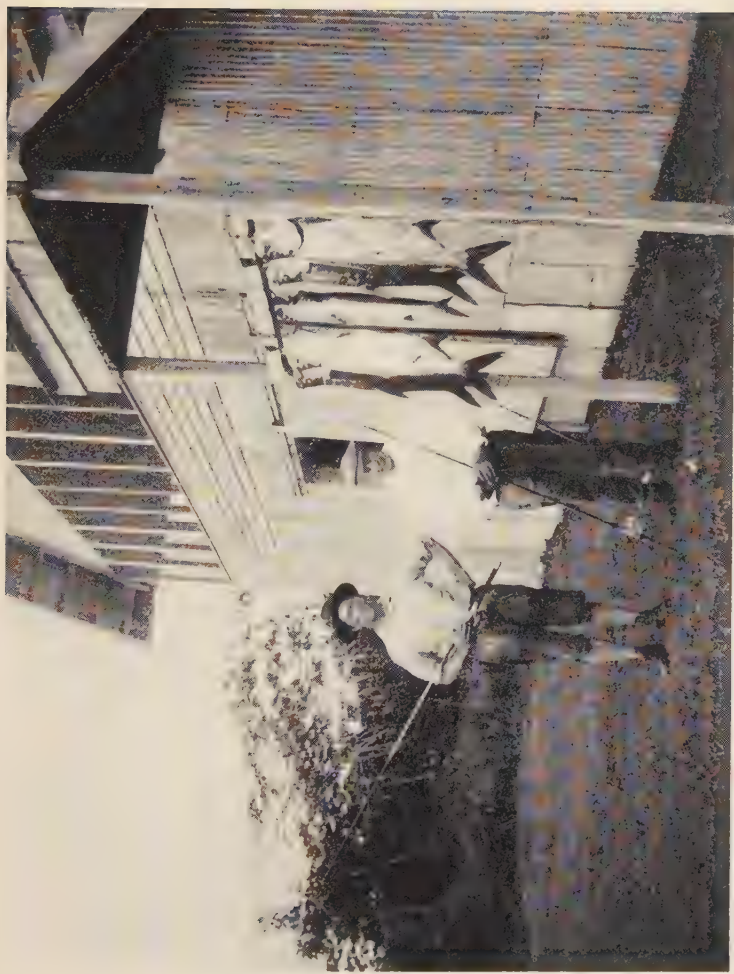
dam at Gatun, weighing from forty to sixty pounds, but found it almost as difficult to land the lighter ones as I did the heavier ones.

When the gates of the dam were closed, there was still a small volume of water flowing down the spill-way which had served the hydro-electric generating plant. Then the big fish would leave, and the smaller ones, running from five to twelve or fifteen pounds, would come up to feed on minnows.

Changing to a four-ounce rod and light line, we could wade in and had comparatively still water for handling the fish, and as a matter of fact I enjoyed this sport equally as much. I have caught as many as twenty-five of the smaller tarpon in a morning's or evening's fishing, using minnows for bait. Provided the cast was a good long one, particularly when the bait landed in water a bit clouded or covered with foam, it would be grabbed up almost at once, and one was sure of a strong and skilful fight before the fish could be landed.

Later, as an experiment, we caught a good many tarpon on home-made flies. I had never associated this idea with tarpon-fishing, having always used a lure of live bait, such as a mullet or other long, round fish. But, finding an old feather-duster, we plucked some of the feathers, lashed them to the head of a long-shanked hook, and cast them into the strongest and most ruffled water we could find, and had no end of strikes. It must not be supposed that this simulated the usual fly fishing, for it did not; almost at once our fly would be drawn under water and, as the feathers were of a brownish color, I am inclined to think it was mistaken for a shrimp.

Of course all this fishing was in fresh water, and



Catch of tarpon, Gatun Spillway, Panama, Rodman to the left

until this time tarpon had always been associated in my mind with salt water. It is true that they belong to the herring and shad family, that comes into fresh or brackish water to spawn; but these fish came in to feed and were often taken in the fresh water of the Chagres River between the dam and the sea.

So far as I know, there were formerly no tarpon in the Pacific Ocean, but as soon as the canal began operations, it was observed that large numbers of them continually entered the lower lock chambers and were locked up into the lake. So it is reasonable to suppose that in time some will traverse the lake and be locked down on the Pacific side, and find their way into that ocean.

Unfortunately the fishing at Gatun is not as good as it was formerly, owing largely to the depletion of the fish by the numerous fishermen, and to the fact that the remainder have become wary from experience. Almost anywhere in the tropics good fishing can be found in salt water, and after the experience at Gatun, the fishermen extended their fields to both the Atlantic and Pacific, particularly the latter, and have developed some excellent sport.

This reminds me that when I was a young midshipman there were two well-known sharks that had gained notoriety because of their enormous size and alleged propensity for attacking any one who might fall overboard. Under certain conditions there is no question but that sharks will attack human beings in the water. One of these sharks was accredited with living in Panama Bay and was known as Toboga Bill; the other, from his habitat on the coast of Guatemala, was known as Champerico Joe.

Guatemala City, the capital, is connected by rail

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

with San José on the Pacific side, where an exceptionally long pier is built out from shore to deep water for handling freight and passengers from the steamers.

Quite a number of natives had been lost overboard from the pier, and it was generally believed that the sharks got them. Champerico Joe was charged as the arch-offender, and he was dreaded accordingly. Also it was rumored that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the Guatemala Railway had each offered five hundred pesos for old Champerico Joe, dead or alive.

As our ship lay in this vicinity, off the pier, for a couple of weeks, my attention was constantly called to the unusual number of sharks in the water, some of them exceptionally large. There was one in particular which we thought must be old Joe himself, and which, by frequent approximations, we estimated to be twenty-three feet long. Incited as much by the spirit of adventure as by the possibility of obtaining the reward, we made our preparations for the extermination of the said Joseph.

A small open-mouthed tooth-powder bottle was filled with disks of gun-cotton, in which an electric fuse was placed; it was made water-tight, and could be connected to a battery by other wires. The bottle was then encased in what we considered the most tempting morsels, fresh meat, salt pork, fish, et cetera, and with an extension on our lower swinging boom, we let the bait down to about a six-foot depth and waited for the big fellow to swallow it or even take it in his mouth, when we would press the button, off would go his head, and we would reap our reward.

Theoretically perfect—but Joseph wouldn't touch it. He would take almost anything else that was

TOBOGA BILL

thrown overboard from a tin can to a piece of rotten pork—but not our bait. Yet apparently every other shark in the Pacific Ocean would make for it almost as soon as it was lowered, compelling us to haul it up out of their way, in the hope that after all Joe might change his mind.

However, finding that Joe had no intention of falling into our trap, we had to content ourselves with smaller fry, for the device worked perfectly and we used it repeatedly. It is a strange thing to see a shark with his head blown into smithereens apparently swim, though not consciously directed, for ten or fifteen minutes, and maybe cover a mile or so before his muscular efforts cease. Even then, if his heart were examined, it was often found to be still pulsating.

It is generally supposed that the other one, Toboga Bill, was captured some years later in Panama Bay by an expedition sent out especially to accomplish this object, and that he was mounted and is now in some museum. It is said that he measured twenty-four feet in length, but of this I am not any too certain.

While carrying on my field work in connection with the Panama Canal, I was impressed with the enormous number of poisonous insects and reptiles that could be found in certain localities along its banks. We are all familiar with the old conditions with reference to the mosquitoes prior to the advent of Doctor Gorgas and the American canal builders.

On the completion of Gatun Dam, when the water was impounded and began to rise and submerge the old valley of the Chagres River, all living things, animal, bird, reptile or insect, sought higher ground. Many of the latter, as the water rose, found themselves corralled on the new-made islands in the lake.

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On one occasion some of my force was sent to one of these islands to erect a small light as an aid to navigation. On account of the extraordinary number of centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions and poisonous reptiles, they were unable to work with safety in the dense tropical vegetation, so they returned to obtain means to clear the way. This was accomplished by spraying liquid fuel oil through a hose, under pressure, in advance of the party, then setting fire to it and burning a passageway to the desired point. While neither centipedes, tarantulas nor scorpions are deadly, their stings are poisonous and painful; but the bite of either the coral snake or the bushmaster is deadly, and we could not afford to take any chances with them.

Whenever a case of malaria or other disease caused by a mosquito appeared, the medical force at once proceeded to locate the infested area and exterminate the remaining ones. This led to a very interesting disclosure on one occasion, when a medical officer advised me to investigate at once one of my employees who was intrusted with the handling of funds, but who had never been under the slightest suspicion.

It seemed that two of the young women employees had contracted malaria, and one of them had died in a very short time of Chagres fever, which I believe is an extremely violent form of malaria. On investigating her living quarters and the places she usually visited, it was discovered that, in company with the clerk and one or two others, she had been in the habit of attending some of the public dances in Panamanian territory not under sanitary surveillance, and that money had been spent freely, apparently beyond the salaries of the party. An examination and audit of

A FAKE SAFE ROBBERY

the clerk's accounts was at once ordered, and a shortage of several hundred dollars found. All this resulted from the fact that a young woman had been bitten by a mosquito!

During the World War, and prior to our entrance into it, the Panama Canal was neutral like the remainder of our country. It became evident, even at that time, that Germany had her secret agents in the Canal Zone, who were attempting to obtain confidential information.

One day one of the clerks came to me and stated that he had had a tentative offer for copies of the confidential prints or maps of our fortifications. He had given an evasive answer, in order that he might lay this information before me hoping that a case might be made against the supposed secret agent who had approached him. After thinking the matter over and discussing it with the authorities, I told him that he should apparently acquiesce and keep the matter an absolute secret. He then agreed with the German to furnish twelve copies at one hundred dollars each.

Then came the rub; it was extremely difficult to make twelve *distorted* copies that would pass muster, but it was finally accomplished and the bogus photo-stats were turned over to the German agent and the cash received.

The Hotel Tivoli belongs to the canal, and here the German agent lived. It was well known that he not infrequently placed his confidential papers in the safe at the hotel for security and, true to form, he had the envelope containing the bogus papers placed there for the night.

Some time before this occurred, but in anticipation of this very act, we had planned a fake safe robbery.

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That night the safe was robbed (?), the knob knocked off and the contents of the safe scattered around the office. The news given out stated the exact amount in cash, dollars and cents, that had been taken, and mentioned also the theft of certain valuables that had been stowed there for safe-keeping. These and other items of information made the robbery seem plausible. Thus the German spy was double-crossed. Not only had worthless and incorrect prints been palmed off on him originally, but even they were later recovered and destroyed.

The question then arose as to how to dispose of the one thousand two hundred dollars. It was suggested that it be turned in to the canal auditor and taken up on the books, but owing to certain objections that plan was abandoned. It was then suggested that the money be turned over to the welfare fund, but here too other objections were encountered.

So as we couldn't well handle it on the Isthmus, the following plan was finally adopted:

One of the trusted employees was going home on a month's leave. He was given the amount in cash and, on his arrival in the States, wrote a letter to the Treasury Department Conscience Fund, stating that he was a veteran of the Civil War, had drawn a pension for years, to which he was not justly entitled, and made restoration in this manner.

CHAPTER XIII

WITH COMMODORE DEWEY IN 1898

TOWARD the latter part of 1897 our ship was serving in the Mediterranean and, as has been stated, some of our time was passed on the coast of Asia Minor, safeguarding American life and property.

Prior to this we had made an exceptionally interesting cruise and had touched at a number of ports on the northern shore of the Mediterranean, from Gibraltar to Piræus, the seaport of Athens in Greece, including Sicily, Malta, and some of the islands of the Greek Archipelago.

Then we had spent some months in visiting many of the smaller and less frequented ports on the African coast, as well as some of the larger ones. Starting in at Mogador, on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, we touched at nearly all of the intervening ports in Morocco, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, to Alexandria in Egypt, and later visited five or six Turkish ports on the coast of Asia Minor.

Taken altogether, it was one of the most delightful and fascinating cruises imaginable, and aside from the sight-seeing and the incidental pleasures, it greatly stimulated my interest in the history of these countries and enabled me to read it with the added pleasure of visualizing many of the localities in which the events had occurred.

I have always made it a point to read both the ancient and modern history of every country I have

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

visited, and to familiarize myself with its geography, natural features and resources as far as practicable and, by so doing, I have added a great deal to the ordinary pleasures of travel. A friend of mine once said to me jokingly that naval officers learned geography by "going to it," and I think this very well expresses it.

It was while lying at Smyrna that we received orders to proceed at once to the Asiatic Station and join our fleet there, the fleet which later was placed under the command of Admiral Dewey. Trouble was brewing between Spain and the United States. On our arrival in Asiatic waters we were directed to proceed to Hongkong, where we remained until we sailed for Manila on the outbreak of the Spanish-American War.

During our stay in Hongkong Prince Henry of Prussia arrived on an official visit, and remained a week or so. The customary official calls were exchanged and, as there were men-of-war of several nations in port, there were dinners and entertainments in his honor, to which, of course, Admiral Dewey (then Commodore) was invited. Whether it was intentional or not, the commodore noticed at the first several functions that in drinking the health of the rulers of the various countries represented by officers present, the United States was always at the tail-end of the procession.

When he was convinced that this was intentional and possibly done on the instigation of Prince Henry, he declined to attend any other dinners unless he could have the assurance that his country would receive proper recognition, and he carried his point.

In my own mind I have sometimes wondered if this

NOTHING LEFT TO IMAGINATION

were not a studied and intentional slur on the part of Germany, and a forerunner of a number of other impertinences which characterized her actions at Manila and elsewhere during the Spanish-American War, and which showed so conspicuously during the World War.

At any rate the German officials met their match in Admiral Dewey, who, if he may not have used conventional diplomatic language, still left nothing to the imagination, and usually called a spade a spade.

Already, here in Hongkong, the Germans had antagonized both the American and the British forces, and showed their hands in much the same way as they did later in the Philippines. Scraps on shore between the enlisted men became so frequent and the evident hostility so strong, that the British governor of Hongkong issued an order to the effect that since the Germans belonged to a friendly nation, and were guests in a friendly port, it should be the pleasure and duty of British enlisted men to treat them as such.

In compliance with this policy, one of the British chief petty officers invited a German petty officer to have a drink. When the glasses were filled, the Britisher, proposing the toast, said:

“Here’s to his Imperial Majesty, the German Emperor.”

“Prosit,” said the German, and down went the drinks.

The German in turn treated, and when ready to drain his glass, said: “Here’s to his Imperial Majesty, the German Emperor.”

The Britisher put down his glass and said: “We drank to the emperor the first time; what’s the matter with drinking this to the queen?”

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

"Here's to his Imperial Majesty, the German Emperor," again said the German, and drained his glass.

The Britisher, thoroughly disgusted and angry, left his glass untouched and said, "Well, if you won't drink to the queen, then up comes your bloody emperor." And he stuck his finger down his throat—and "the emperor" came up.

We are all familiar with the immediate effect caused by the sinking of the *U. S. S. Maine* in Havana, and the declaration of war soon after.

During the remainder of our stay in Hongkong every thought and effort was bent on making our preparations for the capture of the Philippines as complete as possible. The British authorities were evidently very much in sympathy with us and only directed us to leave port when we had strained our stay to the point of violating its neutrality. On leaving, we made our rendezvous in Mirs Bay, a Chinese harbor north of Hongkong, where we remained a day or two prior to sailing for Manila.

Our small fleet consisted of the flag-ship *Olympia*, the *Baltimore*, *Boston*, *Raleigh*, *Concord* and *Petrel*, together with the revenue cutter *Hugh McCulloch*.

Admiral Dewey was in every respect an ideal officer for the command of our ships in Asiatic waters during the Spanish-American War. Cool, devoid of fear, efficient and forceful, he had the respect and confidence of every officer and man who served under him.

Naval strategy is both a science and a game. Science has established certain well-known principles, but it is a game to put them into execution as various conditions arise during a war, especially when in contact with the enemy or in actual combat. Prior to leav-

ing Hongkong, every contingency which might arise was considered and studied, and plans made to meet each one, so that when the time actually came to engage the enemy's fleet, we had a prearranged plan which fitted the case exactly.

On approaching the Philippine Islands we made a reconnaissance of Subig Bay on the west coast of Luzon but, not finding the Spanish fleet there, we continued on toward Manila.

The first hostile shot came from a land battery on El Fraile, a small island at the entrance to Manila Bay, and the first answering shot, from the after five-inch gun on the *Raleigh*. This was early in the evening just after dark, and neither shot hit its mark nor had any effect on our general plans.

On entering Manila Bay we reduced speed and steamed very slowly during the night, with our vessels in a single column. This formation was maintained and was never broken or altered until after the action had been completed. In fact, a published account in a Manila paper a day or two after the battle, took us to task for going at our work with so much precision and seemed to insinuate that in so doing we had taken an unfair advantage.

Dawn, which in the tropics, as Rudyard Kipling says, "comes up like thunder," meaning that there is a very short twilight, found us off the water-front of Manila. The land batteries opened on us, but fortunately made no hits. I noted one heavy shell which struck exactly in the wake of the *Baltimore*, the ship next ahead of us in line, and only ten or fifteen yards astern of her. If this shell had hit, it would have done a tremendous amount of damage, and might have put her out of the fight. Had the enemy allowed for the

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

ship's speed in sighting their guns, the shot would have struck on the water-line and would no doubt have seriously crippled her.

But to me the most glorious effect of the whole day occurred when we sighted the Spanish fleet at Cavite, as we turned and headed toward it.

On going into action, battle-flags are hoisted. This means that in addition to the stars and stripes that fly from the peak, other large national ensigns are hoisted at the mastheads. In the navy it is customary to roll a flag into a small bundle, secure it with a "slippery hitch" in the halyards, hoist it aloft and then break it out to the breeze by a quick jerk of the running part of the halyards. So, after the ensign at the gaff and the battle-flags were hoisted, I noticed that the men themselves bent on other flags that might find a place aloft, and quite a number were run up, but not immediately broken out.

Then came the signal from Commodore Dewey on the *Olympia*, "Prepare to engage the enemy." Of course we were ready at our battle stations, but when this signal was made, the loading of the guns and the click of breech-blocks broke the otherwise dead silence. It might be explained here that a signal is executed as it is handed down. Then followed the signal, "Engage the enemy," and as it was handed down, from every masthead or other place aloft where a flag could be flown, the stars and stripes floated to the breeze and decorated the ships as though it were a gala occasion and not the beginning of a historic battle.

Immediately the two bands in the fleet began playing *The Star Spangled Banner*, officers and men alike stood at attention as if on parade, and as the last note

THE ACCOMPANIMENT

died away, simultaneously there came a rousing cheer, and the guns opened on the enemy. No man who is patriotic and has the love of country in his heart, could witness such a sight without emotion, while thanking God that he was an American and serving under her flag.

As has been stated, we followed the prearranged plan of battle literally. This carried us back and forth past the Spanish fleet five times, making our turns out of range of their guns, then returning, and using alternately our starboard and port batteries. It was evident after the second or third leg that things were coming our way. Some of the enemy's ships were badly damaged, some had sought shelter behind the Cavite Navy Yard, their fire was slackening, and victory seemed assured.

During the turn after the second leg, thinking perhaps that the men below in the powder division might not know how matters were going and be a little restless, I slipped down to cheer them up a bit. On approaching the compartment where they were stationed, I heard the sound of a fiddle accompanied by a couple of guitars, and on reaching the entrance, discovered the men of the powder division strung across the deck, dressed in abbreviated gunny-sacks to represent *hula* skirts, burlesquing a dance and singing in chorus to the accompaniment of the instruments, *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night*.

When they saw me there was a wild scramble for stations and the musicians hastily attempted to discard their instruments and join their mates at their proper places.

"Men," I said, "things are coming our way; we've got 'em on the run. I don't know what that tune is you

were playing (it was the first time I had ever heard it), but it's a corker; keep it up. I want the music to reach the upper deck. Go on with the dance, and I know we'll have ample powder and shell to keep the guns going." And throughout the remainder of the action, the strains of this air rolled up through the ammunition scuttle and cheered the men at the guns.

Prior to going into action, our captain had admonished us not to get excited, to serve our guns as carefully and deliberately as if we were at drill, to follow the drill regulations; and over and above all else, not to use any other than the prescribed orders and to avoid the use of profane language.

On about the third or fourth leg the captain noticed that one of the enemy's ships, the *Castilla*, painted white, was firing on us and that, apparently, she was undamaged, so that her whole battery was intact.

We were only about twelve or fourteen hundred yards from her and, as my guns were in the open, on the forecastle, directly under his observation, and I had been getting the range throughout the action by firing a single gun, spotting the fall of the shot, then giving the range to the other guns, the captain leaned over the bridge and said, "Rodman, do you see that — blankety-blank white ship that is raising hell at our expense and turning his whole — battery on us? Give him hell and keep it up!"

While training the gun in obedience to orders, I said:

"Captain, I don't find some of your words, or your exact orders in the drill manual; but I understand what you mean."

"You do what you are ordered to do," he roared, "and do it damned quick."



The Battle of Manila Bay

NOT IN THE DRILL MANUAL

“Aye, aye sir, ” said I, and the six-inch guns proceeded to obey his orders to the letter.

The captain was full of fun and humor. He knew that my reply was neither disrespectful nor insubordinate, but more for the purpose of getting a rise out of him than anything else. We followed the first shot from the time it left the gun until it struck the *Castilla* and afterward learned its full effect.

The hit was made under or near the after bridge, and its effect was disastrous. The explosion killed or wounded most of the men and officers on the bridge, besides wiping out a five-inch and a six-pounder, with the crews who were serving their guns there. Incidentally it should be remembered that it is very easy to follow a shell by eye after it leaves the gun, and this one was seen to strike, leaving a black sun-burst on the outside of the white ship as it exploded.

My information concerning the effect of this shell came from a Spanish lieutenant of marines, who had been stationed either on the bridge or at one of the guns. He had been sent forward with a message, and on his return witnessed the damage that had been done in his absence. He stated that this was the first shell that had struck during the action.

After the battle he was captured by the Filipinos, was ill, and I was more or less instrumental in securing his freedom and placing him under proper medical attention. During his convalescence we discussed the engagement and the above facts were established.

Speaking of the damage done by a single shell, when the Spanish infantry on shore were hurriedly packing to evacuate their barracks at the Cavite Station, an eight-inch shell from the *Boston* entered through a side brick wall, struck the tile floor and ex-

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ploded. What with the flying fragments of brick, tiles and the shell itself, I am told that forty-eight men were killed or wounded.

Once in the midst of the engagement, in making a turn, we ranged up alongside the *Baltimore*. Apparently she was a shambles, her sides were scorched, presumably from bursting shells, some of her boats were in fragments, as they hung from the falls, and water was pouring from her scuppers. She had every appearance of having received heavy damage, and we naturally supposed that she had suffered many casualties, so we gave her three rousing cheers to hearten her up a bit.

Later we found that the looks of her sides and her shattered boats was due to her own gun-fire when her guns had been in extreme train and that with the exception of four wounded she had no serious casualties.

At the end of the action, about eight A. M., seeing that the enemy's fleet had been wiped out, the commodore signaled to withdraw from action and go to breakfast.

Then came one of the most interesting incidents of the battle. Naturally we were all eager to know the number of killed and wounded, and it was not until after we anchored that I learned, much to my amazement, that our own ship had escaped scot-free from any casualty.

The commodore's signal read, "Ships report the number of killed and wounded."

Making their reports in succession according to seniority, the ships signaled as follows:

<i>Olympia</i>	0 killed,	0 wounded
<i>Boston</i>	0 killed,	0 wounded

ALL BUT UNSCATHED

<i>Baltimore</i>	0 killed,	4 wounded
<i>Raleigh</i>	0 killed,	0 wounded
<i>Concord</i>	0 killed,	0 wounded
<i>Petrel</i>	0 killed,	0 wounded

What a cheer rent the air! Great was our relief and joy at knowing that our friends and comrades, with the exception of the four wounded on the *Baltimore*, were unscathed. And our ships had fared equally well, for while there were a few hits, no ship was seriously damaged.

But if we had escaped all but unscathed, it had been far otherwise with the enemy. He had lost one hundred and sixty-seven killed, over two hundred wounded, and every single ship was sunk, burned or captured. No victory could have been more complete and overwhelming.

Nothing could better illustrate the value of preparedness, training and constant target practise than the battle of Manila Bay. While our accuracy of gun-fire then, as compared to what it is to-day, was insignificant and mediocre, still it was far superior to that of the Spaniards. The reason for this was that in our previous practise we had not only improved in sighting and hitting but had also thoroughly tested our batteries and appliances and made improvements to the best of our ability. Hence because of our experience, we were far better prepared for battle than were our enemies.

Even comparing the relative strength of the two fleets, the destruction of the Spanish force and the insignificant injury done to ours is proof positive that we were infinitely more proficient than they.

Incidentally, it was extremely interesting to note

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that while the enemy's shells fell *close*, often deluging us with water, or passed directly overhead, few *actual hits* were made, showing the lack of fineness and accuracy that must be obtained if gun-fire is to be made effective. There is also reason to believe that much of their material, as well as their personnel, was far below par.

While it is true that our fleet was the stronger of the two, yet, had the Spanish fleet been properly handled and better prepared, it would have made a far better showing. A contributory cause to their defeat was the fact that instead of having their vessels under way and ready to maneuver, they had moored them in a crescent-shaped line. Therefore, when we were approaching or leaving their line, just before or after making a turn, some of their vessels would be in position to receive a raking fire, and they suffered heavily in consequence.

It has been previously stated that between the time of the battle of Manila Bay and the present, our ships have improved twenty-four hundred per cent. in battery efficiency. Extraordinary as this may seem, it is nevertheless true, and many other similar advances have been made in the efficiency of our latest ships.

The Spanish fleet consisted of the *Reina Christina* (flag-ship), *Castilla* *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, and the *Marquis de Duero*, all under the command of Admiral Montojo.

An incident occurred in the midst of the engagement, among one of my gun-crews. In those days a six-inch gun was trained in azimuth by a crank on one side. In the absence of the gun-captain, I was personally handling the gun and, in giving orders to "train right,

or left," noticed that the trainer in his excitement would sometimes train the wrong way. After several admonitions, he again did the wrong thing and, as he bent to his work and his most *kickable* part offered a fine target, I booted him a good one. It brought him to his senses; his indignation, resentment and anger overcame his nervousness, and he said, "Mr. Rodman, I am going to report you for striking an enlisted man."

Under ordinary circumstances, in the piping times of peace, such an incident would not have been likely to occur, but if it had, it would have been a very serious offense. But I had reason to suppose that even if it was reported, since it accomplished its purpose so well in action, no disciplinary measures would be taken, so I dismissed it from my thoughts.

But when the engagement had ended, when we were all in high feather and our significant victory was the sole topic of conversation, Marin, the gun-trainer, a lad about eighteen, came up to me in rather a patronizing way, and in a manner and tone that implied authority and finality said:

"Mr. Rodman, I am not going to report you for what you did, for maybe you were right, but you had better not do it again, or you may not get off so easy."

"All right, Marin, I'll be more careful in future, but I don't believe it will be necessary again."

Marin and I have often joked about this incident, for after his cruise he secured employment in the Brooklyn Navy Yard and rose to a position of responsibility.

After the main engagement, while we were still at anchor, we could see the Spanish fleet, some of the ships in flames, others sinking or getting under the cover of the land in the inner harbor at Cavite.

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It only remained to subdue a battery on Sangley Point, and the commodore ordered two of our ships to get under way and engage it:

As we stood in to attack, our captain noted that all the battery's shells were passing over the ship (the range was about fourteen hundred yards) and that none fell closer than about two thousand yards from shore. We therefore steamed in to about twelve hundred yards, and proceeded to make the battery untenable. It seems to me it took a very cool head and keen observation to note this during action and take advantage of it. Later we discovered that the guns could not be sufficiently depressed to hit us owing to the fact that the gun ports had received layer after layer of white-wash for appearance's sake, and the chase of the guns came in contact with it when depressed.

The fall of this battery completely ended the Spanish resistance and left them disastrously and helplessly defeated, so they hoisted the white flag over the Cavite Navy Yard.

Commodore Dewey then directed the fleet captain (Lamberton) to go ashore and demand an unconditional surrender, and impressed upon him that no other terms would be considered.

On his way ashore Lamberton passed through the wreckage of the Spanish fleet, and on landing found a hopelessly demoralized condition. In addition to damage from shell-fire, many of the killed and most of the wounded were in evidence, laid out on the ground, without protection of any kind from the tropic midday sun, and with almost no medical aid.

One of his first acts was to signal to the fleet for all available medical officers and hospital corps men to be sent on shore to lend their aid in assisting to care

HOPELESSLY DEMORALIZED

for the wounded. Many a Spaniard owes his life to their willing and skilful work.

In spite of his positive orders to demand an unconditional surrender, as the parley progressed and the Spanish commandant expressed his willingness to surrender, it became apparent to Lamberton that we would have far more prisoners on our hands than we could feed or handle conveniently. It would be difficult to care for the dead and wounded and we would be in a much more advantageous position with the prisoners off our hands. Captain Lamberton, realizing this, unexpectedly said, "Well, then, can't you think of something else you would rather do than surrender?"

After all it amounted to an unconditional surrender. The Spaniards were not molested as they evacuated Cavite, and were tentatively assisted in their endeavor to reach Manila and elsewhere.

Surely the horrors of war could not have been better exemplified than in the sight of the wounded who had been carried ashore and placed in the Navy Yard after the main action, to say nothing of the heaps of dead, who, though out of their misery, were in many cases, like the wounded, frightfully burned, scalded and mangled. It was pathetic to see the Catholic nuns come to the Americans and beg us to spare the wounded and not put them to death, and to be merciful to the prisoners! The idea that we might be guilty of such inhumanity had been inspired by a circular issued jointly by the governor general of the Philippines and the archbishop, wherein we were accused of being barbarians, cutthroats, pirates and about everything else that was vile. This circular had been read aloud by our captain to the officers and men while we were en

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route to Manila from Hongkong, and only excited derision and scorn from all who heard it.

The recollection of the archbishop's tirade forces me to digress for a moment. Several months after the battle our ship was ordered to Hongkong to make minor repairs and to give the officers and men a run on shore, for we had had practically no opportunity to grant leave in the Philippines.

My wife had accompanied me to Hongkong before the war, as had the wives of six other officers, and they remained there during our operations in the Philippines. It is not difficult to imagine the pleasure and joy of our meeting on this occasion.

Almost at once, speaking reverentially, she said:

"You know that I and the six other officers' wives all prayed fervently for our success against the Spaniards, and God heard our prayers and granted our requests."

"Well," said I, "you seven amateur Protestants are to be congratulated, for you certainly won against tremendous odds. To my certain knowledge, you were pitted against one archbishop, fifteen ordinary, run-of-the-mine bishops, nine thousand three hundred and forty-seven ordained priests, some thousands of nuns, sisters, monks and brothers—all guaranteed and certified professionals in the Catholic Church, working overtime—and yet you landed a wallop, a knock-out blow, and won the decision in the first round! Just think of the odds that would have been paid on any one of you amateurs! If you can only hang on to the combination and meet with equal success, when we get home we might beg, borrow, or steal a few dollars, take a flier in Wall Street, and gather in a few millions."

While our ship was on patrol duty, a few days after

A DASTARDLY INSULT!

the battle, we sighted at early daylight what appeared to be an enemy cruiser standing up the bay for Manila. We at once went to battle stations and stood toward her, but as she approached, we made her out to be a small gunboat. Doubtless the early morning light had distorted her size. We continued on our course until fairly close, then signaled by international code for her to stop.

Not the slightest attention was paid to us, so the captain directed me to send a shot across her bow. As a matter of fact, I used a captured Spanish shell in a small-caliber gun, which fell short. I fired a second, which also fell short, even after elevating the gun. But the gunboat steamed along merrily on its course and paid not the slightest attention to us.

Then the captain directed me to sink her. Instead I fired a six-inch shell between her bridge and her smoke-stack, only a few feet above her deck. She stopped promptly. Incidentally this last shell ricocheted, went entirely over the intervening land and came near hitting the *Petrel*, one of our ships, which was anchored just off the Cavite Navy Yard. I was sent on board the gunboat to take possession. No one could have showed greater indignation than her captain at such a dastardly insult in his own home waters. He demanded an explanation and an apology. But his manner soon changed; he all but collapsed and became very emotional when I said in explanation that we were at war with Spain, and that his vessel had been captured.

He had been in the southern Philippines for several months, collecting taxes and had not heard of the war. Under the circumstances he argued that he should be allowed to proceed and was dismayed to learn that this

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could not be granted. Naturally his request was disallowed.

I really felt sorry for the poor fellow, for he would have been entitled to a percentage of his collection. The money reverted to us instead, and, as a further bit of irony, his little vessel was later assigned to our fleet and took part in the capture of Manila.

The destruction of the Spanish fleet left the Philippines at our mercy, but the commodore wisely decided not to take the city of Manila, or any other land positions, other than those in the immediate vicinity of Cavite, because we did not have the force to hold them, nor the food to feed the prisoners, to say nothing of the populace.

So he established a blockade—it might have been called a benevolent blockade—since he countenanced the coming and going of certain commercial vessels which he well knew were carrying food and supplies, other than arms and ammunition, to the people on shore. Then, too, had we taken the city of Manila, as we could easily have done, we should have been under the necessity of protecting the Spaniards against the incursions of the Filipinos, who had the most intense hatred for them.

The commodore promptly cut the cable to Hong-kong, shutting off all Spanish communication with the home government except by mail, and incidentally his own with Washington, and thus took the responsibility of the administration of the situation. Being a diplomat of the highest order, he was in a position to carry on without serious interference.

Immediately after the battle, foreign men-of-war—Germans, Italians, Austrians, British and Japanese—began to arrive.

THE COMMODORE PUT TO THE TEST

The Germans came in force, headed by the battleship *Deutschland*, with Admiral von Diederich in command. They immediately began to meddle with affairs that were none of their business.

I am under the impression that for some time previous to the war the Germans had been negotiating with the Spaniards for the acquisition of some of the outlying Pacific islands, if not for the Philippines themselves, in order to extend their colonial possessions, and our success proved to be a body-blow to their aspirations.

Although the blockade existed, we had the situation so well in hand that at first the commodore paid but little attention to the coming and going of the foreign war-ships. Orders had been promulgated with reference to them, but they were liberal in their construction and application.

But it soon became increasingly evident that the Germans were stretching their neutrality to the breaking point. They apparently did as they pleased, and there is no doubt that on more than one occasion they attempted to give aid and assistance to the Spaniards. When this state of affairs became evident, Commodore Dewey issued more stringent orders, requiring all foreign war-ships to report their movements in or out of Manila Bay to him, and to enter and leave port only during daylight.

Possibly with the idea of putting the commodore to the test, the German cruiser *Cormorant* deliberately disobeyed his orders. When the commodore demanded an explanation, Von Diederich sent his flag-lieutenant on board our flag-ship, the *Olympia*, with an equivocal message, still trying to bluff it out. He surely got what was coming to him. The commodore told him in

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no uncertain words to return immediately to his ship and say to Von Diederich that in future he was strictly to obey his (Dewey's) orders; that any violation on his part would mean *war*; and added, "If he wants a fight, he can have it right now!"

Overcome at the commodore's determined manner, the flag-lieutenant attempted to intimate that perhaps there had been some misunderstanding. He was promptly dismissed and told to carry his message literally to the German admiral.

That eased the situation, but later it came to Commodore Dewey's knowledge that while the blockade was respected, the German cruisers were busying themselves in running around to outlying ports and interfering with Filipino operations against the Spaniards.

A particular and palpable case was that of the German cruiser *Irene* which was protecting a Spanish force which had been driven out of the Naval Station at Olongapo by the Filipinos, and had taken refuge on Isla Grande in Subig Bay.

Commodore Dewey sent the *Raleigh* and the *Concord* to capture the island, and instructed Captain Coghlan, who commanded the expedition, to open fire as soon as we passed a certain point which would bring the island in view, though the *Irene* might be in the line of fire; and we obeyed orders.

I had the bow gun, and let loose a shell which came uncomfortably close to the *Irene*, which promptly slipped her cable, put to sea at full speed and, so far as I know, left anchor, chain and all without ever recovering it.

A few shells thrown at the island soon brought forth the white flag. I was sent on shore to demand an

A PURLOINED SILVER SERVICE

unconditional surrender, the officers to retain personal effects, but all government property to be turned in.

These terms were gladly accepted, but the commanding officer, who had been the admiral commandant at Olongapo, claimed the right to retain a silver service which he had personally carried with him when he evacuated the Navy Yard, when otherwise it would have fallen into the hands of the Filipinos. This service was marked with the official coat-of-arms of Spain and the words "Arsenal de Olongapo."

I replied that this was unquestionably government property. In fact, its markings clearly indicated it as such; hence it must be turned in like any other government property. And, if it must be confessed, when he reluctantly complied, I kept it and hid it away in a locker in my room on board ship.

Previously Commodore Dewey had issued two very stringent orders with reference to looting. Not that any personal or private property had been disturbed, but souvenirs and certain public articles had been taken from the Spanish ships and the Navy Yard at Cavite.

Then came the third order to the effect that any one found looting should be drawn and quartered, boiled in oil, dismissed from the service, imprisoned, et cetera—at least that is the way it seemed to apply to me after having purloined the silver. In fact I felt as if the order had been directed at me personally.

Captain Coghlan was my warm personal friend, and maybe from fear of detection more than from a guilty conscience, I confessed the whole thing to him and asked his advice and assistance. He cussed me out as usual and berated me sadly, then after several days, he suggested that inasmuch as my room was next to

his cabin, I should quietly slip the silver in there some night and say nothing about it, and he would try to hush the matter up and appease the commodore in case it came to his ears.

So, *to all intents and purposes* I complied. Nothing more was heard of the matter until a year or so later, when our ship had returned home and was going out of commission. The officers and men had been detached and were going home. As we told one another good-by and referred to some of the incidents of our eventful cruise, I was thanking the captain for all he had done for me and, especially for getting me out of the silver scrape. I said, "Captain, how did you manage to fix it with Commodore Dewey?"

As he generally called me by my given name, he said, "Well, Hugh, I didn't think you would be such a damned fool as to turn it in, but since you did, the commodore took one-half of it for safe-keeping, and I the other."

"Captain," I replied, "I was not such a damned fool as you think—I turned only half of it in."

But to return to Manila.

If the Germans were antagonistic and meddlesome, the British and Japanese were just the opposite. We fraternized with the Britons and Japanese; they anchored near our fleet at Cavite. The Germans and others formed a group to themselves in the bay, off the city.

It was evident from various incidents and rumors that the Germans were still attempting to form a coalition of all foreign war-ships against us. In conformity with this policy, the German admiral asked Captain Chichester, the senior British officer present, what he would do in case it was decided to interfere with our



Gun Salvo Broadside from a Modern Battle-ship

U. S. Navy Department photograph

A FRIENDLY ACT

taking the city when our troops arrived. Chichester's answer was to the effect that Von Diederich might ask Commodore Dewey, who was well aware of his course of action and intention. It had the desired effect, and contributed much to clearing up the situation.

We were only awaiting the arrival of the army to take Manila, which lay at our mercy; so, when a sufficient land force became available, the movement was started. All foreign ships were informed that we would attack on a certain date and that we would get under way at eight A. M.

At seven thirty the British and Japanese ships got under way. They stood toward the group of foreign men-of-war headed by the Germans, who were still anchored well out off the city, and formed a line between them and our intended course, as much as to say, "Hands off!" It was an exceptionally friendly and sympathetic act, and undoubtedly had its influence.

The attack on Manila was prearranged between Commodore Dewey and the governor general who, to save his face, wanted to make some show of resistance. So, after we had given the occupants of one of the outlying forts time to evacuate, as our ships maneuvered in battle formation off the city, we proceeded to punch a few holes in the fort with our gun-fire, while the army made a direct attack on the city. At the psychological moment Commodore Dewey hoisted the signal, by international code, "Do you surrender?" which was promptly answered from the city in the affirmative. Thereupon we landed and, with the army, took possession of Manila, which meant practically the surrender of the whole of the Philippine Islands.

In a way I never had any strong antipathy to the Spaniards, with the exception of those who may have

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been instrumental in the blowing up of the *Maine*; and it was always a source of pleasure to lend aid to our captives as long as they remained in the Philippines awaiting transportation home. In the early days, after the capture of Manila, the Spanish soldiers fraternized with ours, and when the military bands played on the *luneta* in the late afternoon, the Spanish uniforms, coming and going, lent a colorful effect to the assembled crowds.

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE MISTS OFF SCOTLAND 1917-18

IN NO period of its history has the navy made more gigantic strides in improvement and efficiency than in the nineteen years intervening between the Spanish-American War and the World War. Not only have the battle-ships grown nearly two and one-half times as large, increased their speed and the number and caliber of their guns, but endless modern inventions and improvements have been installed. Gunnery practise has been all but revolutionized, so great is its relative efficiency in comparison with former days.

A new spirit has been instilled in both the commissioned and enlisted personnel; undesirables have been weeded out and a basic policy introduced whose object is the professional education of officers and men to the highest degree. Its effects were shown in the exceptional efficiency of our navy in every type of ship and in every class of work that it was called upon to perform, from the very beginning of the war until its end.

That many changes were made as the result of experience and lessons learned during the war, goes without saying; but no navy has ever taken better advantage of the opportunity to be in a high state of preparedness and efficiency when hostilities were declared than ours did, for we had reasonable grounds to anticipate conditions.

It is true that when war was declared we lacked a balanced navy; that is, we had a number of certain

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types of ships, but needed other types and more ships in various classes to obtain a balanced ratio. No matter what recommendations may have been made to Congress by the General Board and the Navy Department after a painstaking study, we were still bounded by the limitation of Congressional approval and appropriations.

But under this limitation, ship for ship and man for man, we were just as good as any navy in the world. I know this from actual experience afloat, for I served during the last year of the war with the British Grand Fleet, which had had three years' experience before we entered the war. Yet within a few days of joining them we were absolutely able to conform to their practices *in every way*, and found almost no difficulty in doing so.

No ship, to say nothing of a division, squadron or fleet, is ever perfect. From the very nature of their intricate and elaborate construction, with the multitudinous mechanical installations, they will always need minor repairs and can be improved by the substitution of more modern inventions. But at the beginning of the World War our ships and personnel were in a state of high efficiency, and we can well be proud of them.

Ships, like race-horses and prize-fighters, train for the one supreme moment. Perfection and readiness are not accomplished overnight; it takes months and years of hard work and steady application to put a navy in fighting trim.

The proof of our readiness lay in the fact that throughout the war our navy was never called upon to perform a single duty or mission which was not promptly and efficiently accomplished, considering, of course, the force or vessels available.

EVERY DEMAND FULFILLED

It was necessary for the navy to expand to ten times its peace-time strength. Trained gun crews were taken from battle-ships at home and put on vessels going into the war zone. Regular officers and men were detached from fighting ships and sent to others, so that there might be a leaven of the regular service in all classes of vessels. As fast as trained men departed others were instructed to take their places, and I know of no instance when any aspersions could justifiably be cast on our trained personnel, or, for that matter, even on our recruits, with their limited experience and opportunities, when they were put to the test.

In point of fact I heard nothing but praise from those competent to judge, *who were afloat* and got their information at first hand from being on board ships and in position to witness operations, even though this opinion be at variance with that of one flag officer at least who saw no service afloat but has lost no opportunity to criticize adversely the navy in general and in particular, in print and otherwise.

Standing conspicuously to the front is the fact that on the declaration of war, the navy was ready to enter upon its mission at once, and did so. From the beginning until after the war was brought to a successful end, it fulfilled every single demand made upon it, promptly and in a complete and satisfactory manner. Almost at once we sent destroyers abroad to help combat the submarine menace; later we added patrol boats which were built in the meantime, and aircraft for the same purpose, all of which, in the end, accomplished most creditably that which was expected of them. When the first squadron of destroyers arrived abroad and the commanding officer was asked, "When will you be ready?" he replied, "We are ready now."

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It is not my object to go into detail concerning the mission and operation of our various naval forces sent abroad during the war, including equipping, manning, protecting and directing the oversea transport service, which not only made it possible to land an army in France, but to keep it supplied. This in itself was an accomplishment without parallel, and Admiral Gleaves deserves the heartiest congratulations upon his success.

The mining force successfully laid a barrage of contact mines, under the most hazardous and difficult conditions, across the North Sea, from the coast of Norway to the Orkney Islands, as a barrier to the German High Seas Fleet and her submarines, all under the leadership and direct command of Admiral Strauss. The battery of naval guns that cooperated with our army in France and performed most excellent service was commanded by Admiral Plunkett. Admiral Wilson did excellent work in directing the European end of our convoy system. Our flying corps operated successfully both with our armies in France and Italy, as well as with the navy in its coast patrol in France and Great Britain, and with our naval force in the Adriatic, which took conspicuous part in naval operations in those waters.

And last but not least, was our own Atlantic Fleet, held in reserve under Admiral Mayo, one of the finest and most efficient officers in our service, in whom the administration, and all who knew him, had the greatest confidence.

A few months after our entry into the war it was deemed advisable to strengthen the Grand Fleet of Great Britain, and a division of battle-ships under my command was sent to cooperate with it.

A FAITHFUL COMPETENT AIDE

It should be remembered that all naval activities in time of war are more or less interdependent—all must be coordinated. All strive to accomplish the same end and lead to the same goal, which is to gain command of the sea, to make it safe and free to our own and our allies' ships and to deny it to the enemy and keep his fleet inactive as far as possible. There can be no question but that the foundation upon which the success of the war rested was naval strength, ready and efficient.

Prior to joining my command, in communicating with the Navy Department, and in exercising the usual prerogative accorded to flag-officers, I signified my intention to nominate a flag-lieutenant and secretary, subject to departmental approval. To my surprise I was informed that they had not only been appointed, but were on board my flag-ship awaiting my arrival. This was very much out of ordinary.

When I joined my flag-ship and found these two young officers at the gangway awaiting me, one of them stepped forward and said, "Admiral, I am Mr. Ingram, your flag-lieutenant, and this is Mr. Lucas, the flag-secretary." With a perfectly grave face I looked at them and said, "Who in hell wished you two on me?"

Like a flash came the reply, "Admiral, we were wondering who in hell wished you on us."

"Shake, young man," I said, extending my hand. "You are just the one I have been looking for for years."

And for four years, during the war and afterward, I never had a more faithful, competent and efficient officer as aide, friend, companion and comrade, than Jonas Ingram.

The ultimate end of sea-power is to keep the sea

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

free for our own and our allies' fleets, and this we accomplished, so far as surface ships are concerned, to an absolute degree of certainty.

It is true that for a while hostile submarines were in the ascendancy and came within an ace of accomplishing their mission and cutting the allies' line of supplies. But means were found to combat them successfully, American destroyers and chasers did their share, and in the end the subs, like other types of hostile craft, were overcome and their useful operations very much curtailed.

It is useless, in fact all but superfluous, for one to reiterate that which is so well known and recognized throughout the civilized world, namely, that it was the Grand Fleet which constituted the backbone of the structure that made victory a certainty.

Had the Grand Fleet failed, the war would have ended disastrously for the Allies within six months of its beginning. But fortunately—most fortunately—it had been mobilized a short time prior to the war and on the outbreak of hostilities took station immediately at the strategic bases in the North Sea and thoroughly and completely fulfilled its mission, which in the end led to the surrender of the whole German fleet—but more of this later on.

When the Grand Fleet is mentioned our thoughts naturally turn to its commander-in-chief, Admiral Sir David Beatty, now Earl Beatty. A man of rare accomplishments, a natural-born, tried, trusted and gallant leader, and one who would fight at the drop of the hat, he never lost an opportunity to draw the enemy into battle, and fought it out to the last notch when the chance came.

He has my greatest admiration. It was an honor

FRIENDS AND ALLIES

and a pleasure to serve under him, and I shall always treasure the friendship and comradeship engendered during our service with the Grand Fleet.

When we joined the Grand Fleet in November, 1917, we came as friends and allies of the British. As time wore on, our friendship ripened into a fellowship and comradeship, which, in turn, became a brotherhood, if not in reality a national kinship, and one which I hope and trust may last throughout enduring ages between our respective nations.

In my year's service in the Grand Fleet there was never the slightest friction, petty jealousy, misunderstanding, or any serious personal obstacle to overcome. On the other hand there was always the closest coordination and cooperation and an evident desire on the part of every one to work toward homogeneity in our relations and our mission.

I have sometimes wondered if the example of these two nations working together as smoothly, harmoniously and satisfactorily as we did in the Grand Fleet, may not have been a consideration in making a unified command of the Allied forces under Marshal Foch, on the French front.

When it had been determined to send a battle-ship division abroad, and I had been appointed to its command, one of my first thoughts was what my relationship should be with the British commander-in-chief. At my request no specific written orders on this subject, or any other, with reference to my actions, were given me; simply a routine order to sail on a certain date, pass through stated points at specified times, and eventually join the British fleet in Scapa Flow, in the Orkney Islands. Naturally we discussed verbally with the department the many conditions which might arise.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

But my course of action was left to me, nor were any material changes ever made in it by any higher authority throughout the war.

I realized that the British fleet had had three years of actual warfare and knew the game from the ground floor up; that while we might know it theoretically, there would be a great deal to learn practically. There could not be two independent commands in one force if our work was to be harmonious, and the only logical course was to amalgamate our ships and serve under the command of the British commander-in-chief.

This I explained to Admiral Beatty on our first meeting, and said I was ready to give him my loyal support in every way. I told him if he would confide in me in the same way and trust me, I would, during our stay in the Grand Fleet, adopt the same code of signals, visual and otherwise, even their secret code, which I promised never to divulge.

All of this was done, and more. As we got better acquainted, we discussed some of our confidential methods in relation to gun-fire and other utilities, and gave and took suggestions freely from each other. We had a mutual trust and respect and desired to utilize every advantage that might militate against a common enemy.

Although we had been studying the British code of signaling while crossing the Atlantic, and constantly practising it, we still had difficulty in using it as rapidly and intelligently as we did our own. Each flag represents a letter of the alphabet, and still others have a special designation. The change we had to make was almost the same as if in reading we had substituted a new set of letters, for by long usage we visualize a word in print and the eye will at once catch the

slightest mistake. But with an entirely new code, each letter or flag had to be carefully considered. Yet within twenty-four hours after our arrival we were using the British code intelligently and with confidence, and within three days we took part in a major fleet operation in the North Sea and had no difficulty in conforming to their tactical maneuvers, as directed by their code of signals.

At the end of a couple of weeks we were assigned as one of the two fast wings of the battle-ship force and held this position until the end of the war.

Our division took its regular turn in any operation that required its presence. On some of these occasions I served under British admirals who were my seniors in rank. Not infrequently other British admirals served under my command, and never once did the question of nationality arise.

Every movement order to my command that had any relation to hostilities that I received during the war after joining the Grand Fleet, emanated from Admiral Beatty and not from our liaison officer in London, or anybody else. We became in fact an integral part of the Grand Fleet. This is not to be construed to mean that we lost or subordinated our Americanism in any way, for such is not the case. Nothing ever occurred when such a condition was even considered or discussed.

It is not my purpose to go into the details of the various operations of the Grand Fleet after we had joined. From the beginning of the war the Grand Fleet had been operating against the enemy from its North Sea bases, had fought a number of major, and many minor engagements, and had demonstrated its superiority over the enemy by confining the latter's

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

vessels to its own home ports. Only on one occasion after we joined did the enemy venture to sea in force, and then, on the approach of the Grand Fleet, made a hurried retreat to the security of his home ports.

When in battle formation the Fifth Battle Squadron, under Admiral Evan-Thomas, R.N., took position just ahead of the main body; the American Squadron a corresponding position immediately in the rear. On going into action the Fifth Battle Squadron being the fastest and strongest, would automatically take position in the van to lead into battle, and the American Squadron took the other end of the line.

On the one occasion while we were in the fleet when the German High Seas Fleet ventured out, we were trying to make contact with them, as we headed east. Our scouts reported the enemy to be bearing northeast, upon which our force was at once reoriented in that direction, the Fifth Battle Squadron at our northern end, the American, or Sixth Battle Squadron, at the southern.

Shortly afterward came the information that the enemy bore southeast, which required a reorientation of the fleet which put our squadron in the van and in position to lead in when contact was made. But unfortunately the enemy obtained information of our proximity and skeedaddled for his base, taking refuge behind his defenses. We returned to port; but I have often thought what a glorious day it would have been for the ships of our country to have led the Grand Fleet into action.

At any rate, we had at least one bit of pleasure and satisfaction. Almost every British admiral whom I met soon afterward referred to our position in the line, expressed his confidence and offered his congratula-

TEMPTING THE ENEMY

tions. Such things best express the feeling which existed among us in the Grand Fleet.

It was the policy of the Grand Fleet to go after the enemy every time he showed his nose outside his lines of defense, no matter when or where. Whether he appeared with single ships, divisions, or his whole fleet, out we went after him, by day or night, in rain or shine (and in the months of winter there was mighty little daylight and much less shine), blow high, blow low—and chased him to his hole.

So persistent was this performance on our part, so sure were we to get after him, that toward the end he rarely ventured more than a few miles from his base. Immediately we would start after him, and back he would go into his hole and haul the hole in after him. Every inducement was offered him to come out. Inferior forces were sent down into the Helgoland Bight to induce him to attack; valuable convoys were dispatched, apparently without protection, and there were many other devices to tempt him out, but he was wise—or something—enough not to come.

This is not related with any degree of braggadocio, but because we had fully double his strength and felt sure of our ability to crush him in any general action. It is all but needless to add that such expeditions, on every occasion, were well guarded, and we were ready to pounce on him with unseen forces had he attempted to take advantage of our apparently small force of unprotected vessels.

Attacks by hostile submarines on our battle-ships were not infrequent, and we had several narrow escapes, due to prompt and skilful handling. On one occasion a submarine rammed the flag-ship *New York*, dented her bottom and demolished the starboard pro-

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

PELLER; but there is every reason to believe that the blows of the propeller split the submarine open and sunk her.

En route to drydock to make repairs and install a new propeller, three torpedoes were discharged at the *New York* in rapid succession by a hostile submarine; but again, by clever maneuvering, she avoided them and escaped.

Once in midwinter, when we were guarding a convoy of thirty or forty vessels off the coast of Norway, a bunch of hostile subs fired six torpedoes at us. Again only our vigilance and instantaneous maneuvering saved us, but by a narrow margin. There were still other attacks by subs which necessitated quick action to avoid disaster.

There was quite an interesting aftermath to the sub attack off Norway. The attack occurred early one morning and scattered our squadron like chaff. All of this was radioed to England. At noon one of the hostile subs, homeward bound, reported its position to its home government in code, but we had the key and picked up the signal in England. We obtained a second position by use of our direction finders.

Late in the evening the same sub made a similar report which was picked up and translated, and a third position obtained. By combining all of the reports and plotting the several positions on a chart, we were enabled to reckon her speed, and as she was homeward bound, to calculate where she would be at six A. M. the following morning. This was done and the information radioed in code to our subs which were stationed in the Skagerrak, with instructions to attack. They sunk her. Moral—don't talk too much.

It is not necessary to go into detail nor lay too

THE FLEET ATHLETIC TOURNAMENT

much stress upon the rigorous climate. Our latitude was north of that of Sitka, Alaska, or about equal to that of Petrograd in Russia. The weather was terrific, with cold, sleet, snow, heavy seas, arduous and dangerous navigation, continuous cruising in close formation at high speed, without lights, when the winter nights lasted eighteen hours.

There were also the dangers of mine-fields—our own sometimes as well as those of the enemy. But the whole fleet was always in readiness to put to sea on an instant's notice.

During a whole year no liberty or leave worth mentioning was granted, except occasionally for a few hours during the day at one of the bases. No one was allowed away from the ships after dark, nor for a period of more than four hours at a time during the day, and then only in the immediate vicinity of the ships, within signal or telephone communication and subject to recall.

All ships were completely closed and darkened from sunset to sunrise as a precaution against attacks by air and otherwise. In winter this meant from fifteen to eighteen hours a day. All of this in a cold raw climate, when at times it seemed impossible to keep warm.

Nevertheless there was no complaint. Every one seemed happy and contented and eager to go to sea whenever occasion demanded it, in the hope that we might meet the German fleet and do our share toward destroying it.

Yet we managed to find a great deal of diversion in the form of athletics, both ashore and afloat. The Fleet Athletic Tournament included track meets, rowing, boxing, fencing, tennis, golf and cricket, for which

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

we substituted baseball. Out of sixteen participating divisions, the Americans finished second.

There were moving-pictures, music, small dances, theatricals, vaudeville, boxing and other forms of entertainment on board, and every effort was made to keep the officers and crew happy and contented. There was never any trouble at sea, for the game of war in itself is one of intense interest and ever-varying conditions, which require continuous and unflagging attention.

Every one on shore from the highest to the lowest, showed an unbounded interest in and hospitality to the Americans. My flag-ship, the *New York*, was known in the navy as the "Christmas Ship," since, when under my command as a captain, it had originated the custom of going into the highways and byways at Christmas time, collecting the waifs and strays who otherwise would have no Christmas, and bringing them on board after the ship had been elaborately decorated. We entertained them with a dinner, children's games, and a Christmas tree where toys were distributed and where each boy received a scout outfit and the girls a set of cheap furs. Here let it be said that, though this was done during my command, the conception and execution of the idea were entirely in the hands of the enlisted personnel, who deserve the entire credit.

Not knowing that we would be ordered abroad, we had laid in our supplies on the supposition that we would be in an American port, but Christmas found us at Edinburgh, in Scotland.

After discussing the situation, the men decided that a child was a child, whether American or Scotch. They asked one hundred and twenty-five children to come on board, preferably those who had been orphaned during

THE "CHRISTMAS SHIP"

the war—the poorer and more dependent, the better. They were assumed and brought down to the ship, some seven or eight miles, in motor-busses. Once aboard they were entertained, given a good dinner, and the usual toys and presents, and in addition each youngster was given two bright silver shillings—probably the greatest amount of cash any of them had ever possessed at one time. This Christmas fête of the poor children was much appreciated, and the comments of the press were very complimentary.

The people who had houses and estates within reasonable distance were more than cordial. We were invited to accompany British officers in their social diversions, and as we became acquainted, received personal invitations to social gatherings.

How on earth any one who has had any opportunity to judge, can say the Britishers are cold and offish is beyond my comprehension. You may not be embraced and received with gushing familiarity on first acquaintance—far from it. But when once you really know each other and you have been accepted as a friend and an intimate, there are no more easy, hospitable, cultivated people on earth, nor any whose intercourse is less stilted or more congenial.

During our tour of duty with the Grand Fleet, King George made several visits to it, and each time made an official visit to my flag-ship. On his first visit, when we were in Scapa Flow, he made a thorough inspection of the flag-ship and, having been an officer in the Royal Navy, was thoroughly capable of judging at first hand, not only as to our condition with reference to our maintenance, cleanliness and upkeep, but with regard to the salient differences in our constructive features, installations and utilities.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

He is an exceptionally agreeable and affable gentleman, splendidly informed, democratic in his intercourse, without in the least detracting from the dignity of his high position. He loves a good yarn and can spin one admirably.

On his first visit, we were inspecting the engine-room and fire-rooms. As we came to the latter, the king said to me, "Admiral, your fire-room is as clean as a dining-room."

I replied, "Thank you very much, sir; your opinion is very much appreciated."

And they were absolutely clean—not a speck of dirt, not a stain, not a leak in any of the piping or connections—everything highly polished and sparkling, paint-work scrubbed until it was without a spot, and everything spick and span. As a matter of fact, our whole squadron was spick and span and there is no conceit in my saying so.

As we stood in front of one of the furnaces, I said, "Your Majesty, when you, as the Duke of York, were crossing from Halifax in one of your speedy battle cruisers, making maximum speed, you condescended to throw a few shovelfuls of coal into the furnace; would you consent to do as much for us?"

"Certainly, sir," the king replied, "and with pleasure." Whereupon a brand-new shovel was handed him. The coal had been scrubbed and freed from dust and was systematically piled on the fire-room plates. The furnace-door was swung open, and in the glare and heat and roar of the fire the King of England shoveled coal into the furnace of an American battle-ship.

Amid the cheers of the stokers, the King of England rested from his work and looked up to see the British and American flags unfurled at either side of



Admiral Beatty, Admiral Rodman, King George V, Prince of Wales, and Admiral Sims,
aboard *U. S. S. New York*

Photograph by International Newsreel

SWAPPING YARNS WITH A KING

his picture on one of the bulkheads. This had been prearranged by the fire-room gang when they were informed of his Majesty's inspection. Later, by his consent, we had a moving picture made of his Majesty shaking hands with one of our enlisted men. The king seemed to enjoy this very much and asked the man a number of questions about our navy.

On each occasion that he visited the ship, after the official reception and inspection had been completed, we would adjourn to my cabin and over a pot of coffee and cigarettes, not only discuss official matters, particularly those relating to the war, but engage in general conversation, when yarns were swapped, in which the king seemed to delight.

On such an occasion his Majesty was accompanied by the Prince of Wales. As the steward offered the king the cigars and cigarettes I said, "I remember, your Majesty, when you were here previously, like most smokers, you preferred your own brand of cigarette, so don't hesitate to smoke your own if you so prefer."

"If you will allow me, Admiral," said the king, "I will take one of my own."

As he reached for his case and the steward offered the tray to the Prince of Wales, I said, "What about you, young man?"

The prince smiled slightly and I noted my *faux pas*. "I mean," I said, "the Prince of Wales." Then as both the king and the prince laughed audibly but very good-naturedly, I still further qualified my speech by saying, "I should have said 'Your Royal Highness.'"

At once, to put me at my ease, the king said, "Well, after all, he is a fine young man, isn't he?"

"He certainly is," I said. "He's a peach."

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

That seemed to be the last straw, for both the king and the prince laughed outright. And the prince is a "peach"—a fine young fellow and a jolly good chap; and even if he were not the heir to the throne of Great Britain, every one who knows him would like him. I have met him on several occasions—at luncheons, dinners, et cetera, and have always found him responsive, full of good humor, dignified when in the limelight, but relaxed and very agreeable in every way to those around him at other times.

There was an occasion when, standing on the quarterdeck of the *Queen Elizabeth*, Admiral Beatty's flagship, in company with several other admirals, I noticed the beef-boat going past. She was flying the beef flag. Each type of vessel had a distinctive flag, and that of the beef boat was a white bull on a blue field.

Pointing to the flag, I said facetiously, "This is the first time I have ever seen the royal standard of Great Britain flying officially—old white John Bull himself, on the azure field." They all caught my meaning and thoroughly appreciated it. But to my surprise I saw later, in the London illustrated papers, photographs of the beef flag, with my picture vignetted in the corner, with this legend: "A queer mistake of the American admiral serving in the Grand Fleet—he mistook the Beef Flag for the Royal Standard." Judging by the number of allusions to the incident from friends in the fleet, they all seemed to be very much amused.

Everything gets back to the king—news of the day, politics, incidents and even yarns—and this incident was not an exception. Shortly after the Armistice, when our squadron was to sail for home, the king came up to Edinburgh to bid us farewell. During the war, ships did not give full peace-time honors when distin-

THE ROYAL STANDARD

guished guests came on board. The salute and some of the other ceremonies were omitted. But since the war was over and I wished to show my full appreciation of the honor of the king's visit, I obtained permission from the commander-in-chief to render full honors when the king came on board.

This necessitated the flying of the royal standard during the king's stay on board. As we did not have one, I borrowed one from Admiral Beatty's flag-ship, which, by the way, some one forgot (?) to return. In the quarterings of the royal standard, or at least in two of the quarters, there are some lions, tigers, unicorns or other animals standing on their hind-legs and pawing the air.

When the king came over the side, the marines presented arms, the band played the British national air, and officers and men saluted as the royal standard was broken at the main-masthead and my flag at the fore.

As we walked aft, I said, "Your Majesty, this is a historic day and a proud one for us, for this is the first time in history that the royal standard of Great Britain has ever flown officially over an American man-of-war. I realize that we have been serving under your command in the Grand Fleet since you are the commander-in-chief of the British Army and Navy, just as our president is of the American forces."

His reply expressed his appreciation and pleasure, and we adjourned to my cabin where, as usual, the conversation took a general trend.

But evidently the king must have had in mind the incident of the beef flag, for as he was leaving the ship, one of his staff said, "Admiral, his Majesty failed to see the old white bull in the royal standard."

"Tell him for me, please," I replied, "that I

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL
thought of it myself, but it seemed to me that there was no room for the white bull on account of the rest of the menagerie which appeared to have the prior claim."

Whether this got back to the king's ears I am not sure, but I have reason to believe it did.

On my return home, I was discussing our work in the Grand Fleet with a very high federal official, and he said, with just a little tinge of resentment in his manner, "Admiral, I understand that you are very pro-British."

"Yes," I replied, "I am, probably more so than almost any officer in the service," and gave him a number of mighty good reasons why I admired and respected my late comrades in arms. But I added, "If any one informed you that I am pro-British at the expense of my Americanism, he didn't tell the truth." For such is the case, and I am free to admit that next to my own country and countrymen I admire the British more than any others on earth, and have excellent reasons for doing so.

As I have already said, I hope and believe that the feeling of comradeship and brotherhood that was engendered in the Grand Fleet will last for many years, and that our respective nations will stand together in the future as they did in the World War, when the peace of the whole world and the independence of the individual states were at stake, and when liberty and righteousness were in danger of being obliterated.

It is interesting to note that with all the demands which were imposed on our battle-ships in the war zone, and in spite of the lack of opportunity for general overhaul and repairs, their maintenance was held at the highest point of efficiency. It is no exaggeration to say that had they been called upon to do so, they

THE FLEET THOROUGHLY ORGANIZED
could have steamed around the world at the conclusion of the war and still have been ready to go into action, on refueling.

From a close proximity and personal knowledge, from active service in the Grand Fleet, and without the slightest exaggeration, I can state unqualifiedly that there was not a single division of battle-ships in the Grand Fleet that was considered superior to ours in *efficiency*. Not that ours were any better than many others, but that no others were superior to ours.

Nor would it be possible to have had under my command a more loyal and efficient set of captains, every one of whom was later promoted to flag rank; nor a more capable and energetic set of officers; nor a better behaved, self-respecting and reliable body of men. They were all an honor to our country and our navy, and if any credit be due to our force, it was earned through their instrumentality and efforts.

The number of ships in the Grand Fleet may be indicated by the fact that when entering port through a constricted passage, where it was necessary to form a single column, it measured about sixty-five miles in length. The Grand Fleet at sea was always an imposing sight, but more particularly during maneuvers, which were conducted in all sorts of weather, at very high speeds, not only as a matter of protection, but to lessen the chances of hostile submarines making a successful attack.

First and foremost, the fleet was thoroughly organized, and its plans and policies were well known to those who were entrusted with their execution. Not only did this apply to generalities, but every imaginable contingency which might arise had been given consideration and a policy formulated to meet it.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Time was a most important consideration, even the matter of several seconds being sometimes of vital importance when threatened by hostile subs. It required skill and a well-ordered plan to get the several hundred vessels of which the fleet was composed, under way, and later in battle formation.

For example, our base at Scapa Flow was a basin averaging several miles in diameter, completely protected by the surrounding islands, the channels between which had been closed or thoroughly protected. The one open passage was protected by barriers and mine fields, which, with the guns on shore, afforded ample security against submarines and small surface vessels of the enemy.

The main body of the fleet was anchored in Scapa Flow; every vessel had a designated anchorage; squadrons and divisions in line, ready to get under way on signal from the commander-in-chief.

On a preliminary signal being made to go to sea, preparations to comply were at once undertaken and when the signal of execution was hauled down, each unit, in designated order, got under way in succession and maneuvered to pass through the entrance, the gates of which had been opened at the hour and minute prescribed in our general plan. In daylight this was not difficult, but on a dark stormy night, when snowing or raining, as was more frequently the case, in low visibility, it required skill and fine judgment so to maneuver that you would reach the gates exactly on time and avoid interference or confusion with other divisions. Yet so well was the maneuver executed that it required only a little more than an hour for all ships to clear and stand to sea, where a rendezvous had been appointed.

HAZARDOUS NAVIGATION

Not the least of our troubles lay in passing the gates, for once outside we were joined by our screen of destroyers, which always accompanied us for protection against subs, as well as to carry out their other designated missions in case we made contact with the enemy.

Navigating the Pentland Firth, which lay to the southward and just outside of our base, was hazardous at times, even in daylight, on account of its strong tidal currents, swirls and eddies, and heavy seas when it was blowing.

But under like conditions at night, with no lights, in close formation, with low visibility, that is, when it was thick, and other divisions were maneuvering, it required almost a sixth sense to avoid collisions and keep clear of the reefs and other dangers, or even the land itself. And if by mischance a vessel should strike, the rocks were unyielding and a serious disaster was sure to follow. Ordinarily capital ships are spaced five hundred yards apart in formation under way, yet when the currents here were at their maximum strength, it was necessary to take double distance of a thousand yards, and even then I have known ships yaw to such an extent that they would find themselves a quarter of a mile out of position before they could be got under control and back into line.

While of course water is not compressible, still it seemed to be under a tension as it found its way through the narrow straits, and the least wind seemed to kick up a nasty irregular sea; and, when least suspected from its appearance, it would break and flood the ships. So much so that I have seen the largest battle-ships apparently sucked under until only the deck-houses, superstructures and other erections on

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

the upper deck were visible, when they would slowly rise from their submergence and the water pour off their decks as it might from some huge turtle that came to the surface in the vertical. All ports and water-tight doors, even those in the deck-houses, would be closed, and the crews be compelled to take shelter until the danger zone should have been passed. If my memory serves me correctly, on one occasion the sea, even in fairly moderate weather, broke over the bridge of one of the vessels and resulted in the loss of several lives.

Not the least of the dangers on leaving port on such occasions was that of striking an enemy's mine, particularly if any variation were made from the previously swept channel. While it is true that we used paravanes, appliances for preventing such disasters, the possibility still existed.

It was due to this cause that Lord Kitchener was lost. The vessel on which he sailed for one of the northern Russian ports left Scapa Flow on a dark and stormy night, when the navigation was particularly hazardous and difficulty would be found in keeping in the swept channel. Owing to this, the probabilities are that she struck a mine to the northward and westward, and went down with all on board, except a very few who survived.

Even when the fleet had cleared the Firth and was in the open sea, with so many other divisions bound for the same rendezvous, the utmost vigilance would still be necessary, nor would it be decreased in any way as long as we remained at sea, for the submarine menace was ever present.

Since the appointed hour for the assembling of the fleet was, in general, round or about daylight,

A STRICT WAR BASIS

should the weather be clear, it was a wondrous and glorious sight to see the various units going at top speed and making for their respective positions in fleet formation. Once in formation, there was constant maneuvering whether for practise or in anticipation of making contact with the enemy, and surely no more pleasing or inspiring sight could be witnessed than in visualizing and realizing the enormous potential power and force which it represented. It inspired a feeling of confidence and, under the leadership and direction of our tried and efficient commander-in-chief, Admiral Beatty, it removed all doubt as to a certainty of success, should we meet the enemy's fleet and have a general engagement.

All maneuvers were on a strict war basis and required officers and men continuously at battle stations. This obtained until the return to port, whether it was a matter of hours or several days, without relaxation, and little or no rest.

From constant maneuvering, frequent change of course, zigzagging, and lack of astronomical observations or other reliable means of accurately determining our position, the return journey to port was not always an unalloyed pleasure. For again the channels must be swept of mines that might have been laid in our absence, and, since they were less than a mile in width, it was not an easy matter to find them if the weather remained thick and there was poor visibility. Time and again we have run for such a passage, or for the narrow entrances of the Pentland Firth at high speed in a thick fog, depending alone on determining our position by the intersection of lines given us by radio from the direction finding stations on shore. And this in the early days, when they were not so re-

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

liable as they are to-day. Any material error would have resulted in disaster.

Once in port, it was imperative to refuel at once, and fully prepare for sea before officers or men could relax and obtain the much needed rest and sleep.

Yet I never heard a complaint. On the other hand, there was a spirit of willingness and readiness ever present, which in spite of its hardships, created a feeling of pride and admiration to be a part of such a loyal and enthusiastic organization.

In the heavy weather of the North Sea I have seen with my own eyes men of my flag-ship swept overboard from the upper deck by the heavy seas, when no effort could be made to save them, and they had to be left to their fate. This is in the balance against stopping, losing time and position, whereby the main force might lose strength in case of an engagement, or when slowing down might cause the loss of the ship by an attack of a hostile submarine. It was harrowing; yet the attempt to save one or two lives might indirectly result in a far greater loss, both in the possibility of the reduced strength of the force causing disaster, which, in turn, might be far more serious and result in the loss of a great many more lives.

Admiral Beatty was a past-master in handling a fleet, and it required a master's hand to do it efficiently. Both before and during the World War, in every instance where he had seen active war service he had shown his exceptional ability and acquitted himself with unusual success. He had won his spurs and been promoted to the grade of rear admiral while still in his thirties, and had been placed in command of the Grand Fleet by reason of his tried and proved efficiency. He handled his command of several hundred

ADMIRAL BEATTY

ships as easily as an experienced captain maneuvers a single one.

Always perfectly calm, confident, sure of himself, he inspired the same qualities in his subordinates.

He had the pick of the British Navy in the personnel of the fleet. Not but that there were not others in important billets who were equally as efficient, but he chose those to serve under him whom he knew could be relied on when they might be subject to the acid test.

It was a wonderful organization both in material and personnel, one that was sure to give an account of itself had we fallen in with the German fleet, and add new stars to his previously won laurels.

CHAPTER XV

THE NAVY AS A NATIONAL ASSET AND NECESSITY

AFTER the Grand Fleet had seen four years of war, the last year of which we shared, the Armistice came, followed by the debacle, the last scene of the great drama. It came not as we had all expected, in the smoke and thunder of a great sea battle, but in the ignominious surrender of the entire German fleet without firing a gun. No more complete naval victory was ever won.

When our armies had won on the battle-front in France, when the Germans were beaten and an armistice was to be signed, it was decided, in consultation with Admiral Beatty, to send a naval officer to make certain demands.

Admiral Beatty was reminded that the policy of the United States would demand a complete elimination of the German fleet. We did not care whether it was sunk in battle, destroyed by the Germans themselves or surrendered or anything else—so long as it was eliminated. There was nothing new in this to the commander-in-chief, who, in all of our conversations and discussions at the time, and even previously, held exactly the same views.

I remember well when some one, after the surrender, expressed his sympathy to Beatty, regretting that he had not had the opportunity to win a great victory, the intimation being that there had been no great final sea battle.

Admiral Beatty vigorously resented his implica-

NO GREATER VICTORY

tion and stated, in no uncertain words, that he was not in need of sympathy, but was subject to congratulations. He explained that due to the operations of the Grand Fleet, the whole German sea force, from the largest battle-ship to the smallest craft afloat, had surrendered; and he added that there was no record of any naval surrender in history equal to this event, wherein the whole of the enemy's naval force was, so far as any future danger was concerned, completely annihilated. And he was right—there could not have been a greater victory.

In accordance with our demands, the enemy's ships were disarmed at their home ports, ammunition landed, torpedo warheads sent on shore, breech-blocks and fire-control apparatus removed, and offensive utility rendered innocuous. Then, with reduced crews, under the command of a German admiral, in one long column, the battle-ships leading, followed by the battle cruisers, light cruisers, destroyers, et cetera, the German fleet sailed for a designated rendezvous, just outside the Firth of Forth in Scotland, where the Grand Fleet lay at anchor.

Before daylight we got under way and proceeded to sea toward the rendezvous, heading east in two long columns six miles apart, the American battle-ship force being in the middle of the northern line.

A British light cruiser was directed to meet the Germans who were heading west, and conduct them in between our columns.

Here let me diverge for a moment and recall to the minds of any one who may have been in China or the Philippines, the viciousness of the domesticated caribou and the antipathy they show for a white man; how ready they are to attack—yet any native child can,

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

with perfect safety and impunity, go up to the most savage of them, take him by the nose and lead him where he pleases.

I was reminded of this when the little cruiser rounded-to ahead of the German High Seas Fleet, as the head of their column came into view out of the mist, and hoisted the signal by international code, "Follow Me." No better illustration of the Philippine child leading the vicious beasts could be found than the little cruiser leading those huge war vessels, like a herd of emasculated steers, down between our lines. Our battle-flags were mastheaded, officers and men at battle stations, bands playing patriotic airs, turrets trained toward the enemy—all was in readiness for any act of treachery that might be attempted.

At a prearranged signal, our forces reversed their direction and swung simultaneously through one hundred and eighty degrees and, still paralleling the enveloped Germans, conducted them into a designated anchorage in the Firth of Forth.

Then came a signal from the commander-in-chief to the surrendered fleet—"At sundown lower your colors and do not hoist them again without permission."

After an inspection of the ships by British and American officers who satisfied themselves that they were completely disarmed, they were later sent in groups, under guard, to Scapa Flow—that cold, bleak, dreary, God-forgotten harbor in the Orkneys, where the Grand Fleet had spent many a month and year, straining like ferocious dogs in leash, waiting to pounce on their prey should an opportunity ever occur.

Here the German fleet lay corralled, and only once were their colors ever hoisted again—on the occasion when they surreptitiously sunk their own vessels in



Surrender of the German Fleet, Admiral Rodman pointing it out to Admiral Sims

A CONCRETE SOLUTION

Scapa Flow. While it was an act of treachery to do this, it was a concrete solution of the question of disposition or division of the German ships, for, under the law, they all became British property when sunk in their territory.

I had recommended to our government that in case any German battle-ships were assigned to us, they should be sunk by gun-fire. It seemed to raise a great hue and cry at home. In addition to numerous clippings from the press which were sent to me, I received quite a number of letters, taking me to task for recommending that which appeared to the uninformed to be a sheer waste of valuable material.

My reasons were perfectly logical. If the British navy was sufficiently strong to dominate the German navy during the war (and it was so), surely with the addition of our ships it was stronger than ever. Our terms called for the complete elimination of the German ships. What would have been the use of adding some of those battle-ships to our navy after the war, and a proportional number to the other Allies' navies? This would have maintained our relative strength, but Germany was forbidden to build any capital ships for ten years, by which time the old German ships would have become all but obsolete!

Moreover, their construction, fittings, guns, ammunition, engines, et cetera, were not standardized to our measurements and materials, which would have made their upkeep and maintenance very expensive. And, finally, it would scarcely pay to scrap them, as only the metal would have been of any use, as the fittings were valueless for the reasons above mentioned, and the cost of scrapping might exceed the value of the metal.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

I have always attributed our entrance into the war primarily to the thick-headed stupidity of the Germans in violating our rights as neutrals on the high seas, even after repeated warnings, as well as to their promulgation of the submarine policy and their barbarous and inhuman methods of carrying it out.

Going still further, there has never been any doubt in my mind but that the arch-conspirator—the man who did more than any other person to cause the World War—was the bigoted, egotistical, self-constituted God's Anointed Bill Hohenzollern. He had spent his life in building up an armed force for the ultimate purpose of conquering the world and was seeking an issue to start the ball rolling. Why on earth should the assassination of a member of the royal family of Austria, who was only a human being like other men, have been of sufficient importance to be used as a pretext to start hostilities that caused millions of deaths, hosts of wounded, untold suffering, inestimable loss of property and all the horrors of a world conflagration? Who but such a vainglorious, conceited ass as the said Bill Hohenzollern would deliberately have caused the greatest catastrophe that the world has ever known?

Can't you visualize him when the German armies were meeting with success, when it seemed as if they must win, strutting like a peacock, tail-feathers spread, mustache ends pointing upward, in full uniform, courting the limelight and letting his imagination run rife, dreaming that his armies would conquer the world, that he with his foot on the necks of the fallen foes, would demand homage of all his late enemies, after he had confiscated their property and annexed most of their territory! He would be the Emperor of the World!

HOCH! DER KAISER

And how did it end? In the greatest Marathon that the world has ever known, between father and son—Bill Senior and Little Willie. For when they realized that the jig was up, the race for Holland was on, tail-feathers and all. And it was a spirited race, every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost—top speed from the start until safety had been reached—the armies deserted and some one else left to take the blame and the responsibility, and B. H. calmly resting in oblivion.

And from that day to this he has passed his time in recuperating from the terrible ordeal—this Mighty Heaven-sent Would-be Ruler of the Universe, though it is doubtful if he does much peacocking in his ostracized garden.

What a pitiful example! I remember well on our return from the Philippines, when Captain Joe Coghlán, of the *Raleigh*, repeated in a private club in New York the following little poem, *Hoch! der Kaiser*, for which he came near being court-martialed. Had he been alive in 1918 and repeated it, he would have been lionized.

HOCH! DER KAISER

Der Kaiser auf der Vaterland
Und Gott on high all dings command—
Ve two! Ach! Don'd you understand?
Meinself—und Gott!

He reigns in Heafen und always shall;
Und mein own embire don'd vay small.
Ein noble pair, I dinks you call
Meinself—und Gott!

Vile some men sing der power divine
Mein soldiers sing *Die Wacht am Rhein*,

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

Und drink der health in Rheinisch wine
Of me—und Gott!

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt,
She's ausgespielt—dot's oudt.
To much, we think, she don'd amoundt;
Meinself—und Gott!

She will not dare to fight again,
But if she should I'll show her blain
Not Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein—by Gott!

Dere's grandma dinks she's nicht schmall bier
Mit Boers und such she's inderfere;
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott!

She dinks, goot frau, some ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit der scarlet coat.
Ach! Ve could knock dem—Pouf!—like dot!
Meinself—mit Gott.

In dimes of peace brebare for wars.
I bear der spear und helm of Mars,
Und care not for ten tousand czars—
Meinself—und Gott!

In fact I humor efry whim,
Mit aspect dark und visage grim.
Gott pulls mit me, und I mit Him,
Meinself—und Gott!

It is nauseating to contrast this deluded ruler with such a man as King Albert of Belgium, and to think that the former should have so barbarously invaded the territory of the latter without the slightest justifiable right and in deliberate violation of existing treaties, and contrary to every moral principle.

KING ALBERT

Personally I have always regretted that Bill H. wasn't captured and hanged, for surely he is the world's premier cold-blooded murderer and would-be plunderer, and should meet the same fate that is usually meted out to any other vicious, poisonous reptile.

Stop to consider the enormity of the crime of the German invasion of Belgium. Starting with Genghis Khan, go up or down the scale, and see if you can find in all history a greater violation of the rights of a friendly nation, secured by treaty, than that of the German invasion of Belgium, or a time when a more barbaric, cold-blooded, murderous set of cutthroats and robbers ruthlessly invaded a neighboring, friendly state, devastated the country, destroyed its industries and murdered, not only the men who opposed them and preferred death to surrender, but women and children as well, and committed other outrages far too heinous to mention.

Nor could there have been a more worthy, valiant and faithful monarch and king than Albert of Belgium. He justly won the admiration and esteem of the civilized world at large by his courage and defense of his country against the barbaric hordes, and in the end saved the day by checking them until France could get her second wind.

While we were in the Grand Fleet during the war, King Albert and Queen Elizabeth did us the honor to visit my flag-ship. It would be difficult to find in any walk of life two more charming, cultured, gracious and kindly people than the king and queen of the Belgians. The memory of their work and efforts during the war for their stricken country, will last as an enduring monument not only in the minds of their own people, but in that of the world at large.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

After the war I was in command of our Pacific Fleet when their Majesties made a tour of the United States. Knowing that they would visit the west coast, I extended an invitation to them to dine with me during their stay in San Francisco. They accepted, and I took the fleet there in their honor to welcome them. In the absence of my wife, I asked my sister to be my hostess for the occasion—and had I asked a lamb to lie down with a lion, there could not have been greater consternation.

At once she said, “What do I do and say when introduced to royalty?”

Keeping my face straight and pretending to be serious, I replied, “For gracious’ sake don’t be so provincial; you are not *introduced* to royalty, you are *presented*.”

“All right then; when I am presented, what do I say and do?”

It might be added that I had already communicated to her the necessity of making three stately bows at the time of presentation, and warned her that she should practise until she could accomplish them easily and gracefully. But, being no longer young (she had passed the sixty mark), the exercise had been somewhat strenuous.

Now, remembering that his name is Albert, in answering her question, and drawing upon my imagination to carry out my plot, I said:

“I dare say their Majesties will be in my after cabin, my guests in the forward cabin, and when their Majesties have signified their readiness to receive my guests and have them presented, you being the hostess, will be the first to enter, and as such, will be an example to the others.

“YOU KNOW ME, AL”

“As you approach, I will say, ‘Your Majesties, if you will do me the honor and give me the privilege, I should like to present my sister, Mrs. W——, who will be our hostess this evening.’ You will then make your three stately bows and, at the end of the third, say, ‘You know me, Al.’ ”

Evidently this reached the king’s ear, for after dinner, when the guests had departed, as the king and queen lingered in my cabin, he referred to it quizzically and said:

“Admiral, I didn’t know that it was from my name that you Americans got that expression.”

“No, your Majesty,” I replied, “it was not. It was from one who held a much more exalted position than yours.”

Smiling, he said, “That is not hard to do, but who was it?”

Then I told him that some years ago, when we kept a station ship in Constantinople, our men taught the Turks to play baseball. In the final match between the Turks and the blue-jackets when the first Turk came to bat, he said:

“O Allah! give me an eye to see the ball!” He struck three times and was out.

The second Turk said, “O Allah! give me the skill to hit the ball!” He likewise struck out.

The third Turk came to bat and said, “O Allah! grant that I may make a base hit.” And he also struck out.

The sides changed and an American blue-jacket came to bat. He fanned the home-plate with his bat and exclaimed to the world at large, “*You know me, Al!*” and knocked a home run.

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By international law, custom and treaty, if a vessel of a friendly nation be suspected of being unneutral, and be met on the high seas, it is the duty of the belligerent to ascertain this and if there be doubts—reasonable doubts—to send the suspected vessel into one of the belligerent's home ports, for trial before a prize court.

But the German submarine policy at sea was equally without warrant, illegal, barbarous and in violation of treaty agreement.

The information as to neutrality may be obtained in a variety of ways. The status of the ship is generally obtained by sending an officer on board to make an examination of the ship's papers, including a thorough search, if deemed necessary. Just as one charged with a crime or violation of any law on shore is entitled to a trial before a legally constituted court, so a suspected ship on the high seas is also entitled to the same consideration.

But the Germans could not send suspected ships into their home ports when they had been halted by submarines in the war zone, because the British blockade would preclude any surface vessels reaching a German port from the eastern Atlantic. Hence the Germans deliberately sank neutral vessels without examination or any trial whatever, even when they had women and children on board. No nation could have maintained its self-respect under such conditions and not have declared war. How on earth we remained out as long as we did is beyond my comprehension.

We all recall the sinking of the *Lusitania* and other ships, where men, women and helpless children were ruthlessly murdered and barbarously drowned like rats in a cage. This to my mind is on a parity with

“COMMAND OF THE SEAS”

cold-blooded murder and piracy; and since it has been the custom the world over to destroy pirates, there was no sympathy for the enemy in our command, nor any great desire to worry about taking prisoners, if there were any way to avoid it by fighting it out to a finish if an opportunity offered.

In the beginning the Germans had reason to believe that they would be successful in this submarine policy and destroy the Allies' lines of communication; and they came very near accomplishing their purpose, while they had an abundance of volunteers to man their subs.

But later, when the Allies had found means successfully to combat this mode of warfare, many a sub that left its home port with murderous intent, failed to return. It was our policy to keep secret all information as to our methods, and the individual cases of capture or destruction of subs, so that the enemy could not ascertain whether they had been sunk by mines or gunfire, captured, wrecked or disabled; and since such a large per cent. were failing to return, the Germans found it necessary to draft men to serve in them. Later, officers constituted a large part of their working crews. There is reason to believe that the fact that the government still insisted on sending subs to sea was one of the initial causes which eventually led to the demoralization of the German navy, toward the end of the war.

The operation of the Grand Fleet and the German submarine policy have been dwelt upon somewhat at length to illustrate more fully what is meant by “sea power” or “command of the seas,” and to emphasize the fact that a navy is essentially requisite for the preservation of our sovereignty, liberty and indepen-

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL
dence, and that a nation to be victorious in war must have command of the sea.

Recently, when I was introduced to the Chamber of Commerce in one of our larger cities, its president, expressing his thought in commercial parlance, said, "Admiral Rodman is with us to-day *to sell us* the navy." I assured him that if such were the case, I should be sailing under false colors for trying to sell something that was already theirs. For there is no question but that the navy is one of our greatest national assets, in whose ownership we all share, and in which we should take a just pride; and it should be spoken of as *our* navy and not *the* navy.

Let me quote a few words from our most eminent and responsible men with reference to our navy:

"The United States navy is the surest guarantee of peace which this country possesses."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"A powerful navy we have always regarded as our proper and natural means of defense."—Woodrow Wilson.

"Perhaps the day will come when nations will employ no armed forces. Until such a day comes, we shall find our assurance in a navy of the first rank."—Warren G. Harding.

"The navy is the first line of defense; it is desirable that the highest efficiency in men and material be maintained."—Calvin Coolidge.

"It is essential that we maintain the relative naval strength of the United States."—Charles Evans Hughes.

No other president of the United States had a



King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium being welcomed aboard the *U. S. S. New York* by Admiral Rodman

Photograph by International Newsreel

THE NAVY'S USEFULNESS

clearer conception of the value of naval power than did Theodore Roosevelt. He clearly understood its history and traditions and its usefulness to our nation. He well knew that the fleet is the right arm of the State Department, and he knew how best to make use of it in carrying out our foreign policy.

This was illustrated by the Venezuela affair in which our navy was used to uphold the Monroe Doctrine.

In 1902 the German emperor sent his fleet into the Caribbean and announced that he would seize a foothold in the ports of Venezuela. German subjects had certain claims against that country, and these claims he declined to adjudicate by arbitration, relying on force instead. Perhaps he planned to test our adherence to the Monroe Doctrine before further operations in South America.

President Roosevelt sent for the German ambassador and told him in no uncertain terms that unless his emperor agreed to arbitrate, he would dispatch Admiral Dewey with orders to use the American fleet forcibly, if necessary, to keep the Germans from landing.

The emperor decided to arbitrate.

Had Roosevelt not acted in this forceful manner, Germany would have obtained a hold in Venezuela and developed a strong naval base that would have threatened our control of the Panama Canal and forced us greatly to increase our armament there. The potential power of our navy thus maintained the Monroe Doctrine and effectually prevented Germany from getting such a foothold on this continent.

The necessity for maintaining an adequate army and navy must be understood and appreciated by

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL

every student of history and every thoughtful man. Neither of these branches of the national defense can be created overnight. We must have a well-organized and efficient army at all times—one capable of expansion in time of war or threatened danger, and a well-balanced and dependable navy, ready to strike and strike hard in the very beginning of hostilities.

The latter can only be accomplished by years of labor and forethought, by building and maintaining a navy second to none, and by training its personnel to the very highest degree of efficiency. Upon them both depends our independence, liberty, ideals and well-being, not only in time of war, but also in time of peace.

It is of little use to have a navy not quite big enough. The Germans spent hundreds of millions of dollars in creating a fleet about eighty per cent. as strong as that of Great Britain. Upon the declaration of war, this fleet did not give Germany eighty per cent. protection; it gave her no protection, for she was denied the use of the seas and her only resource lay in submarine warfare.

A second-best navy is like the second-best hand in poker—and if one has ever been unfortunate enough to place his confidence and his coin in backing a “full house” against “four of a kind,” he knows what that means.

The late Conference on the Limitation of Naval Armament has prescribed the number of capital ships, that is, battle-ships and battle cruisers, to be allowed the United States for the next ten years. But it does not define or prescribe the remaining number and types of vessels, such as destroyers, light cruisers, submarines, airplane carriers, or aircraft, fuel ships, sup-

ply ships, transports, et cetera, which are needed to make a balanced fleet.

We have the requisite number of capital ships, but in some of the other types we are sadly lacking, and it should be the duty and pleasure of every patriotic American to use his best efforts to see that we do have them at the very earliest possible time, and sufficient personnel to man them adequately.

Our navy exists primarily for war, but its functions in peace, aside from preparedness, never cease. Not only is it our first line of defense at all times, and one which may also be offensive, but it is the great strong arm of our government in times of peace. It is useful not only in guaranteeing our treaty rights, but in making our influence felt in the councils of nations when our own policies are at stake, or when we are advocating the policies of weaker nations, particularly those of the American continents.

John Hay said, “Our foreign policies are just as strong as our navy and no stronger.” It therefore stands to reason that if we are to maintain our position in international affairs we must have an adequate, up-to-date and efficient naval force at all times.

And here let it be said that there is the closest community of interest between our navy and our merchant marine. The latter should be expanded to the utmost, for it not only extends our commercial interests and enriches our country, but constitutes one of the most necessary adjuncts to our navy in time of war.

It is very difficult for the people of our country to realize fully what our navy means to them, more particularly those who live in the interior and therefore

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rarely have a chance to come in contact with its operative forces.

It is interesting to know that our first man-of-war, built in 1794, was for the purpose of protecting the farm products that our forefathers were shipping to Mediterranean ports, from the depredations of the Barbary pirates. To-day this very same mission of protecting our merchant marine, carrying our tremendous sea-borne commerce of manufactured goods as well as farm products, still exists.

The key to prosperity lies in the sale of surplus products abroad. This oversea commerce requires dependable delivery if we are to compete in the world's markets. This in turn necessitates reliable transportation, which can only be assured by shipping our goods in our own ships and not in foreign bottoms. Even though on the surface it may appear cheaper to take advantage of the lower freight rates of foreign countries, in the long run such a practise would militate against us because of its lack of dependability.

Such a condition would be more or less analogous to the case of a commercial house that entrusted delivery to a rival concern.

In a broad sense, our navy's relation to our country is analogous to that of the city police force to a great city; each is a necessary protective agency.

In every community, throughout the broad and civilized world, there are pacifists and altruists who advocate the abolition of all national and protective forces. They base their theories and belief upon the righteousness and goodness of mankind. But who among you would acquiesce in a policy that would abolish your police force, leave your bank vaults unlocked, your homes and property unprotected at all times, and trust solely to the honesty and integrity of

TO ATTAIN LASTING PEACE

mankind to commit no depredations? I believe that it can only be accomplished, if at all, by centuries of instruction and the education of the world at large.

There is no class of people in this great republic of ours who disparage and strive to prevent war, and who would welcome any constructive measure that would insure lasting peace to the world, more than those of us who are in the naval service. But this end can only be attained by the influence of our churches and schools. These in turn can not function without law and order; and finally, law and order, in a national sense, can only be maintained by an adequate army and navy.

No country on earth has a better form of government, is more prosperous, offers better opportunities and promises greater rewards for earnest endeavor than does our own. Yet there are numerous incendiary organizations, usually secret ones, which continually plot against established government and strive to undermine and disrupt it, our own not excepted.

Diametrically opposed to these are numerous patriotic societies, most of which have been founded upon the service of their members in the army and navy in time of war, or that of their forebears. They are promoters of patriotism and an influence for good in every way, and I should like to see every officer and man in the regular service, who may be qualified, affiliate with one or more of them.

In conformity with this policy, the following incident may be of interest.

In the summer of 1919 the Pacific Fleet under my command, lay off Seattle, Washington, awaiting the arrival of President Wilson, who was due by rail at two thirty P. M., and was scheduled to review the fleet immediately afterward.

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About twelve thirty P. M. I was visited by the mayor and chief of police of Seattle, who informed me that six hundred I. W. W.'s, more or less, had collected in the city and that there were indications that they intended to make a hostile demonstration on the president's arrival, and might commit violence in some form or other.

I recalled that some time before, when the American Legion was having a parade in one of our north-western cities, several members taking part had been deliberately shot down in ranks at the instigation of, and by members of, the I. W. W.

Statutory law requires that when a state desires the use of federal troops, its governor shall make application to the President of the United States, who may approve the request at his option. But here was an emergency that required immediate action, since the interval until the president's arrival was too short for the prescribed communications to be successfully completed; so I informed the mayor that I would be glad to cooperate.

Already we had the usual ships' patrols on shore, consisting of blue-jackets and marines, whose duties pertained more directly to our own men who were on liberty. I immediately ordered on shore four hundred extra marines, with machine-guns, and held them in motor lorries on the water-front. Six hundred additional blue-jackets and sixty officers, armed with automatic pistols, were added to the shore patrol, all under the command of Captain Moffett, now Rear Admiral.

When Moffett asked me for orders, and we discussed certain emergencies that might arise, I told him that in case of any apparent attempt to molest the president, particularly if his life seemed to be

AN EMERGENCY CASE

threatened, or in case of any demonstration which might be construed into an overt act, he was to shoot first and shoot to kill. I told him to spread his orders broadcast, where they might reach any one directly concerned.

Many of the patrol-men were veterans of the World War, and had recently returned from the war zone where firing on sight was the order of the day when the occasion warranted it. Moffett put not only the fear of God, but the fear of the navy as well, into the I. W. W. ranks, for shortly after his arrival on shore, when his force had been stationed and his policy promulgated, the I. W. W.'s melted away like a cake of ice on the Fourth of July.

It was not until about five thirty p. m. that I had a chance to have a confidential talk with the president. In referring to my action, I stated that while I could use the subterfuge of increasing the patrol as a legitimate excuse for sending troops ashore, as a matter of fact it had been done in an emergency, when there was no doubt in my mind but that he would have approved it, as in fact he did.

That evening, as the president addressed an audience of six thousand or eight thousand in the Auditorium, there was a slight demonstration outside the hall, which consisted more of noise than of actual effort to force an entrance. There was a trifling interruption in the president's speech for a moment only, as he laughingly referred to it, for Moffett handled the situation most efficiently by working his men in between the crowd and the entrances and forcing the people back.

One reason for referring to this incident is its aftermath. Investigating a little deeper into the policies of the I. W. W., I learned that they were at-

tempting to contaminate some of the crews and spread incendiarism through the navy. It occurred to me that it might be well to forestall them by getting as many officers and men as possible to join the American Legion.

With this end in view, I entered into negotiations with some of its leading Legion men on the Pacific Coast, who heartily approved and agreed to charge only a nominal initiation fee. In this way some twenty-seven thousand officers and men were soon affiliated, which I believe was the greatest number who ever joined practically *en masse*, in so short a time.

Later I received a number of threatening letters, and was made the object of bitter newspaper attacks, and was actually warned in person, after dark, that the I. W. W.'s would "get" me, though that was some years ago.

It would be indiscreet to go into detail as to how we later broke up their organization, for the time being, at least, in the southern part of California, and helped land some of the members in the penitentiary, but I am tempted to believe that the navy loathes the I. W. W. quite as much as that organization hates us.

It is a pity that politics—I mean party politics—has such weighty effect that not infrequently our fighting forces are made to suffer on this account. Naval officers themselves do not take any part in this for they are non-partisan, and their recommendations to Congress are based on actual needs.

Recently in an examination in naval history at the Naval Academy, the question was asked, "Why did the Continental Allies lose the battle of Trafalgar to the British forces under Lord Nelson?"

The memory of one midshipman was possibly a little shaky, but his answer was excellent. He wrote,

“LACK OF THREE SHIPS”

“For lack of three ships—leadership, seamanship and marksmanship.” From my view-point, Congress has too often dealt body blows to the navy, and I have often felt that there is at least one “ship” lacking there, namely, statesmanship.

To-day the navy maintains a protective influence in various parts of the world. Of late it has been of inestimable value along the coast of China in saving the lives of hundreds of our citizens, and in one case at least, of preventing a general massacre and wholesale destruction of property. We now have a large number of vessels in and around Shanghai and up the Yangtze, which are indispensable to American interests.

It was a part of this force, which was the first to respond, and creditably performed humanitarian work in connection with the recent earthquake in Japan. It was an American naval officer, Commodore Perry, who opened Japan to the commerce of the world over seventy years ago. Humanitarian services were also performed by our navy in Chile, Messina, Martinique and elsewhere. It was our destroyers that insured the evacuation of the thousands of refugees made homeless by the Greek debacle and the burning of Smyrna.

We are also maintaining a special squadron along the Central American coast to protect American interests and to try to act as arbiters in the numerous revolutions which harm the various states of that area.

Admiral Bristol has made himself so indispensable in the capacity of United States high commissioner at Constantinople for the last eight years that the State Department has just reluctantly consented to his relinquishing his diplomatic duties and resuming his naval work.

There are many more cases, equally important, but

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far too numerous to mention, wherein naval officers are constantly called upon to exercise diplomacy, often in an emergency, when there is neither time nor opportunity to consult the administration in Washington, and when they must take the full responsibility for their actions.

Fortunately a naval officer is required to have a fair knowledge of both constitutional and international law, and, what is more to the point, he must be ready to make decisions and to act promptly.

The history of our navy in all wars in which it has taken an active part has been most commendatory. To-day the United States owes its independence and commanding position in the world's affairs largely to the achievement of our navy, which has never failed in time of need.

Do not for a moment imagine that the navy alone is necessary to the national defense—an adequate army is equally necessary. The navy is, however, and always will be our first line of defense. I have already dwelt upon the necessity for it from that angle. We do not have a well-balanced fleet as far as numbers and types of vessels are concerned, nor a sufficient number of experienced personnel fully to man them. We must have both if we are to have an efficient fighting force. This condition is due largely to the fact that though the General Board and the Navy Department have made the proper recommendations, Congress has seen fit to decide and appropriate otherwise.

Nevertheless, though this is a handicap, take what we have, both in material and personnel, and it will be found that it is, ship for ship, as fit and efficient as any navy in the world. It is the duty of every loyal American to see that our navy never falls below the necessary standard, and to urge upon Congress the

"MY FIRST AND ONLY CHOICE"

necessity of providing the required vessels to make a properly balanced fleet and give us the men to man them.

A word must be said with reference to the volunteers who so willingly made all sacrifices and came into the navy during the World War. While they were untrained and were, naturally, not as adaptable when shifted from one class of duty to another as the regulars, yet they were invaluable and rendered excellent service in every way. They deserve the highest commendation; we could not have carried on without them.

I have lived to see the transition in ships from wood to steel, from sails to steam, from smooth-bore, muzzle-loading, cast-iron guns with a range of two or three miles, throwing iron shells of twenty pounds weight with a small bursting charge of black powder, to huge steel pieces of ordnance with ranges of over sixteen miles, hurling armor-piercing shells of two thousand one hundred pounds weight, with a bursting charge of tremendous power, and similar improvements in every other line.

I have recently retired from the navy after a continuous service of between forty-five and fifty years. It has been my life's work. If I had to live it over, my first and only choice would be the navy. It has been a real and lasting pleasure to give the naval service of the United States my best effort and whole-hearted support, and my just reward is in realizing that, man for man and ship for ship, we have no superiors.

For our prosperity to-day, for the future of our country, for the maintenance of our rights and ideals in the world, and for the utmost prolongation of peace, our navy should be second to none.

THE END

ERRATA

Page 32—fourth line in paragraph two should read:

“Stick close to your *desk* instead of *deck*.

—seventeenth line, for *the source* read *some*.

Page 76—seventh line from the top, *eighteen* should read *eight*.

Page 98—fifteenth line, read *in* after *advocate*.

Page 136—twentieth line, for *was* read *were*.

Page 217—third and fourth line from the top should read: The designed depth of the canal is *forty-one* feet instead of *two hundred and eleven*.

—twenty-sixth line, omit , *plus the time required for lockage*.

Page 230—end of twenty-third line, for *of* read *or*.

Page 256—third line from bottom, for *it* read *them*.

Page 275—second line should read *assembled* instead of *assumpted*.

The legend beneath the illustration facing page 230 should read: Catch of tarpon, Gatun Spillway, Rodman *on the right* instead of *to the left*.

Page 289—sixteenth line, for *utility* read *utilities*.

On second page of List of Illustrations, legend facing page 276 should read: Admiral Beatty, Admiral Rodman, King George V, Prince of Wales, and Admiral Sims, aboard *U. S. S. New York*.

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